

the author. We do not think that Thackeray's juvenile lines on Timbuctoo were intended as a parody of Tennyson; and we must signalise a curious mistake in the article on Thiers, where Thiers is said to have been driven from office by the affair of the Tahiti missionaries, which occurred several years afterwards, when he was in opposition.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

No one, we believe, has hitherto attempted to weave together the legendary lore and quaint traditions which linger around "The Holy Wells of England." The substance of Mr. Hope's learned and interesting monograph was contributed from time to time to the pages of *The Antiquary*, but there is a good deal in the present volume which now for the first time sees the light. Many of the holy wells marked the route pursued by pilgrims to certain shrines, and tradition often ascribes the rising up of a miraculous fountain on the spot where a saint struck his staff, rested, or met a martyr's death. Among the most curious ceremonies were the midnight vigils which were kept at them all through the Middle Ages. The well was visited on the eve of the patron saint's day, and the pilgrims drank of its waters at dusk, remained beside them through the night, drank again at daybreak, and made an offering to the titular patron. The hanging of rags and scraps of clothing on the branches of trees and bushes about the holy wells, Mr. Hope thinks, is a remnant of the old tree worship, and it was once a common practice throughout Great Britain. The tree most usually found at these wells is the ash, formerly held to be sacred. Many of the wells were placed on the boundaries of counties, and not a few of them were supposed to possess curative properties, while others were credited with mystical and even prophetic powers. Mr. Hope takes each of the counties of England in turn, and describes the superstitions and legends—and some of them are weird as well as marvellous—which gather about the holy wells of the country-side. It is interesting to learn that there is even a Woden's Well in Gloucestershire, and a Thor's Well in Yorkshire; in fact, several of the springs carry the student of folk-lore back not only to the time of the Plantagenets and the Normans, but also to the Saxons and Romans. The custom of fastening ladles of iron by a chain to wells is of Anglo-Saxon origin; indeed, it was King Edwine who, like a good Samaritan, caused them to be placed there for the refreshment of the wayfaring man.

There has just been added to the University Extension Manuals, edited by Professor Knight, a volume on "The Physiology of the Senses." It gives a succinct account of the mode of action and of the nervous system in man and the higher animals. After this general view of the subject, each of the five senses is described in detail. Professor McKendrick and his collaborator have, of course, found it impossible to dwell with any degree of minuteness on either the comparative physiology of the senses, or the psychological theories, which are suggested by the mechanism and action of the nerves. The book, however, will prepare those who master its statements for the mastery of the more abstruse problems which are associated with the higher branches of physiological investigation. It is written on strictly scientific lines, and yet with enviable lucidity, and with a constant appeal to simple illustrative experiments. In the closing pages the physiological conditions of sensation are discussed with boldness and originality. The authors indeed claim that by a study of nervous actions—as connected with, and stimulated by, impressions on the organs of sense—it is possible to construct what they term a physiological basis of character, and to do so, moreover, without admitting the truth of an exclusively materialistic hypothesis. They find, in short, behind all brain action, though closely linked to it, the strongest probability of the existence of an immaterial but controlling agent. The book contains upwards of a hundred scientific illustrations and diagrams, and this circumstance, we need scarcely add, serves to render an otherwise admirable exposition still more clear.

Curiosity is naturally aroused by such a title as "Workers without Wage." It belongs to a simple, gracefully written and well-informed introduction to natural history intended for children. Miss Carrington has gone to Darwin, Romanes,

Carpenter, Michelet, Gosse, Mivart, Buckland, and other authorities for the facts which she has woven pleasantly together in these charming little papers on birds, beetles, fishes, and the like. The book escapes the reproach of childishness, and yet there is nothing in its pages to bewilder any little girl on her first introduction to a real rather than an imaginary wonderland.

The spirit of the new age everywhere pervades Mr. Washington Gladden's opportune lectures on the attitude of Christianity to property and industry in the modern world. The title of the book, "Tools and the Man," has been suggested by a famous passage in "Past and Present," in which Carlyle brusquely thrusts aside the more ancient watchword, "Arms and the Man," as no longer true in the changed aspect of the times. Mr. Gladden protests against the exclusion of Christian ethics from the domain of Economics, and he asserts that the notion that natural laws of the social order are as cold and inflexible as the laws of physics is the very antithesis of the Christian morality. He takes up the cry, "Conduct is three-fourths of life," and examines it in the light first of political economy and then of the Gospel. He does so in order to show that in a highly organised society like that of to-day, economic relations are found underlying and conditioning almost everything we do, and therefore if industry and commerce are beyond Christ's jurisdiction, the sphere of His authority is contracted to a very narrow space and becomes largely a matter of sentiment, operative chiefly with women and children. The book is a calmly-written, closely-reasoned, and trenchant indictment of the still prevalent dogmas and assumptions of the old political economy, though Mr. Gladden shows that he recognises with gladness and hope the great change which has crept over economic theories within the last quarter of a century. Whilst, however, the traditional doctrines of the old school are relaxing their hold on philosophic students, and are no longer in unchallenged supremacy at any seat of learning, the average man of business still swears by them, and has in consequence much to unlearn—perhaps through painful conflict and industrial strife. The pith of the book—and it deals, sometimes at length and always with conspicuous ability, with the problems of Capital and Labour, the Limits of State Interference, the Question of the Land, and the Theories of Socialism—seems to us to be gathered up in two or three sentences: "If men were better, the social arrangements would soon improve; but while social arrangements remain as they are, it is hard for men to become better." "Men need mending, and their circumstances too." "The Individualist cares only for men and neglects the environment; he is a fool, for the environment in a thousand ways reacts upon the man, and checks or distorts his development. The Socialist cares only for the environment and neglects the man; he is a fool, for the springs of power are in the human personality." This is perhaps a rather sweeping way of putting the issue, and it perhaps does a measure of injustice to both sides; but it is only fair to add that Mr. Gladden—who goes part way with Marx and Rodbertus—supports his contention by a wide array of facts and arguments. The book is full of that lofty kind of enthusiasm for humanity which finds its model in the Nazarene and its motive at His Cross.

There was a time in the "History of St. Edmund's College" when it was the chief and almost the only place of education for the sons of the Catholic nobility on this side of the English Channel, and long before the breaking up of Douay and St. Omer its reputation as a seat of learning was established. The President of the College has done well to constitute himself its historian; he has, needless to say, had full access to all the archives of the institution, and some of them have proved of unexpected interest. The college itself is a link between the days of persecution and the present time, and in its trusty "Iron Room" many historical documents and letters of importance were placed when for Catholics the days were evil. This circumstance has enabled President Ward to weave into his pages much that is significant to all students of ecclesiastical history, and though the book is, of course, written from the standpoint of a pronounced and uncompromising defender of the ancient faith, its value deserves recognition even by those who have scanty sympathy for the claims of the Vatican. St. Edmund's College, we are reminded, has long ceased to hold its former position as the chief place of education for the Catholic laity, and the spirit of the institution is now mainly ecclesiastical. The reality of the Catholic Revival is hardly open to question; but those who are still sceptical concerning it might do well to ponder one out of many facts which point in the same direction which might readily be cited. A hundred years ago twenty students for the priesthood were enough to meet the wants of the whole of the south of England; to-day eighty are required for the work of the diocese of Westminster alone.

It would be difficult to compress—with due regard to the principle of proportion and clearness of method—into a hundred pages a wider array of illustrative facts and statistics than is contained in the "Introduction to the Study of Geography." The manual not only deals explicitly with the strictly physical and mathematical aspects of the science, but is concerned more or less with many other considerations—all of which are, perhaps, sufficiently indicated by the terms political and commercial. The little book has distinct merit.

*THE LEGENDARY LORE OF THE HOLY WELLS OF ENGLAND, INCLUDING RIVERS, LAKES, FOUNTAINS, AND SPRINGS. By Robert Charles Hope, F.S.A., F.R.S.L. Illustrated. London: Elliot Stock. Demy 8vo.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF THE SENSES. By John Gray McKendrick, M.D., LL.D., and William Snodgrass, M.A. Illustrated. University Extension Manuals. London: John Murray. Crown 8vo. (4s.6d.)

WORKERS WITHOUT WAGE. By Edith Carrington, author of "Stories for Somebody," etc. London: Griffith, Farran & Co. Crown 8vo.

TOOLS AND THE MAN: PROPERTY AND INDUSTRY UNDER THE CHRISTIAN LAW. By Washington Gladden. London: James Clarke & Co. Crown 8vo.

HISTORY OF ST. EDMUND'S COLLEGE, HERTS. By the Very Reverend Bernard Ward, President. Portraits and other illustrations. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Limited. Post 8vo.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF GEOGRAPHY. By William Hughes, F.R.G.S., and J. Francon Williams. London and Liverpool: George Philip & Son. Crown 8vo. (1s.)

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- THE DICTATOR. A Novel. By Justin McCarthy. Three vols. (Chatto.)
 JONATHAN SWIFT. A Biographical and Critical Study. By John Churton Collins. (Chatto.)
 THE HEART OF TIPPERARY. A Romance of the Land League. By W. P. Ryan. With an Introduction by William O'Brien, M.P. (Ward & Downey.)
 MEN AND MEN. A Love Story. By V. S. Simmons. (Osgood.)
 SECOND BOOK OF VERSE. By Eugene Field. (Osgood.)
 THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS. Edited by J. R. Tutin. *The Newbery Classics.* (Griffith, Farran.)
 WORKERS WITHOUT WAGE. By Edith Carrington. (Griffith, Farran.)
 MISOGYNY AND THE MAIDEN. A Novel. By Paul Cushing. New edition. (Griffith, Farran.)
 THE ANNUAL REGISTER, 1892. New series. (Longmans.)
 THE LEGEND OF MAANDOO. By the Author of "Prometheus' Daughter." Second edition. (Kegan Paul.)
 FROM PHILISTIA. Essays on Church and World. By J. Brierley, B.A. (J. Clarke.)
 NATURAL SELECTION AND SPIRITUAL FREEDOM. By Joseph John Murphy. (Macmillan.)
 OLD-WORLD SCOTLAND. By T. F. Henderson. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
 UNDER THE HAWTHORN, AND OTHER VERSE. By Augusta de Gruchy. (Mathews & Lane.)
 LIBER AMORIS, OR THE NEW PYGMALION. By William Hazlitt. With an Introduction by Richard Le Gallienne. (Mathews & Lane.)
 COMMON-ROOM CAROLS. By M. T. P. (Oxford: Alden & Co.)
 CALENDAR OF THE PATENT ROLLS, PRESERVED IN THE PUBLIC RECORD OFFICE. EDWARD I., A.D. 1281-1292. (Eyre & Spottiswoode.)
 LYDIA. A Novel. By Sydney Christian. (Sampson Low.)
 FAE FROM THE MAULDING CROWD. A Novel. By Thomas Hardy. New Edition. (Sampson Low.)
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 PRACTICAL FLY-FISHING. By John Beever. A new edition. With a Memoir of the Author by W. G. Collingwood, M.A. (Methuen.)
 THE ORCHID-SEEKERS IN BORNEO. A Story of Adventure. By Ashmore Russan and Frederick Boyle. (Chapman & Hall.)
 SHIRLEY. By Charlotte Brontë. Two vols. The third and fourth volumes of the works of Charlotte, Emily, and Anne Brontë. In twelve vols. (Dent.)
 A LEAP IN THE DARK; OR, OUR NEW CONSTITUTION. By Professor A. V. Dicey, Q.C., B.C.L. (Murray.)
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 HYPNOTISM, MESMERISM, AND THE NEW WITCHCRAFT. By Ernest Hart. (Smith, Elder.)
 AN OUTLINE OF LEGAL PHILOSOPHY. By W. A. Watt, M.A., LL.B. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.)
 BALMORAL. A Romance of the Queen's Country. By Alexander Allardyce. Three Vols. (Blackwood.)
 PLEASANT MEMORIES OF A BUSY LIFE. By David Pryde, M.A., LL.D. (Blackwood.)
 QUESTIONS AT ISSUE. By E. Gosse. (Heinemann.)
 THE SLOWLY GRINDING MILLS. A Novel. By Mrs. G. Linnaeus Banks. Three Vols. (Griffith, Farran.)
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 THE PURSUIT OF A CHIMERA. A Novel. By C. Elvey Cope. (Digby, Long.)
 THE PRINCESS'S PRIVATE SECRETARY. A Novel. Translated from the Italian of A. G. Barrili. By His Honour Judge Stephen. (Digby, Long.)
 LIKE A SISTER. A Novel. By Madeline Crichton. Three vols. (Digby, Long.)
 THE LABOUR MOVEMENT. By L. T. Hobhouse, M.A. With Preface by R. B. Haldane, M.P. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
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 THE MEANING AND THE METHOD OF LIFE. By George M. Gould, A.M., M.D. (Putnam's Sons.)

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THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1893.

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THE WEEK.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS: AT HOME.

A GREAT many rumours have been current this week with regard to the possible intentions of the Government concerning the Home Rule Bill. The delays caused by the conspiracy of obstruction have even led to speculations in Tory quarters as to the probability of the Bill being hung up for a time, to be taken up again either in an autumn session or even not until next year. We may say at once, and authoritatively, that all these rumours and speculations are absolutely unfounded. The Government mean to carry the Home Rule Bill through all its stages in the Lower House and to send it to the House of Lords before there is any adjournment. Their determination on this point is, we have reason to believe, fixed and irrevocable. If any members of the Opposition, therefore, are dreaming of preventing the passing of the Bill this Session by the continued use of obstructive tactics, they will do well to abandon the notion. They may keep the House sitting without a break into September, or even October; but they will not succeed in preventing the carrying of the measure through all its stages before the adjournment for the autumn holiday takes place. The process may, of course, be hastened by the use of the closure. Ministers in the last resort will not hesitate to use the weapons with which they are armed for that purpose. But they will not use them willingly or unnecessarily. All that they mean to do is to carry their Bill and send it to the House of Lords before there is any interval in the work of the Session. It will be for the Opposition to decide whether this shall be done by the natural process of Parliament or by the use of those measures which are meant, in the last resort, to defeat deliberate and organised obstruction.

THE Committee on the Home Rule Bill has made rather better progress during the present week, but there is still much to be desired in the rate at which the measure advances. Clause 3, after being under discussion for more than a fortnight, was agreed to without a division early on Tuesday, and the Committee is now engaged in discussing Clause 4. There is some reason to believe that the leaders of the Opposition are beginning to tire of the system of senseless obstruction, and are thinking of concentrating their energies upon the really vital points at issue in connection with the Bill. But even now the rate of progress is such that unless it is accelerated the Committee stage must last for months. The

supporters of the Ministry are clearly determined not to permit this gross waste of public time. It is not merely the Home Rule Bill which they are resolved to carry this year, but the Parish Councils Bill. It is evident, therefore, that Ministers will still have to resort before long to strong measures, unless the Opposition collapses altogether.

THERE is no denying the fact that the quarrel in the Nationalist party which led to the temporary resignation of Mr. Sexton had a most depressing effect upon the British supporters of the Government. They have no wish to interfere with the internal affairs of the Irish Members, but they naturally felt disheartened when they saw that in the midst of such a struggle as this, the Irish Members whose cause they had espoused so loyally allowed themselves to indulge in a public quarrel over a matter of secondary importance. We do not wish to attach too much importance to the incident, especially now that it has been closed, but it is impossible to shut our eyes to the fact that a few squabbles of this kind in the Irish ranks will do more harm to the cause of Home Rule than all the Ulster demonstrations and violent speeches from Tory statesmen combined can do. Let us hope that nothing of the sort will happen again.

WE recently expressed our distrust of the Customs statistics of the port of Belfast. Owing, we believe, to the diligence of Mr. Arthur O'Connor, a mistake has been discovered in those statistics which has a serious effect on the Home Rule Bill. It appears that the authorities had under-estimated by about £365,000 a year the amount of the duty paid in Ireland (mainly in Belfast) on whisky, afterwards exported to Great Britain. This money would, under the Home Rule Bill, go to the Imperial, and not to the Irish, Exchequer, which, on the basis of the financial clauses as they stand, would leave a perilously small margin. And as the present Irish contribution under the Union to Imperial purposes has been shown to be so much less than was supposed, it would be only fair to reduce by the same amount Ireland's future contribution. So far the effect of the correction is simple enough. But, unfortunately, it is not at all clear that even the revised figures are correct, while Irish authorities contend that a corresponding mistake has been made by under-estimating the Irish payment to the Customs just as the Irish payment to Excise has been over-estimated. It may therefore be necessary to insert in the Bill a provisional financial settlement open to revision after a short term of years, when more accurate statistical records are available.

WE touch elsewhere upon the singular manner in which the daily newspapers under-estimated the licensing reform demonstration last Saturday. As a matter of fact, it was the greatest demonstration of the kind that has ever taken place in London. No labour demonstration or political gathering held in the metropolis within the last thirty years can be compared with it. The procession itself took three hours and a half to pass any given point, and the police authorities have borne unsolicited testimony to its unprecedented magnitude. As a demonstration, next to its size, the most remarkable feature was the testimony which it afforded to the real union of the temperance party. All classes in society, the members of all churches and of both political parties, were represented, and it was evident that all were thoroughly in earnest in demanding that the Government should do something, either by passing Sir William Harcourt's Bill, or in some other way, to remedy an evil which all reformers regard as intolerable. Union has not, unfortunately, been at all times the distinctive characteristic of temperance reformers. Now that they are united, they ought to have no difficulty in getting what they want.

MR. ARNOLD MORLEY has given a very emphatic and precise denial to the charges brought against him (in the worst style of the American Press) by the *Pall Mall Gazette*. With his explicit statement that he knew nothing of any corrupt bargain either for the purpose of gaining a seat or avoiding a petition, the whole burden of the charge against him falls to the ground. It was only on the pretence that they had discovered personal corruption on the part of a Minister of the Crown that Mr. W. W. Astor and his editorial assistants could have been justified in the course they took. Of the malignity of that course, and of its disgraceful unfairness to Mr. Arnold Morley, we spoke last week, and we are glad to know that our remarks then have been re-echoed by the overwhelming majority of Tory members in the House of Commons. It is, we confess, with regret as well as surprise that we see the depth to which a newspaper with the history of the *Pall Mall Gazette* has fallen in its eagerness to secure an advertisement for itself. Happily the result of this latest attempt to Americanise the English Press has not been so successful that it is likely to be copied in other quarters. In the meantime Mr. Arnold Morley has the sympathy of all right-minded persons.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* is very severe upon us because last week, after appealing to men of all parties to fight fairly in the political conflict, we spoke of "one right honourable gentleman after another rising in his place to make a speech which he knows to be useless, dishonest, and absurd." Unfortunately we had very high authority for making this statement. When Mr. Courtney moves an amendment in which he frankly confesses that he does not himself believe, and when Mr. Balfour announces that he will support any amendment whether it will improve the Bill or make it worse, we fear we can hardly take blame to ourselves for describing the conduct of these gentlemen in the only possible way. Nor, to tell the truth, do they seem to desire that we should do otherwise. It will be time enough for the moralist of the *Pall Mall Gazette* to find fault with us when we impute a line of action to our opponents which they have not themselves openly avowed.

LORD ROBERTS made a very useful and interesting speech at the banquet given to him at the Mansion House on Monday. The most important point he referred to was undoubtedly the policy of the Indian Government with regard to the independent tribes on the north-west frontier. We are all agreed—not

merely Sir Alfred Lyall, whom Lord Roberts quoted, and Lord Kimberley, who endorsed his remarks, but all men who give any thought to the subject—upon the necessity of a strong north-west frontier; difference of opinion only arises on the question how a strong frontier is best secured. Lord Roberts now says that the present policy of the Indian Government towards the frontier tribes is "to extend our influence amongst them without menacing their independence, and, by trying to civilise them and increase their prosperity, to induce them to look upon us as their friends, who will protect their interests and ensure their being left in undisturbed possession of the territory they occupy." If this be a fair description of our present frontier policy, not only do we find nothing to quarrel with in it, but we think it an exceedingly sound policy, for it means keeping our frontier where it is and making allies of the folk immediately outside it. But is this exactly what is occurring in the North-West? Are the seizure of Gilgit, the Hunza Nagar expedition, the seizure of Nilt, the little wars of months in which we have carried fire and sword amongst these mountain fastnesses, slaughtered tribesmen with Gatling guns and Martini-Henrys, captured their strongholds and drove them out of their villages—are these exploits covered by Lord Roberts's fair-spoken explanation? We confess it does not seem to us that they are. They bear in our eyes anything but the aspect of a policy of conciliation, and we should be curious to see it shown how they are calculated to make the tribesmen love us and look upon us as "protectors" who will "ensure their being left in undisturbed possession" of their country.

THERE has been some discussion in the Press and Parliament during the week regarding the manner in which subscriptions for wedding presents for the Duke of York and his bride are being pressed for in many different quarters. We feel sure that to none can this movement be so distasteful as to those for whose benefit it is specially intended. Spontaneous demonstrations of loyalty to the royal family, and of interest in its welfare, are in themselves entirely to be commended; but the fussy and injudicious people who are bringing pressure to bear upon school-children of the poorest class, and other equally unsuitable persons, in order to obtain subscriptions for these wedding-gifts, are guilty of an outrage, not only upon good taste, but upon the natural feelings of the royal family. Perhaps on this subject the old adage, "least said, soonest mended," applies, but we sincerely trust that we shall hear no more of the singularly unjustifiable proceedings to which attention has been called this week.

ANOTHER question which has been a good deal discussed this week is the moral responsibility attaching to the directors of the Liberator Building Society, in connection with the Balfour frauds. No one can doubt that in this, as in so many cases, men serving as directors have not fulfilled their duties with the care and thoroughness which might have been expected of them. Wholly innocent of anything like complicity in the crimes of Mr. Balfour and his accomplices, they have still incurred a heavy moral responsibility by their failure to prevent those crimes. No doubt it may be urged on their behalf that they only acted as most directors do. They relied upon the honesty and good faith of the leading men in the society, and did not think it necessary to attempt any real supervision over their acts. But the fact that the evil is widespread, we might almost say universal, does not lessen the responsibility of these particular directors, and we are not surprised at the criticism to which they are now being subjected. That which we do regret, however, is the religious and political bitterness which is being imported into the discussion. It is distinctly unfair

to jibe at the Rev. Dawson Burns, for example, because he is an eminent philanthropist and preacher. Nobody ascribes any dishonesty to Dr. Dawson Burns, and the fact that he accepted the easy-going current notion as to the responsibilities of a director does not prove that he was a hypocrite. Even more grossly unfair are the attacks upon Lord Oxenbridge, who was not even a director of the Liberator Society; who held what everybody knew to be a purely honorary office, and who, as he had no responsibility or authority, drew no remuneration from his position. But Lord Oxenbridge is a Liberal, and accordingly the Tory papers insert slanderous and mendacious letters, seeking to affix to his name some share in the odium attaching to Mr. Balfour's frauds. The trick is as mean as it is dishonest.

MR. GOSCHEN's interesting address to the British Economic Association on Wednesday evening may concisely be described as renewing the claim of their science to a share in the practical work of social reform. Such a plea ought not to be necessary; but it has been made so by the natural reaction of the historical school against abstract deductions and barren dialectic, and the natural dislike of the impulsive persons whom Mr. Goschen happily termed "emotionalists" for those stern facts of society to which a scientific isolation of the phenomena gives a still sterner appearance. For the popular mind the reaction has been aided by a saying of the present Premier, which we should call familiar if it were not almost invariably misquoted and misapplied.

MR. GOSCHEN, whose modest description of himself as an amateur economist rather obscures his reputation as the writer of the best book extant on international exchanges, insists on the ethical character of economic science as shown in the definition of wealth. That is true enough, if economic science is to be wholly practical; but if ethical questions are to be suggested at the outset, we may have a repetition of those barren and scholastic discussions which so roused the wrath of Auguste Comte. Modern ethical writing is quite too wordy and indefinite to be let loose on a science which has clear and precise definitions of its own. Would it not be better to be content with the truism that the social reformer must take his knowledge alike from scientific ethics and scientific economics? The address contained a well-merited tribute to Mr. F. D. Longe, the pioneer in the attack on the "Wage-Fund" theory, and a really striking caution against "corporate egotism" as the real danger with which altruism may have to contend. Mr. Goschen, no doubt, was chiefly concerned with the New Unionism—which probably, after all, is a stage of combat leading eventually to a stable industrial peace. But the danger is only too palpable everywhere. It was pointed out not long ago in these columns, in connection with the Co-operative movement in England, and illustrated from the Shakers and other religious communities of America. It appears alike in the mediæval guild and in the Chauvinism which, with some people, still passes for patriotism. Again, it appears in the reckless assertion of the claims of the present generation as against posterity, in such a matter, for instance, as the exhaustion of our natural stores of force. But our duty to posterity, and its limits, is a question as yet beyond the scope even of scientific ethics.

THE controversy between the Education Department and the School Board for London brings out two facts which, unfortunately, are fully supported by all previous experience of the latter body as it is at present. The first is that Mr. Diggle's tone and

method in controversy conform to the less creditable traditions of English vestrydom. The second, as clearly shown by Mr. Lyulph Stanley's letter in Friday's *Times*, is that the school accommodation for London is not adequate, and that the School Board is in no hurry to make it so. Information which a zealous Board could have procured immediately is kept back for a couple of months; the delay is excused by the pitiful evasion that the Easter recess has intervened, and the most important of the questions of the Department—"What steps do you propose to take to mend matters?"—is left without an answer at all. We are all aware that the majority of the present Board were elected less to promote education than to keep down the education rate, and to protect the supposed interests of those well-intentioned and self-sacrificing, but hopelessly inadequate, organisations that now block the path of reform. Next year the electorate will change all that. Meanwhile, they had better keep a full account of the Board's misdeeds.

ABROAD. THE General Election in Germany, which went through its first stage on Thursday, has attracted an exceptional amount of attention all over Europe.

It is not merely that the issue may raise the gravest questions as to the maintenance of European peace, but the German Empire may be at the threshold of a long constitutional struggle between the forces of autocracy and democracy, the results of which cannot be predicted even approximately. During the period of preparation, however, there has been little to satisfy the appetite of the host of special correspondents which has, we learn, descended on Germany. The hopes of the supporters of the Government have been steadily falling; those of the Liberals and of the Social Democrats have been rising in even greater measure. Foreign observers, where they have ventured to predict at all, have predicted the defeat of the Government; but, in view of the fact that there are 1,472 candidates for the 397 seats, and that it is estimated that a second ballot will be required in 315 cases, there has been no more detailed prophecy. And as, even in 1887, the abstentions amounted to 22½ per cent. of the electorate, there is an element—standing outside of the regular political parties—which makes all calculation uncertain. But the returns known as we go to press show that, whoever has lost, the Social Democrats have gained.

PRESIDENT CARNOT's illness has compelled him to abandon his projected tour in Brittany, from which some people hoped much good for the Republic. But the Republic is too firmly fixed for such an event to make much difference. Three important speeches have been made in France since our last issue. The "Liberal Left"—a new group which is attracting some attention, though its members apparently still have their reputations to make—has defined its programme through its leader, M. Jonnart (deputy for the Pas de Calais). This may roughly be described as a Labour programme characterised by tolerably advanced Liberalism. The Comte de Mun, meanwhile, has modified the Socialist views he lately expressed, but has left his present position extremely indefinite. But the speech of the week is that of the Premier at Albi. This, however, is simply a glorification of the existing régime and of the services of the present Chamber and Ministry; and the first part of it is certainly better justified than the second. M. Dupuy exhibited the cheerful confidence which characterises his recent utterances, but did not, unfortunately, define his programme. He concluded, however, with a significant reminder of the duty of obedience to the existing law—which, in view of the dispute at present pending between the Government and the Labour representatives, may bring the Ministry a good deal nearer the Right Centre than it is at present.

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY's Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

IN view of the internecine struggles of the various nationalities of Austria, it is notable that the Czech and German workmen of Reichenberg, in Northern Bohemia, have combined to agitate for universal suffrage—which, as we have pointed out before in these columns, will eventually only intensify racial feuds. For the present, however, the labour troubles both at Kladno, near Prague, and at Fünfkirchen, in Hungary—and in particular the outrageous conduct of the authorities in expelling the non-Hungarian strikers at the latter place—must tend considerably to strengthen the agitation.

ON Saturday last Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria and his bride made their entry into Sofia, and met with an enthusiastic reception—from the clergy, who might have been expected to stand aloof, no less than from the bulk of the populace. The extraordinary tranquillity of Bulgaria, indeed, is the most reassuring feature in the European situation. It may be wished that as much could be said for Greece. The new Cabinet has concluded an arrangement for a new loan; but it involves the hypothecation of the Customs and other revenues, and probably, therefore, some sort of foreign control—which neither the Chamber nor the King would agree to under M. Tricoupis' rule. It remains to be seen whether M. Rhallis will be more successful.

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, etc.

MR. STOPFORD BROOKE'S address at the inaugural meeting of the Irish Literary Society (London) has been published this week in brochure-form by Mr. Fisher Unwin. This fact, coupled with the fact that Sir Charles Gavan Duffy is to make a statement to the Society this week on the subject of publishing the series of books to be known as "The Irish Library," would seem to be a symptom that the society has made a good and business-like start and is now fairly certain of becoming one of our permanent institutions. Its object is, in Mr. Brooke's words, "to bring together all the Irish men and women in London who take pleasure in the literature and language of Ireland, in her past history, politics, and conditions, in her topography, antiquities, music and scenery; and who are desirous to aid in the publication of a series of books which should deal with all these subjects." We believe a new regulation of the society enables English sympathisers to co-operate if they choose in this interesting work. Mr. Brooke's lecture we commented on at the time of its delivery. It is a charming and suggestive piece of writing.

SEVERAL African travellers have given descriptions of the various kinds of arrow-poisons used by natives in warfare. A very interesting account of the arrow-poison of the Pigmies is given by Parke in his "Experiences in Equatorial Africa." We can gather from that the great difficulty to which he was subjected before he was able (through his faithful little Pigmy woman) to secure specimens of the barks, herbs, beans, etc., employed in its manufacture. His first experiments, it may be remembered, or, as he calls it, his "first African essay in amateur vivisection," were made on Stairs' dog, the animal succumbing to the insertion twenty-eight and a quarter hours afterwards. Parke fortunately procured specimens of the ingredients of the antidote, so that it may be possible to suggest a reliable remedy for future travellers. That each tribe has its own poison seems to be pretty generally testified. Some time ago investigations into the nature of the arrow poisons of the Wanyika were undertaken, with the result that the physical and chemical properties of the poison indicated that not *Strophanthus* seeds were employed, but an extract prepared from wood. This conclusion

has recently been confirmed, a crystalline glucoside having been extracted common to both the arrow-poison and wood.

OBITUARY. **LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR JOHN HUDSON**, who had only recently succeeded the late Sir James Dormer as Commander-in-Chief in the Bombay Presidency, had distinguished himself in the Indian Mutiny and the Abyssinian, Afghan, and Soudan Wars. General Sir Frederick Edward Chapman, G.C.B., senior Colonel Commandant of the Royal Engineers, had served with distinction in the Crimea, and held various important posts, including that of Governor of Bermuda. The Most Rev. Christopher Augustine Reynolds, D.D., was Roman Catholic Bishop of Adelaide. Canon Ellerton was a well-known hymnologist. Miss E. M. Pearson had served as a volunteer nurse in the Franco-German and Russo-Turkish Wars. Mr. C. Whiteford was town clerk of Plymouth, and his family had been connected with the administration of the borough for upwards of a century.

A RECORD IN OBSTRUCTION.

ON Tuesday afternoon last the third clause of the Government of Ireland Bill was added to the Bill without a division. It is said that the Opposition were caught napping or at Ascot, else another night might have been spent in discussing the clause as a whole. It may be so; but we should be ready to believe that they were content to rest on their oars, conscious that they had performed a feat of obstruction without a parallel in any legislative assembly in the world. Clauses 1 and 2 together took eight Parliamentary days to discuss. As they measured just seven lines, this was not bad. But clause 3 was in Committee more than a fortnight. The House took it up on Tuesday, the 30th of May, worked at it continuously for ten Parliamentary days, and only passed it on the 13th of June. No other clause in any Bill ever took half as long. We have already several times expressed the opinion that the Chairman of Committees and the Government themselves are partly to blame for not using systematically the powers which the new rules give to suppress systematic obstruction. While we admit that short cuts are sometimes long cuts, and that the patient and indulgent answering of every detailed criticism is calculated to impress the country and to prepare the way for the ultimate struggle with the Lords, we think the time of Parliament so valuable to the people of the three kingdoms that it ought not to be wasted for the sake of an object lesson. But an object lesson we have certainly had. The Opposition stand to-day discredited as no Opposition ever stood before. We pause to consider their excuses. They admit—indeed, they glory in—the record of time. But they excuse themselves on various grounds. They say the Bill was so ill-considered that it required to be amended with unusual care. They say the matter of the Bill is so contentious that it accounts for innumerable differences of opinion. And in the alternative they suggest that, even if the time has been absolutely wasted so far as the ordinary function of Committee is concerned, the discussion has had great educational value. We will examine these three pleas in order.

In the first place, was the Bill ill-considered? It would not be surprising if many oversights had been discovered in the draft of a national constitution. But, as it happens, the care and foresight of the draftsmen of the Bill have been triumphantly

vindicated. It cannot be said that Mr. Gladstone has been slow to accept amendments. On the contrary, he has on several occasions adopted the words of the Opposition when both his Irish and his Liberal supporters would have preferred the words of the Bill. It seems to have been his earnest desire to discover here and there a grain of reason among the absurdities which encumbered the Notice Paper. But the Opposition have not succeeded in pointing out one single blunder or omission of any magnitude. In the first two clauses only one amendment was accepted—Sir Henry James's proviso to Clause 2, asserting, in almost the same words which were already contained in the preamble, the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament. In Clause 3 a few amendments have been accepted, but they were all of one kind. They were not necessary. For reasons of draftsmanship they were mostly undesirable; they added nothing and they took away nothing. As Mr. Gladstone said of one of them, they were "absolutely superfluous," but they may "remove doubts from persons of limited intelligence." Take, for example, the subsection dealing with what would be called in America the war powers—a matter of capital importance. As the Bill was introduced the Irish Parliament was prohibited from passing any law concerning "naval or military forces or the defence of the realm." As the words now stand, after amendments by Sir E. Ashmead-Bartlett and Mr. Parker Smith have been accepted, the Irish Parliament cannot legislate concerning "the navy, army, militia, volunteers and any other military forces, or the defence of the realm or forts, permanent military camps, magazines, arsenals, dockyards, and other needful buildings, or any plans purchased for the erection thereof." The new words are more specific; but the meaning is the same, except that it is less grammatically and logically expressed. Are temporary military camps, for instance, included? What is the meaning of "needful buildings"? Yet this subsection is the one which has been most amended by the Opposition. Need it have taken nineteen days to do this?

Then take the second plea. A mere general contention as to the principle of the Bill is no excuse for wasting time in Committee, for the principle is disposed of on the second reading. But one could conceive a case where, though the principle has been accepted, contentions as to detail might arise, even among those who accepted the principle. Such a case, for instance, is Clause 9. One could conceive also a case where some of those who had opposed the principle were nevertheless anxious to arrive at a common basis of agreement. Either process would naturally consume time. But on the first three clauses of the Bill there has been no pretence of either. We have carefully analysed the divisions on those clauses, and we find that there were sixty in all. Two were on Parnellite amendments. One was a division between the Government and the Nationalists. But in the remaining fifty-seven cases the vote was a purely party vote, without as many as five dissentients on either side. The Opposition were fighting not to improve but to delay the Bill. Indeed, no less than sixteen of the divisions were not on amendments, but were challenged openly for purposes of delay. Four times the Opposition voted in a body in favour of motions to report progress, twice to postpone clauses, ten times against the closure. Mr. Balfour and Mr. Goschen are tarred with the same brush as Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Bartley. There has, in fact, during the whole nineteen days' discussion been no pretence of that attempt to apply the common mind of the House to the removal

of difficulties and the attainment of compromise in the hope of which laxity is still permitted in the rules of debate in Committee.

And then as to the educational value of all this talk. The notion that the voters who knew nothing about Home Rule last summer will attentively study the reports of debates which have driven most Members of Parliament to the smoking-rooms and the terrace is a sufficiently fatuous one, but let that pass. If they did, what new thing would they learn? The Imperial Parliament is to be supreme. The Government has enacted so much in the words of Sir Henry James. The Irish Parliament is to have no power to levy protective duties. The Government has been able to emphasise that owing to the blunder of Mr. Courtney. Property is to be protected by an Upper House, and the Queen is still to be represented by the Lord Lieutenant. Mr. T. W. Russell and General Goldsworthy by opposing these safeguards have called attention to them. And Sir E. Ashmead-Bartlett has had his way, and has enacted that the Irish Parliament may not organise a single company of volunteers, armed or unarmed, to fight against us or anyone else. The local character of the Irish Legislature has been clearly illustrated. All this is to our advantage, and not to theirs. On the other hand, what one of all the enormities which their orators describe on the platform have the Opposition proved to be within the power of the Irish Parliament? The majority of the amendments, indeed, have been merely frivolous. On one night, as separate amendments, various Unionist lawyers proposed to except from the powers of the Irish Parliament:—"Conspiracy and combination" (Mr. Butcher), "Sedition" (Sir H. James), "Intimidation and unlawful assembly," "The Explosive Substances Act, 1883" (Mr. Stuart-Wortley), "Procedure in criminal matters" (Mr. Barton). All this was vain repetition and weariness of the flesh. No Opposition has ever wasted so much time to so little purpose. They have not improved the Bill, and they have not improved their own position as a party. And if they hope to prevent the Government completing its English legislative programme, we may assure them that patience and perseverance will do a good deal before Christmas.

MRS. PARTINGTON IN SOUTH LONDON.

THERE would be something pathetic, if there were not, in all the circumstances, something rather agreeably comic, in the spectacle of Lord Salisbury going down to South London to rouse the benighted democrats who inhabit that region with his exhilarating gospel of pessimism. It appears that this descent is only the beginning of a campaign to "stir up London." It has dawned upon some of the men of light and leading of the Tory party that London is being invaded by a steadily-rising democratic tide, and they have pressed forward the proposition upon Lord Salisbury that, if the interests of Toryism are not to be hopelessly submerged, it will be necessary to make a valiant effort to keep out the flood. Lord Salisbury, with a devotion to the exigencies of his party most exemplary in a chief, has responded to this appeal. Leading the attack in person, he shouldered his broom on Monday night, and descended upon South London. His example, we are given to understand, is presently to be followed by a concerted movement of the party at large. Active gossellers will "preach to the unconverted," as one of their organs puts it, and "vigorously carry on the campaign in those districts of London whose inhabitants are sitting in political

darkness." Mr. Tommy Bowles, Mr. Bartley, Mr. Darling, Q.C., Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, and many more will be the apostles of this propaganda. They will "stir up" the Radical heathen of London with the cry of "Down with the House of Commons and up with the House of Lords!" At least, this will be their shibboleth if we are to assume them taking their cue from the speeches of their leaders. Mr. Bartley will expound the imperfections which prevent the House of Commons making progress with public business, and will expatiate upon the different state of things in the Lords, where Bills are passed or thrown out, as the case may be, in the interval between an afternoon stroll from Pall Mall and back again. Mr. Bowles will explain the great reforms the Tory party are waiting to press onward as soon as Ireland is sunk to the bottom of the sea; and no doubt Sir Ellis will pour scorn, in the manner of Lord Salisbury and Mr. Goschen, upon the Radical "emotionalism" of this degenerate age. London Radicals may be expected in the revolving course of time to rise to these inspiring exhortations; but in the meantime it is rather cruel of the House of Lords to be furnishing Radical agitators with the means of rousing up prejudice the wrong way. Of what avail are poor Lord Salisbury's exertions with the broom of Mrs. Partington in South London if the House of Lords keeps flinging insults in the teeth of the London ratepayer—in cases, too, where the representative Chamber had been wilfully contriving to pay him a compliment—if, for example, their lordships will insist, as they did this week, on refusing to let the Council which represents the people of London have even a voice in the conservancy of their river, the river which has so vital an influence on London's life and health?

Lord Salisbury, we believe, is privately the most amiable of men; but if one were to judge him solely by his public speeches—or, indeed, remembering the Ulster expedition, by his public actions—one would never come to that conclusion. So much can his political performances belie a man that Lord Salisbury's speech of Monday night, laying aside its mere foolishness, might lead one to describe it as the voice of a bad heart. So dark a cynicism is seldom addressed to a crowd, to men listening collectively, whom the most callous usually appeal to on the assumption that they possess a certain amount of the milk of human kindness. According to Lord Salisbury, human nature is a very black affair. Men or nations who have once had a quarrel with each other can never forgive and never forget. Irishmen can never love Englishmen, and *vice versa*. Ulster Protestants can never get on with Munster Catholics: the one will always be dreaming of Scullabogue Barn, and the other of the Penal Laws. Justice, honour, friendship, as between nations, are mere chimeras. The Irish are an inferior race. The English people hate them, and wish them at the bottom of the ocean. If we leave them alone, God only knows into what horrors of barbarism they will sink. Their representatives in the Imperial Parliament under Home Rule will be "a hundred foreigners," seeking to thrust a poisoned spear into the heart of their ancient enemy. Whom Lord Salisbury hopes to rouse by these cheerful sentiments it would be hard to say. Certainly the notion of his attempting to roll back the tide of democratic thought with such ideas is more grotesque than intelligible. The most probable explanation, and the most charitable one, seems to be that in such declarations he finds an outlet for his despair as a party leader. He must know in his heart that of every one of those propositions he urges as to the attitude of the British people, and the future of Irishmen under Home Rule, the converse is true. He must know,

too, that, while there is undoubtedly an impatience amongst the English people regarding the Irish question, it is an impatience of precisely the opposite kind to that which he suggests. It is an impatience of such arguments as his. It is an impatience to get the question settled in the one way which can bestow justice upon Ireland and relieve the Imperial Parliament of an everlasting obstruction to English reforms. The English people look upon their Irish brethren neither as angels nor as demons, but as men like themselves, having the same rights, feeling hunger, thirst, and cold, and love of wife and child just in the same way, and likely to behave, if they get fair play, as other white men behave. At one time, probably, Englishmen, being then more ignorant, used not to think in this manner; but that is done with for ever; and if Lord Salisbury in his distress chooses to sigh for that "happy halcyon time" on public platforms, perhaps we ought not to be too hard on him. It is because he knows it is gone never to return, and with it a good many things which he, as a scion of Privilege, very naturally reveres.

THE TEMPERANCE DEMONSTRATION.

OUR daily contemporaries have singularly failed to do justice to last Saturday's Temperance Demonstration in London. No reader of the daily newspapers on Monday can for a moment have imagined that the meeting in Hyde Park and the procession through the streets which preceded it were in any sense specially noticeable. As a matter of fact, the Temperance Demonstration was by far the greatest that has ever been held in London. The procession through the streets took just three hours and a half to pass any given point, more than double the time taken by any previous procession.

Nor was it only in its extent that this demonstration of the friends of licensing reform was remarkable. It can hardly be said to have had any political significance, though those who took part in it were unmistakably favourable to Sir William Harcourt's proposals regarding the Local Veto. But if it had no special political significance, it was still more curiously free from any special social characteristic. All classes were represented in that immense assembly of demonstrators that filled the streets of the West-end for many hours on Saturday afternoon. Women, as well as men, took part in it, and children were by no means absent. All social classes, too, were represented, from men and women of title down to coalheavers and day-labourers. That which distinguished the procession from most of those that have preceded it was the unmistakable air of earnestness that marked all who took part in it. Whether they were Catholic priests herding the League of the Cross, or members of the Salvation Army, or Wesleyans, or Churchmen, or simply Temperance reformers, every man and woman in the vast throng seemed to be animated by a strong conviction of the importance of the occasion and the gravity of the duty that he or she had to discharge.

As Sir Wilfrid Lawson passed along Pall Mall he was received with a ripple of applause even from the club windows, but it was not until Lady Henry Somerset, in her flower-clad chariot, appeared that anything like enthusiasm was exhibited by the spectators. Yet if among the lookers-on there was but little enthusiasm, there was enough and to spare among the demonstrators themselves. Whether they were working men or members of Parliament, laundresses or ladies of title, they were manifestly fired by that enthusiasm of humanity which has

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been so potent a factor in all ages of the history of the world. They were there to testify before great London to the reality of their devotion to the Temperance cause, to the earnestness of their opposition to the great national evil. The speeches in the park were of small moment, compared to the demonstration in the streets. London, fashionable London, political London, had not believed that there was, after all, any great Temperance party in the country to be reckoned with. It had sneered at the advocates of the Permissive Bill as fanatics and faddists. It had counted the strength of the publicans and the brewers, and believed that it had found it to be irresistible. There was a rude awakening for all last Saturday afternoon. Nobody, save possibly those who were intimately connected with the teetotal organisations, had dreamt of such a gathering as this. Nobody had supposed that a mere question of social, not political, reform would have had power to draw into the streets the greatest throng ever congregated on such an occasion. The friends and the foes of reform were alike astonished at the demonstration, and their astonishment must have been increased rather than diminished when on Monday morning they found that their newspapers were apparently unconscious of the magnitude and significance of the demonstration they reported.

It is to be hoped that Sir Wilfrid Lawson and his friends will know how to make the most of the signal victory they have achieved. They have convinced even the clubmen that they are in earnest in their opposition to the present licensing system, and they have proved that they stand at the head of an army which, not merely in zeal and resolution, but in numerical strength, is able to defy comparison with any political organisation in the land.

We congratulate them heartily upon having won such a triumph, all the more significant and remarkable because it has been accompanied by so few of the accessories of ordinary political agitation. But it is not enough to win a battle; in order to complete the victory one must know how to turn it to account. Saturday's demonstration, though nominally in favour of Sir William Harcourt's Bill, was really a direct demand on the part of a great section of the nation, not for this particular measure, but for decisive and determined action on the part of the Legislature with regard to the drink traffic. It is to be hoped that the friends of Temperance reform in Parliament, to whatever party they may belong, will take heart from this demonstration, and will press for an early amendment of the existing laws. We have spoken freely with regard to the Bill of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. It is by no means an ideal measure, but it may be taken as a step in the right direction.

Yet we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that a great many members of Parliament who are generally favourable to Temperance reform look askance at the proposals of Sir William Harcourt, and fear that they will inflict grievous injury upon the political party which is identified with them. We do not pretend to doubt that the party which is bold enough and patriotic enough to make the cause of Temperance reform especially its own will lose votes in some quarters by doing so, but we believe it can afford to lose those votes if only it can secure the united support of all the advocates of reform. We may go further, and say that we believe that a policy of righteousness is that which must in the end pay best; and what policy could be more emphatically one of righteousness than that which aims at delivering our country from the worst of all the evils that now weigh upon it? At all events, Temperance reformers may gather courage from last Saturday's remarkable meeting.

They must have learned from it that in any efforts they may make to reform the present system they will not stand alone, and for the future they should feel strong enough to dare the devil and all his works, including those of the brewer and the publican. But the essential moral taught by last Saturday's gathering is that for Temperance reformers, more than for most men, unity is strength. If they will work heartily hand in hand, they will be able to accomplish much, if not all, of what they desire. If, on the other hand, each man should strive after his own fancy, and should view his companions in the race of reform not as allies, but as enemies, then we are still far from any real amendment of the existing state of things. We have spoken of the varied character of the procession of last Saturday. No shibboleth was exacted from those who took part in it. Every man and woman who desires to see some amendment in our licensing system was free to take part in that wonderful procession which made so deep an impression upon all who witnessed it. If only in the work of the Legislature, and in the constituencies when this question is submitted to the test of the ballot, a similar breadth and catholicity should prevail, then victory is assured. It is not over this man's Bill or that man's that Temperance reformers ought to quarrel. Let them agree to take what they can get, though it be only an instalment of what they desire, and step by step they must advance to an assured and not distant victory. Saturday's demonstration did much to convince an indifferent or even a hostile multitude of the reality of the movement in favour of Temperance reform, but it will prove still more useful if it should convince Temperance reformers themselves of the absolute need of union in their own ranks, if they are to gain the end at which they aim.

THE ARGENTINE SETTLEMENT.

THE new Argentine settlement is as equitable to all parties as the circumstances of the case permitted. It cuts down for a while the payment the Argentine Government has to make, yet it assures the bondholders against a permanent reduction either of the principal or interest of their bonds. It will be in the recollection of our readers that a couple of months ago Dr. Romero, the Finance Minister, offered, through Baring Brothers, Limited, to the Rothschild Committee to pay to the bondholders for the next five years a million and a half sterling annually, leaving to the bondholders to arrange amongst themselves how the money was to be distributed. The money so paid, roughly speaking, would be about three-quarters of a million sterling less than the full amount that ought to be paid. The Rothschild Committee made many objections to the proposal, and finally put forward a counter-plan of its own, which has now been accepted by Dr. Romero's successor. In substance it comes to this: The Funding Loan, which is now entitled to interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, is to receive only 5 per cent. for the next five years; the '86 loan is to receive 4 per cent. instead of 5 per cent.; the Waterworks Company is to be included in the new arrangement, and is likewise to receive 4 per cent. instead of 5 per cent., and the bonds of all the other loans are to receive 60 per cent. of the full interest due to them. In the sixth year the Argentine Government undertakes to pay the full amount of the interest due, but all the loans are not thereby to benefit. In the first place, the '86 and the Funding loans are to receive their full interest—5 per cent. and 6 per cent. respectively

—and in the second place the excess, after paying 4 per cent. to the Waterworks and 60 per cent. to the other loans, will be applied to making up the full 1 per cent. per annum which was deducted from the '86 bondholders during the preceding five years. If anything then remains, that will go to the Funding bondholders to satisfy them partly for the 1 per cent. withheld from them during the preceding five years. In the seventh year all the bondholders come in for their full interest; and whereas during the first six years the money is to be paid by the Argentine Government to an agent appointed by the Rothschild Committee, on and after the commencement of the seventh year the money will be paid as of old through the houses that issued the respective loans.

The final settlement differs from Dr. Romero's proposal in two particulars. The most important is that the actual distribution of the money is arranged beforehand. One great objection to Dr. Romero's plan was that if the bondholders were left to settle among themselves how the money was to be disposed of they would probably quarrel and end by rushing into the Courts. Now, if the settlement is accepted by the bondholders and approved by the Argentine Congress, there will be no difficulty of that kind to encounter. The second particular in which it differs is that the Argentine Government is to pay £65,000 a year more than Dr. Romero offered. It is not a very large difference, but still it is of some importance; probably, indeed, without it a settlement would never have been made. One of the great obstacles in the way of an arrangement was that Messrs. Morgan and Co., who brought out the '86 loan and were represented on the Rothschild Committee, insisted that there should be no reduction in the interest of that loan. They pointed out with great force that, foreseeing that the Argentine Government was entering upon a career of extravagance, they had secured the bondholders by getting the Customs revenue specially mortgaged to them. The Customs revenue largely exceeds the amount of interest and sinking fund on the loan, and they refused therefore to give up the result of their own foresight. To meet their objections a new plan was suggested, that is to say, of deducting 1 per cent. of the interest on the loan for the first five years, but repaying all that was so deducted in the sixth year. It turned out, however, that a million and a half sterling would hardly be sufficient to make it perfectly sure that that could be done. Therefore the Argentine Government was asked to increase the annual payment, and recognising the importance of securing the adhesion of so powerful a house, the Government has given way.

But perhaps the most important point of all in connection with the settlement is that the Waterworks Company is included. It may perhaps be recollected that the Messrs. Baring bought the waterworks and the drainage works of Buenos Ayres and formed a company, which they brought out in London. The public, however, fortunately did not subscribe — first, because the preceding Argentine issues had pretty well drained the investors of their savings; and secondly, because the capital of the company was obviously extravagantly large. The failure of the issue was the first symptom to the ordinary observer that the old prestige of Messrs. Baring Brothers was gone and that the Argentine boom was rapidly nearing its end. The Argentine Government did not keep faith with the company. The company has spent immense sums in carrying out its engagements and yet has never been able to collect the revenue to which it deems itself entitled. For years, therefore, negotiations have been going on with the Government for rescinding the purchase and refunding the

money, or a portion of it, to the company. The negotiations have now been brought to a successful conclusion, and the company will get 4 per cent. on the bonds handed over to it for the next five years, and seven years hence will get 5 per cent. It is to be recollected that these bonds constitute a large proportion of the Baring assets, and that the value of the bonds consequently is of very material importance to all those who guaranteed the Bank of England against loss in the Baring liquidation. The arrangement of the question will thus simplify the liquidation, will probably protect the guarantors against loss, and will decidedly strengthen the whole market. There is yet, however, no justification for a rush of speculators. The difficulties of the Argentine Government are far from being at an end; and especially it is to be recollected that the settlement has still to be confirmed by the Argentine Congress. That the Argentine Government volunteers to begin paying as much as it can, even before the time of respite that was given to it by the Rothschild Committee is ended, is certainly most creditable.

FINANCE.

THE discount rate of the Bank of England, which was reduced from 4 per cent. to 3 per cent. last week, was further put down to 2½ per cent. on Thursday, and the City is now hoping that it has before it a long period of cheap money. This, it expects, will lead to a revival of business, and especially to a renewal of speculation. City men, however, would do well to bear in mind that the after-consequences of the ruinous bank failures in Australia have not yet been felt, and that therefore unpleasant surprises are likely to be in store for us. Moreover, they ought not to lose sight of the deepening distrust in the United States. At this season of the year the banks all over the Union are in the habit of keeping very large deposits in New York, for it is a very slack time. But at present the banks all over the Union are withdrawing their deposits at a disquietingly rapid rate from New York. The withdrawals are most largely for Chicago, where, in the expectation that the World's Fair would attract immense numbers of visitors from all parts of the world, there has been a wild speculation in hotels, restaurants, and the like. Up to the present the World's Fair has not been successful. The speculators and the banks which lent to them have become alarmed, and the speculation has broken down. This has led to a run upon the ordinary and the savings banks, and the result is very large withdrawals of deposits from New York. There have also been runs in various other cities, and everywhere the banks are preparing for emergencies. Naturally the New York banks, being called upon to repay unexpectedly large sums, are calling in loans and refusing to discount at the usual rate. Money in New York consequently is becoming very dear, and it is possible that there may be a crisis. Lastly, there are signs of considerable withdrawals of gold from London for the Continent. The silver market remains very steady, the price being 38½d. per ounce, and the applications for India Council bills on Wednesday were again on a large scale, though they were not quite up to the expectations of the market. The speculation in Rupee Paper has hung fire this week. Twice or three times attempts were made to renew it, but they broke down very quickly; and in spite of the cheapness of money, it is not likely that the speculation can be carried much farther. Possibly it may be renewed when the recommendations of the Herschell Committee are officially made known; but it is more probable that the rumours regarding those recommendations will then be found to have been quite baseless. At all events, we would advise investors

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not to engage in the gamble. The future value of silver is too uncertain to make it worth the while of anyone to buy in the dark.

The settlement of the Argentine debt has been well received in the City, but we are glad to say that it has not caused very much speculation. There has been a rise indeed in the Funding bonds, but no reckless buying. The funding of the interest on the Greek debt has also been fairly well received. It is an acknowledgment, of course, that Greece is insolvent, but at the same time it affords evidence that the little kingdom wishes to act as fairly towards its creditors as it can. The plan simply is to pay the interest and the sinking-fund in Funding bonds for the next two and a half years. At the end of that time the Government promises to resume the payment of both in cash. If it is favoured by circumstances, it may be able to do so; especially if the Finance Minister deals competently with the finances. The most important thing is that there should be strict economy in every department, and the next most important thing is that the excessive paper money should be reduced. If that is not done, there will have to be another composition. No progress has yet been made in settling the Portuguese debt; the embarrassments of Spain are growing every day, so are the difficulties of Italy. In Australia there must be a period of depression. In the United States, as pointed out above, there is widespread distrust. Failures in large numbers are occurring daily, and everything points to further trouble. Not a few operators in London, nevertheless, are trying to get up a speculation in American securities. It is a dangerous game to play, and we hope the investing public will not be induced by over-sanguine predictions to join in it. The market for British Government securities is firm, and so is that for Home Railway stocks.

DARKNESS INDEED.*

"A LEAP in the Dark" sounds exciting. A schoolboy might buy it under the mistaken delusion that it was a posthumous work of the late Captain Mayne Reid—a sequel possibly to "The Headless Horseman." We fear he would be as grievously disappointed as Macaulay's young lady who ordered "Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia," from the circulating library. For Professor Dicey, though he may be, and indeed often is, excited, is not exciting. Still, we will not quarrel with the title. Nor will we even quarrel with the binding, though it is a little aggravating to find the cover stamped with the identical design in shamrocks which adorned the outside of the Duke of Argyll's book on Irish Nationalism. This is a petty economy hardly worthy of Mr. Murray and his distinguished authors. Even if the pretty design could, when it first appeared, be excused as the Duke's notion of a joke, it was not a good enough joke to bear repeating.

But in the name and for the credit of the professors, we must protest against the substance of the book. If these preposterous pedantries, this astounding blindness to the ordinary facts of everyday experience, this shallow sophism, is the last word of professorial wisdom, we shall be driven despite ourselves to agree with Lord Randolph Churchill. A professor of law with a cool head and a competent knowledge of constitutional statutes and decisions, might perform a useful task if he were to criticise in the retirement of Oxford the details of the Home Rule Bill. It is a fault of our system of drafting that experts are so little consulted in the framing of bills, and the Universities might occasionally perform some of the functions of a *Conseil d'État*. But Professor Dicey seems determined to shatter the reputation of his craft, by proving that the professor

adds the darkness of the cloister to the rancour of the street. He restates with some vigour the familiar, and in our opinion very strong, arguments against the "in and out" clause. But with this exception we find nothing really forcible in the book which has not already been stated by a man so partially educated as Mr. Chamberlain, and we find many things to show that Professor Dicey is as blind to the ordinary facts of life as a monk of Mount Athos.

Take, for instance, at page 3 of the book, a statement which is not made at random, but is the basis of his whole contention that the Imperial supremacy is not fully preserved under the Home Rule Bill. "As things now stand," he says, "no kind of governmental action in any part of Great Britain and Ireland escapes Parliamentary supervision." Does he really believe this? Governmental action in Great Britain, and still more in Ireland, increases day by day. The Government is the largest employer of labour in the country. It interferes and regulates most branches of private industry. In Ireland it commands every policeman and directs almost every prosecution, it fixes almost every agricultural rent, and inquires into every appointment by every poor law board. Does Professor Dicey really believe that a deliberative assembly of 670 members can exercise any effective supervision over every kind of governmental action? The House of Commons discusses the estimates in Class 1, and especially those which concern Royal parks, with great fulness. Through the Public Accounts Committee and through the political heads of departments, it does a little more. But, after all, the only effect of its supremacy which is worth anything is the fear of its acting—as it very seldom does in practice—to suppress some flagrant abuse. If Professor Dicey saw a little more of what the present supremacy of Parliament means, he might begin to understand how little will really be lost by a measure of devolution.

Again, he is curiously ignorant of the actual working of what is vaguely called "the executive" under our present system. He seems to imagine that public peace and the orders of the courts are only enforced by the action of the central Government. For instance, he says that during the strike at Hull, "practically the legal rights and personal freedom of every inhabitant of the city depended upon the action of the Government." In the last resort, if the watch committee had misconducted themselves and had been supported by the town council, and the justices to put down riots had had to call upon the citizens, meaning the soldiers, it is true that peace would only have been preserved by the action of the agents of the central Government. But "practically" it is not true. "Practically," meaning actually, the metropolitan police, the soldiers, the gunboats, were only sent at the request of the watch committee. By far the greater part of the force required to maintain order was directly under the command of the local authority or was voluntarily lent by other local authorities. The phrase "executive" is used by Professor Dicey as if it implied that every executive governmental act is the act of the central Government. Yet at the present time, in Great Britain, outside the metropolitan district, the force which supports the justices in preserving order or the sheriff in making execution is in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand a local force, over which the Home Secretary has no control except by refusing the annual grant in aid.

Again, Professor Dicey tries to escape, ostrich-like, the fact which he half sees, that—Home Rule or no Home Rule—the stronger development of local feeling in various parts of the United Kingdom has essentially and permanently modified the Imperial Parliament. "The spirit of English Parliamentary Government," he says, "has always been a spirit of unity." When Parliament was an English Parliament this was undoubtedly so. When the Scottish constituencies were manipulated by Dundas and the

* A Leap in the Dark. By A. V. Dicey, Vinerian Professor of English Law at Oxford. London: John Murray.

Irish constituencies were content to elect landlords, the mere presence of men elected to represent Ireland and Scotland did not interfere with the unity. But popular representation has changed all this. The desire of the mass of the people for local reform is always greater than that of a governing class, and the obvious inefficiency of Parliament to deal effectively with local reform has intensified the desire. Unity in the old sense can only be restored by devolving to local bodies the matters as to which there is local separate—though not necessarily separatist—feeling. It is vain for Professor Dicey to speak of the Irish Party as a novelty (p. 7), or of a Premier who glories in his pure Scotch descent as an innovation, an innovation ominous of revolution (p. 8). When he asserts that the presence of Irish members till recent days did not substantially limit the authority of Great Britain (p. 59)—when he says, speaking of the customs revenue under the Home Rule Bill, that not a penny of these customs benefits Ireland (p. 105)—he is forgetting that Ireland, for good or ill, now plays, and must continue to play, a part in our system of Imperial government, reaping a share of the benefit, enjoying a share of the power, paying a share of the cost. England cannot make Scotland and Ireland and the Colonies merge like a satisfied term. The separate individualities assert themselves to-day in more dangerous fashion than they would be likely to do under Home Rule, or under an Imperial Confederation. Professor Dicey's notion that the Parliament of the days of Palmerston can be restored is at variance with all the facts and tendencies of the time. He says that in every federal Government the tendency of the States is to diminish the authority of the federal power. It would be much truer to say that the tendency in every federal union is nowadays towards closer unity, while incorporating union, if it neglects local feeling, fosters particularist divergence.

Even on his own subject of constitutional law Professor Dicey makes some curious mistakes. He mentions, as if it was strange (p. 9), that the Bill does not expressly limit the Irish executive. Can he be unaware that in this matter the Bill follows the universal custom of the Constitution? It is not our habit to limit by Act the particular sphere in which the Queen's representative is to seek the advice of the local Ministers. So many and various are executive functions that it is considered safer for the Secretary of State to merely direct the Governor by a letter of instructions, which can be strengthened or supplemented without delay if any unforeseen difficulty arises. Does he really think (p. 81) that the Irish Parliament could annul all debts incurred before 1893 and still be within the restriction which declares that no man shall be deprived of his property without due process of law? With all due respect, he quite misunderstands (p. 29) the doctrine of the inalienability of the supremacy of Parliament. Nobody denies that the Queen can of her prerogative part with a portion of her dominions, and that the supremacy of Parliament therein will therefore cease. But within the Queen's dominions Parliament is necessarily and inalienably supreme; and this because Parliament cannot, by the law of the Constitution, bind its successors. A monarch by the law of nations, an owner of property by the domestic law, can bind his successors, and can, therefore, part with dominion or with property without the power of resumption; but Parliament cannot. The supremacy which it might purport to give up remains within it, inasmuch as, the day after its surrender, it can, even without an express repeal of the statute of surrender, exercise acts of supremacy.

We may add that the Professor concludes with some amusing advice to the Unionists in Parliament. They are to be very serious, very simple, very strenuous, very obstructive, and yet not too detailed. Probably they know their business without the telling, and most of them will feel that Professor Dicey has made no very great contribution either to his science or to his party.

ENGLISH CORRESPONDENTS IN PARIS.

THE position of an English correspondent in Paris, although, of course, it has its very pleasant sides, is by no means an altogether easy or happy one. To begin with, the sympathy of the French people has of late not been with England in any matter, and the correspondents have been the first to bear the brunt of national distrust. Then, too, the English journalist is handicapped by the proceedings of many of his continental colleagues, who add to their functions as correspondents other and illegitimate ones. He is, again, between the devil and the deep sea—the former being his editor in London, who requires all the news and a perfect reflection of Parisian opinion, and the latter the power of the Prefect of Police to expel him at twenty-four hours' notice, without giving any reason, if he do no more than repeat the gossip which is being shouted by newsvendors on the boulevards. To regularise and strengthen the position of the foreign correspondents an Association was founded in 1879 under the auspices of Gambetta, and Mr. Crawford, then the correspondent of the *Daily News*, was the first president. This was called the "Association Syndicale de la Presse Étrangère," and its object was to secure a give-and-take attitude between the authorities and the correspondents. Gambetta described it as being "founded on good will and good understanding." From the journalist's point of view it assures him that any legitimate journalistic claim, such as presence at an important function or an invitation to a banquet, will be pressed; that he will be provided with a *coupe-file*—a pass through the police lines to enable him to get to the Elysée or the scaffold, as the case may be; that a service of messengers will be provided, on the occasion of *premieres*, for instance; while in case of grave illness help will be extended to him. From the Government's point of view it affords two guarantees—first, that the correspondent will not take an active share of any kind in international politics, and second, that he will not perform any police function in France. This latter condition will sound rather strange to English journalists, but it constitutes one of the chief difficulties of the Association, as the correspondents of some European countries, such as the minor Danubian states, are asked by the police of their own Governments to keep an eye on plotting compatriots in Paris—a business which has already produced very unpleasant friction on many occasions. There are thirty-five members, and the subscription is a guinea a year. Practically every foreign correspondent of influence is a member of the Association, except three who are known as *correspondants indépendants*—Messrs. Blowitz, Campbell-Clarke, and Bowes, whose high position is politely understood to render them independent of an organisation of this kind. The Association has attained a position in which it is not only recognised by the Government, but has also the respect even of the wildest of M. Déroulède's followers. There is a certain school of politicians which follows M. Millevoye, and would like to get rid of all foreign correspondents, but the members of the Association claim, and their claim is allowed, that they are *sacrés par la poignée de main de Gambetta*. The attitude taken by the Committee of the Association is that a member of it may write or say, but that he may not do. The composition of the new powder, intimate relations with military attachés—such things are very strictly regarded as being outside his functions; he must be a journalist and not a watcher of arsenals. The German correspondents are too apt to occupy themselves with active politics. One of them, for instance, is Lictor of his Embassy, and their tendency is, unfortunately, often to represent the victorious nation in a degree which is far from pleasant to those among whom they live. With regard to the journalists who were expelled from Paris recently, their relation towards the Association of the Foreign Press was that they

voluntarily resigned and their resignation was accepted, the Committee of the Association feeling itself quite unable to justify their conduct. It is a curious fact, by the way, that the Committee's difficulties never arise from misunderstandings between correspondents of different nations, as one might imagine, but between those of the same nation. For instance, there is an unceasing series of small feuds between the Neapolitan, the Piedmontese, and the Milanese correspondents.

The present president of the Association is one of the most familiar figures and influential men in the foreign colony of Paris—Mr. J. Clifford Millage, the correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle*. He is that too rare person in the ranks of journalism, a scholar; he speaks three or four modern languages perfectly; he knows Rome and Madrid as well as he knows Paris. He comes of an old and distinguished Roman Catholic family and is greatly respected and trusted by the prelates of the Roman Church; in fact, news of the Vatican is probably published in the *Chronicle* before any other newspaper in Europe has it. I believe, by the way, that Mr. Millage would be quite capable of interviewing the Pope in Latin, an accomplishment which renders him no doubt to that extent unique among representatives of the modern Press. Besides all these things he is a man of very cultivated wit and of great natural humour, and one of the most charming dinner companions and *raconteurs* imaginable. I took an opportunity of asking him what would be the result if the French Government should decide to expel a correspondent for reasons which the Association could not possibly recognise as valid.

"If it came to a dead-lock of that kind," he replied, "we should dissolve the Association. All talk of 'resisting' is ridiculous. There is no element of resistance in a country where you are not under the common law. Any foreigner may be expelled from France at twenty-four hours' notice by the Prefect of Police, who is himself covered by the Minister of the Interior, and it is distinctly understood that no reason whatever need be assigned for this very grave step. But I have no fear of any such deadlock ever arising, as the Association is of equal value to the authorities and to ourselves. To them it is a guarantee of our propriety of conduct; to us it affords what is practically a right of journalistic domicile. The 'independent correspondents,' by the way, have a position of peculiar strength in the fact that their newspapers pay £2,000 a year for the nightly use of a special wire. This obviously involves the residence of a correspondent, and the Government would hardly be likely to stultify its contract by expelling him. But all that the correspondent has to do in sending his news is to use ordinary caution, and to remember that he is living in the midst of a very high-spirited people. There is hardly any conceivable item of legitimate news that he cannot, if he knows his business, present in such a way as not to offend their national, and I might add natural, susceptibilities. Fortunately for us the integrity of the British Press is recognised by the French Government, and the real difficulties of our position come from quite a different quarter—from the one fact, namely, of the growing interest in Paris, owing to the ceaseless influx and efflux of English of all classes from the highest to the most disreputable, and the other and related fact that our function is after all merely what the French call *le grand reportage*, which we have to accomplish with the dignity and responsibility of ambassadors."

The new French Press law is not likely to make very much difference to the French Press. Over-legislation in Press matters has always been a French fault, and although the new law is intended to silence adversaries, it will certainly be evaded, as every previous law has been. There never was such a Press in the world. It says anything and everything, and it is amusing to reflect upon the outburst of French indignation at the comparatively trivial

gossip about certain ambassadors, which recently caused the expulsion of two continental journalists (and within a hair's breadth the expulsion of an English one), in connection with the ferocious and abominable attacks which have been made by the hundred upon our own ambassadors in Paris. Or to take perhaps the worst example of all: a very well known and influential writer on a leading Paris journal published the other day two columns of slander directed at a young lady member of the British Royal Family, of so vile and gross a character that one cannot even allude to it, and yet no action whatever was taken on behalf of a neighbouring friendly Power; so that French official courtesy and interference must be said to follow the line of French momentary political sympathy.

The British public knows so very little of the men who supply it with its admirable Parisian news and comment from day to day that it may be interesting to tell how the London papers are represented in France. To begin with the *Times*. All the world knows M. de Blowitz and all about him. His assistants—in the well-known luxurious "Bureau du *Times*" in the Boulevard des Capucins—are Mr. Alger and Mr. William Morton Fullerton. The former is a very scholarly man with a remarkable knowledge of Parisian personalities and affairs, who is said to possess an extraordinary ability to fling whole columns of French into admirable English at lightning speed. Mr. Fullerton is a young American, and was once literary editor of the *Boston Advertiser*. He is a *littérateur* of wide and delicate tastes, and is an even more familiar figure in American and in London society than in the ranks of journalism. His charming little book "About Cairo" attracted a good deal of attention last season, and his more ambitious one, to be called "Patriotism and Science," which Messrs. Macmillan are about to issue, is, at any rate, novel in its conception. To have stepped, so to speak, from the drawing-rooms of Mayfair to the staff of the *Times* is a feat in itself the best testimony to the promise of Mr. Fullerton's career.

Mr. Hely Bowes, of the *Standard*, is the senior English correspondent in Paris, and his friends look upon him as a splendid specimen of the continental journalist. At one time he was editor of *Galvani*. I believe he has represented the *Standard* for over thirty years with a brief interval during which he was its editor in London, and if his communications to the *Standard* during this period could be collected in their entirety, they would form a series of commentaries on modern French history of the greatest possible interest. Mr. Bowes's assistants are Mr. Farman, the brother-in-law of the editor of the *Standard*, and Mr. Westcott. Mrs. Farman, by the way, is the correspondent of the *Glasgow Herald*. Of the *Chronicle* correspondent I have already spoken. The *Daily News* is represented, as everybody knows, by Mrs. Crawford, who is also the correspondent of *Truth* and the *New York Tribune*. She is aided by her son, Mr. Robert Crawford, a talented and promising journalist, whose chief distinction for the present probably lies in the fact that he is the youngest living Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. The *Daily Telegraph* is controlled in Paris by the son-in-law of its proprietor, Mr. Campbell-Clarke, a man who has the double reputation of being very rich and equally clever. Personally he only writes of the theatres and music, on which latter topic he is remarkably accomplished and *fanatico*. He has a large staff under him, including Mr. Ozanne, who "does" the Chamber of Deputies and looks after politics generally; Mr. Lonergan, an excellent descriptive writer, who lays the London public under a debt of gratitude to him for the stream of strange things which happen in "Paris Day by Day;" and Mr. Arthur Wyles. The *Morning Post* is fortunate in its representative, Mr. Rowland Strong, who was for four years the representative of another journal in Berlin. Mr. Strong is a very acute and painstaking journalist, and possesses quite a peculiar faculty for never being "left" when anything

extraordinary takes place. He shares, for instance, with Mr. Millage the distinction of being the only correspondents who were present at the Police Office in the Rue des Bons Enfants immediately after the recent explosion. He is also a sympathetic student of French art and literature, and his written contributions to the *Morning Post* on the former topic are always very well worth reading. He succeeded a veteran journalist of the old type, Mr. Noyse Browne, who died five years ago, and was well known as being a personal friend of the Emperor. The *Morning Advertiser* receives its correspondence from Mr. Wood, whose predecessor had a rather unenviable notoriety because of the fact that he slew the correspondent of the *Daily News* upon the staircase with a carving-knife. A French jury acquitted him on the ground of justifiable homicide, but the remainder of his life was understood to be "clouded over" by the tragic event. To complete the list, Reuter's Paris despatches are the work of Messrs. Mooney and Latham.

HENRY NORMAN.

SHELLEY AND HIS COLLEGE.

IT was certainly a strange experience to stand within the walls of University College in Oxford on Wednesday afternoon, and witness the dons of that foundation carrying out a sort of apotheosis of Shelley. They have built a little mausoleum for the memorial which Lady Shelley has presented to the college. It is at the end of one of the quadrangles. From the entrance to it you can see, across the sunlit patch of grass, the rooms which Shelley occupied—the rooms in which the chivalrous Hogg sought to console him after he had received his sentence of expulsion. You descend a flight of steps, and there beneath a dome, on a pedestal which I do not admire too much, lies Mr. Onslow Ford's beautiful and pathetic figure of the dead poet—the poor body as it was cast up by the tideless sea by Viareggio. To me there was something fantastically just, something noble yet ironical about the little scene which enacted itself on Wednesday in front of this mournful effigy. Shelley, in one of his earliest fulminations in the cause of justice, wrote the following:—"Socrates was poisoned because he dared to combat the degrading superstitions in which his countrymen were educated. Not long after his death, Athens recognised the injustice of his sentence; his accuser, Meletus, was condemned, and Socrates became a demigod." I could not help thinking of this as I listened to the Master of University apologising for his predecessors in office and hailing "the rebel of eighty years ago" as "the hero of the present century." He spoke in the presence of a sympathetic company of dons and divines—the Warden of this college, the Master of that, the Rector of another; there was even on the scene a Bishop of the Church of England! And here was the Master of the college which drove Shelley from its doors, lauding the outcast as a great prophet, and welcoming his monument to a place of honour within the college precincts. Matthew Arnold's "beautiful and ineffectual angel beating in the void his luminous wings in vain" was not, it would seem, so vain and ineffectual after all.

But let us not insist too much on the irony of the situation. The college was simply making honourable amends, and there is a good deal to be said for the Master's apology for the authorities whose duty it was to sit in judgment upon this very unusual sort of delinquent. In the Oxford of eighty years ago a freshman who printed and circulated amongst the heads of his college a pamphlet expounding "The Necessity of Atheism," must have seemed—not unnaturally, it may be allowed—something portentous and shocking. How could they understand him? It may be doubted if even to-day a serious

youth who indulged in a similar exploit would get himself into good odour. The only wonder to me is how anyone who ever once "saw Shelley plain" could have the heart to be unkind to anything so disarmingly beneficent and ethereal. Even from his pictures, those pictures at Boscombe through which he seems to flit, as Mrs. Williams described him to Trelawny, "coming and going" at Spezzia, this Spirit, held captive for a while in the body of a boy, looks out from those great eyes with a translucent, mystic truthfulness, trustfulness, sweetness which thrills you with a haunting fascination. You look and cannot choose but love. And yet they "saw him plain," and crushed him for a malefactor. But what is the use of condemning them for this? His father, too, who, no doubt, loved him in his way, shut him out; and the world pursued him with contumely and slander to the death. College authorities, relations, the general herd—we are all but human nature; and it is the destiny of such beings as Shelley to be slain by us when they come to save us. Such as he are born to be crucified, and we shall probably go on crucifying them whenever they visit our sordid sphere to the end of the chapter. It is well if some chosen souls apprehend the authority of their message, and if some devoted ones gather the martyr's blood in an ampulla and honour it among the catacombs where the faithful live. But for them the martyrdom might be in vain, and our shame the longer. To one such loyal servitor, for instance, does University College owe it that it is even now making this reparation. A gentle, steadfast woman, most worthy to wear the poet's name, only those who know her are aware with what a holy zeal she has given her life to vindicating Shelley's memory. Hear her as her voice breaks in her tender little speech, as she pleads for "Shelley and Mary"—that they "were not forgetful of their duties in life." She will allow no shadow to rest on those beloved names. She has reason to have a proud and full heart to-day. A life's labour is crowned. She has raised this monument; she has seen the world stand before it reverent and repentant; and Shelley's shade as well as Shelley's college owes her a double obligation.

For the college, one can conceive, has something to bestow upon the shade. The college which first took up the world's case against him can now pay back some of the world's debt in giving him vindication and repose. It is as if the restless sea, on whose breast he had been tossed all those years, had laid him at last upon the threshold from which he had been first cast forth. His college has taken him in. The old walls enfold him in a protecting embrace. The mellow genius of the place whispers to him soothingly. In the quadrangle outside the ancient turf is green in sun and shade. The chimes of Magdalen steal gently through the trees upon the evening air.... For Shelley's storm-driven spirit where so fitting a spot to rest as amid the benign peace of Oxford?

A DEFENDER OF NAPOLEON.

THERE are signs of a reawakening of interest in Napoleon. Within the year past over a dozen volumes, of which he is the central figure, have been published in Paris, and two or three of them have found their way, in translations, into the market here. The invaluable and refreshing "Memoirs" of General Marbot have been supplemented by the "Memoirs" of Marshal Macdonald, and by the "Recollections" or "Diaries" of a throng of lesser officers of the Grande Armée. The Talleyrand "Memoirs" were scanned chiefly for the light they were expected to shed on the period which began with the 18th Brumaire and ended with the Congress of Vienna. M. Arsène Houssaye has written two volumes, telling anew the story of 1815. An adulatory "History" of

Napoleon by an enthusiastic Bonapartist appeared a few weeks ago. And so on; to say nothing of the scores of articles in magazines and newspapers of which these books have been the cause. Even America has been bestowing attention upon the Napoleonic era, and to somewhat remarkable purpose. Mr. Ropes's account of the Campaign of Waterloo, and Captain Mahan's study of the influence of sea-power on the Napoleonic wars, are two of the most important works of the kind published for a long time. To this list must now be added Mr. O'Connor Morris's "Napoleon" in Messrs. Putnam's "Heroes of the Nations" Series.

Truly the motto of this excellent series is justified, at least in this hero: *Facta ducis vivent operosaque gloria rerum*. Oblivion is unable to overwhelm him or his deeds. The painful industry of detractors, the blatant paeans of eulogists, have alike failed to release men's minds from the spell of his extraordinary story. Detractors, adulators, critics, the very mass of them is the testimony of his fame. Above them the great figure looms: with many an imperfection, yet colossal and superb: an object which still fascinates the imagination of the world, and which seems destined as time rolls on to loom even larger in history's eye. The wonder would be if it were otherwise, since no career of greatness in ancient or modern times, and no conception of poet or romancer, has presented mankind with a vision of such marvellous vicissitudes. One day a friendless youth in Paris, thinking of making a living by hiring lodgings and subletting them; a few years later, still a young man, he has revived the empire of Charlemagne and is crowned by a Pope in Notre Dame. At Erfurt, at Dresden, the world beholds him a king of kings, an emperor of emperors, the monarchs of Europe vying with each other to do him homage as their paramount lord; on the prison-rock of St. Helena Sir Hudson Lowe stops his newspapers when they are not simply addressed "General Bonaparte," deprives him of the company of his friends because they call him "Sire," and carries the humiliation of fallen majesty to such a point as to interfere with what is eaten at his table. This Promethean contrast alone would guarantee for the Napoleonic legend an immortal interest for humanity.

Mr. O'Connor Morris justly points out that the truth concerning Napoleon has suffered during the past seventy years from alternate clouds of calumny and incense. Immediately after his fall there set in a reaction, which stopped at nothing in the effort to cover his name with obloquy. When the Empire came again, a reaction in the opposite extremity scarcely stopped short of attempting to deify him. After 1870, when the Second Empire fell amid the ruins of Sedan, the slander tendency was renewed. We seem to-day to be approaching a juster frame of mind. In France there is no longer an active fear of Bonapartist pretenders to put a premium on abuse, any more than there is an Empire to put a premium upon flattery; whereas in England we have for some time been emancipated from the influence of the dazzling but fallacious ingenuity of Taine, and long ago the leaven of patriotic prejudice ceased to bias minds in judging fairly of England's most formidable foe. Englishmen can think of Napoleon without seeing him as the "Corsican Ogre" of Gilray's caricatures, or as that amorphous phenomenon of evil, that bogie-man, which, in the helplessness of definition, they used to label "Boney." Mr. O'Connor Morris's book seems to us to be an evidence of this more rational spirit. It is the work of a man who has studied his subject with such thoroughness as to be entitled to the name of an authority, and who can form a generous conception of a mighty genius without losing his critical balance. He is blind to none of the genuine faults of Napoleon, nor to the various mischiefs which he wrought; but neither is he blind to Napoleon's virtues and greatnesses and lasting

benefits conferred on France, and even on Europe. He has, moreover, shown what none, except Captain Mahan, besides him has made so clear: that Napoleon's career of conquest after the treaty of Lunéville was not solely due to an insatiable thirst for dominion, but was in a large degree the necessary consequence of his contest with England. England, through her fleet, was mistress of the seas, and was invulnerable against the resources of military genius. There was only one way of striking her—to blockade the Continent against her commerce. To enforce this monstrous and fantastic Continental System, Napoleon was compelled to coerce in turn every State in Europe; as each of them strove to evade it. The invasion of Russia was in this sense an effort to prevent Russia admitting English goods.

There are two schools which devote themselves to attack rather than criticism of Napoleon. At the head of one stands Taine, whose wonderful work—the result in part of the childlike credulity which sometimes characterised him, and in part of his passion for a theory—has become the text-book and treasure-house of all that class of minds that delight in covering greatness with mire. Taine, the "minute philosopher of calumny," is the head of a school very unworthy of him. To these critics Mr. Morris is right in saying that history has a simple answer: "Napoleon could never have risen to the heights he reached, could never have done the work he did, could never have acquired his prodigious authority and influence had he been a monster of selfishness, of meanness, of lust, of wickedness." Taine's Napoleon, in short, a compost of the indiscriminate scavengings of scandal, is inconceivable. It would have needed no Cadoudal conspiracy to end such a revolting criminal had he got possession of France; his own soldiers, instead of dying for him with an adoring devotion unparalleled in history, would have rid their country of him at an early stage of his career.

The other school of critics assume a conceivable being, but they argue from the standpoint of a set of principles of their own, which they blame Napoleon for betraying. Thus, on the 18th Brumaire, they say he showed deceit, the despotic spirit, and a contempt for representative institutions. He ought not to have squelched the Assemblies; he ought to have preserved them and the Assemblymen within the lines of some new constitution which the prolific Sieyès might be relied on to devise. It is idle to argue about Napoleon in this style, as if he were an idealogue of 1789 or a constitutional Whig. He represented the reaction, the profound and disgusted reaction of the France of 1798 against ideology and constitutionalism. He was a despot—let that be both granted and understood—and the one rational question is how far was his despotism justified, and with what skill and to what purpose did he carry it out. His work—at first, at any rate—was to give France a rest, and to build up some semblance of order out of the *débris* in which society lay scattered. France at that moment was sick to death of representative institutions, which had given her the Convention, the Committee of Public Safety, Robespierre. If he strove to patch up a popular constitution just then, the men who would be in power with him, to thwart and control him, were the very men whom it was his business to replace. They strove to thwart him as it was, when he was arranging the Concordat and remodelling the local government. It is said he ought to have listened to these men more. He did not listen to them because he had the capable man's contempt for proved incompetents. These shallow sceptics and rude revolutionary soldiers were simply the unguillotined remnant of the crew who had been tinkering and blundering, and murdering and devouring each other, and deluging France in blood for half-a-dozen years. The youthful conqueror of Italy had measured himself with them, and he felt that the one hope of France lay in him. If he was to deliver

her from anarchy, he was to deliver her from these. The French people, in plain fact, were not then fit for Parliamentary government, nor did they quite become so for a couple of generations afterwards. They might have developed sooner had Napoleon considered himself a dictator on the Athenian plan—a despot *pro tem*. He was fond of speaking of himself in some such sense as this at St. Helena, comparing himself to a ship-captain in a storm who cuts away some of the masts and rigging in order to save the vessel. It was his intention, he said, steadily to restore the constitution as circumstances became propitious. But we may doubt if in his judgment circumstances would ever become propitious for this step. He had come to identify the State with himself as much as Louis XIV. had, and that is a habit of mind a ruler does not easily get out of. This habit of mind, indeed, while it does not justify his insatiable and ruinous ambition, in some measure palliates it; in aggrandising himself he did feel a certain perverted patriotism in the thought that he was aggrandising France.

For the rest the only fair way of judging Napoleon is according to the standards and in comparison with the men of his age. He was a child of the Revolution, endowed with unlimited power, and in France he had to deal with other children of the Revolution, and in Europe with kings and peoples whom the Revolution had demoralised. He knew himself to be in every measurement incomparably the superior of every Frenchman of his time—it is remarkable that since the death of Mirabeau and for more than a generation afterwards France failed to produce any statesman of the first rank except him (and possibly the unprincipled Talleyrand)—and in Europe he found no ruler who was not ready to hail him master. No conqueror was ever so tempted as he, as Mr. Morris well remarks. If his estimate of the political human nature of his time was a low one, who can say that it was not justified in the results—in the marshals who turned their arms against their country when sufficiently bribed, in the creatures who venally betrayed him in his hour of difficulty, in the kings who licked his feet as he threw them slices of each other's territory? Worshipped as a demigod, he accepted the worship. He lost his head in such an atmosphere. When misfortune came, the better man reasserted himself. He is at his best in every sense in the great campaign of 1814, when he risked his throne sooner than abate the claims of France. We see nothing to quarrel with in Mr. Morris's discriminating criticism on this point. "Admit," he says, "all that can be urged against the faults of his reign, the extravagance of his ambition and the violence of his power . . . he stood almost alone in his fixed purpose to contend for what the great body of Frenchmen believed to be essential to the national welfare, and it is vain to assert that his cause was hopeless. . . . He might have retained empire if he would only give up the 'natural boundaries'; and he lost his crown in the quarrel of France. He had sinned against her and had sinned against Europe; he paid the penalty in a tremendous fall. But all through his reign Napoleon had what he conceived to be the grandeur of France at heart, mistaken as his conception of it was. . . . In the hour of his ruin the uncontrolled despot disappears in the heroic champion of France; he towers supreme over all other Frenchmen; he stands separated from the low-minded rulers who look only to their own ends, and is placed among the great names of history."

THE EGOISM OF SUICIDE.

THERE is much charity in the verdict of the coroner's jury in the case of Hermann Stoer. Psychology has no puzzles for juries. A man makes a compact of death with his wife. They spend their last hours in the utmost cheerfulness. True, the

woman plays mournful music on the piano, but she varies it—so the landlady testifies—by "brilliant selections." The husband indites a valedictory address to the world, blaming it with much severity for the neglect of his genius which has driven him to what the reporters call the rash act. At the appointed hour man and woman retire to a wood, pick a few wild flowers and tie them with crape; then the woman, who is little more than a child, folds her hands composedly and receives a bullet in the brain. One more shot, and her mate is stretched beside her. There is no agitation, no haste, no revolting detail. Could anything be madder? Besides, it is said at the inquest that Hermann Stoer's father had been confined in a lunatic asylum for many years. That clenches the matter for the jury, and they find that the man committed suicide while of unsound mind, having previously taken the life of the woman. There is no suggestion that she, too, was mad, though her mental condition has some bearing on the problem. What is the psychological state of the girl who allows herself to be shot by her husband because he writes poems which nobody reads? Possibly the jury had a vague idea that women are irresponsible when they are under the influence of men, or that it is in some way a wife's duty to let her personality be absorbed into her husband's, even to the point of destruction. Possibly the jury found this part of the tragedy unthinkable, and took refuge in the assumption that it was enveloped in a cloud of mystery, of which madness was the only discernible outline. Lunacy is the most convenient, as well as the most charitable, formula when we wish to escape discussion of the abnormal. It is comforting to suppose that a man who determines his own exit from the world must be insane, despite a mountain of evidence, ancient and modern, that the obligation of life has never been held compulsory on the reason, though, it may be, bound up with religion. There is irresistible witness that men and women take their own lives with every circumstance of deliberation, and with a full conviction of their right to be arbiters of their destiny so far as it is mortal. Religious influences and social traditions maintain a conception of duty which prohibits suicide as an offence against public and private integrity alike; but if this duty is not regarded as binding by people who hold that they have the exclusive disposal of their lives—though we may convict them of egoism and cowardice, it is idle to dismiss them as mad.

Now the egoism of Hermann Stoer is certainly colossal. His last message to the world which he quitted in dudgeon is one of the most curious human documents we have ever read. "Here I lie, killed by this so-called practical generation, to whom gold is more than honour, and money more than mind, that studies the body and neglects the soul." This is sane enough, but not a whit less wild than the rhetoric of Tennyson's hero in "Maud" against the sordid commercial spirit of his time. It was just as illogical for Hermann Stoer to shoot himself because the age cares more for money-making than it does for poetry, as it was for the rhapsodist in Tennyson to clamour for "loud war by land and sea" as a remedy for the social system under which "a Mammonite mother kills her babe for a burial fee." In this case the egoist would have plunged into the bloodshed of a whole people, simply to gratify a passion for excitement which he chose to represent as a national purification. This, it may be said, is only a poet's fantasy; but Hermann Stoer's egoism prompted him to destroy not only his own life, but that of the woman who knew his genius, "and loved it, and who without it saw the earth a desert, and life a continual hunger and thirst." He persuaded this woman to join in the sacrifice to his monstrous self-esteem, as if the universe could not contain a hope or a sustaining thought when he was gone. No chance was given to her of seeking the infinite possibilities of life under less

morbidity that it ground human wife b hunger probab under to sord marked tion of any ex tion of egoist this li blossom hated practice to ser enough "So lo a hear by my its m spat a hind r adver Stoer Perha an at of wi sugge dispos juncti untime done Chatter a pu the p scripti TH Herm ment tion Thac rhym have indit becil has and critic rega ended ineff when publi char

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morbid conditions. The Indian who killed his dog, that it might accompany him to the happy hunting-grounds in the next world, was more rational and humane than this discontented genius, who slew his wife because the earth could only be a continual hunger and thirst without him. Selfishness has probably never assumed a more grotesque ugliness under a transparent mask of enlightened superiority to sordid mankind. If masculine character had any marked and chronic tendency towards the multiplication of Hermann Stoers, we should be disposed to justify any extravagance in the movement for the emancipation of woman. "Ye have compelled me," cries this egoist to a wicked and indifferent public, "to take this life that was loved by all who watched the blossom of a tender and noble nature that hated hypocrisy and meanness." Now, observe the practical purpose which this immolation is made to serve. For the distracted poet is practical enough, amidst all this perversion of sentiment. "So long as I breathed like my fellows I was denied a hearing. Perhaps your curiosity may be awakened by my death, and as it is the duty of genius to tell its mission to the world, although it is wronged, spat at, stoned and crucified, I leave my labours behind me in the hands of an honest man." So it was an advertisement of his literary wares which Hermann Stoer wrote with his blood and the blood of the woman. Perhaps we shall have a volume of poems soon with an attractive emblem on the cover, say a bunch of wild flowers tied with crape. We offer the suggestion to the executor in case he should be disposed to carry out a somewhat unenviable injunction. It has happened before now that the untimely and violent end of a man of genius has done much to make his monument. But before Chatterton died by his own hand he did not scribble a puff to pique the popular curiosity, nor take the poison with deliberate forethought as a prescription for immortality.

There was once a social phase in Germany in which Hermann Stoer might have posed as a hero to sentimental young women. He is a belated exaggeration of the Werther type of self-sufficiency which Thackeray made ridiculous with a few contemptuous rhymes. No doubt he was in want; but better men have suffered much more and much longer without inditing a preachment on the callousness and imbecility of the universe before leaving it. The age has many vices, and its standards of rectitude and prosperity are not invulnerable to wholesome criticism; but one of its virtues is that it does not regard life as an experiment in impatience, to be ended with rhodomontade and a revolver. The ineffectual struggles of genius are pathetic; but when egoism resorts to tragedy to force itself on the public notice, it earns no more than the conventional charity of the coroner's jury.

THE OPERA.

A SERIES of Wagnerian operas (or "cycle," as the management finely, but incorrectly, prefers to call it) is being given at the Royal Italian Opera on successive Wednesdays. The third and fourth of the great composer's music-dramas, *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*, have already been played in Italian, and we are now to hear the *Walküre* and *Siegfried*, the *Meistersinger* and *Tristan und Isolde* in German. That the Italian and Italianised members of Sir Augustus Harris's company are quite capable of doing justice to Wagner's music has been shown by many admirable performances of *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, the *Meistersinger*, and *Siegfried*. In the absence of Jean de Reszke, who has not yet arrived in London, a tenor with less energy and perhaps less intelligence, but with a softer voice and a more Italian style—Signor Vignas—has sung very effectively the parts of *Tannhäuser* and

of *Lohengrin*. Mme. Melba sings perfectly the music of Elsa; and Mme. Albani, histrionically as well as vocally, is an ideal Elsa and an ideal Elizabeth. Giulia Ravogli can scarcely be equalled, and certainly cannot be surpassed, in the character of Ortrud; and a new Italian baritone, Mario Ancona, has appeared, who sings admirably, and who has made in every way a most favourable impression as the virtuous Wolfram and the wicked Telramund.

The latest novelty at the Royal Italian Opera can scarcely be called a very successful one, though the work contains much beautiful music. The story on which it is based, derived from the *Namouna* of Alfred de Musset, is little more than an anecdote; an ingenious and graceful one, it is true, but nothing more. Haroun, impersonated with good taste by M. Bonnard, who possesses a well-cultivated tenor voice of the "light" order, is a lover of women; and, having read perhaps in the pages of some Oriental Victor Hugo that "*on tombe du côté où l'on penche*," resolves to take precautions against the danger which he feels threatens him. He takes to himself a slave at the beginning of every month, and at the end of every month liberates her, and replaces her by another bought in open market. On getting rid of Djamileh—gracefully impersonated by Mlle. Gherlsen—he feels that she has inspired him with genuine affection; but this he looks upon as an additional reason for ordering her to go. Djamileh, on her side, has become seriously enamoured of Haroun, and instead of profiting by her liberty she once more re-enters the slave-market, and contrives to get herself sold to her former master. He is touched by her devotion, and, after the usual duet, unites himself to her for ever. Though not intensely dramatic, the story possesses interest; and the music, written to the little piece by a *maestro* not less important than the composer of *Carmen*, is interesting indeed. Full of melody, it is, above all, remarkable for its Oriental colour. It is thoroughly modern, that is to say. Beethoven, in the famous Turkish march of his *Ruins of Athens*, was, perhaps, the first to introduce a means of effect which the composers of a later day have largely employed, and often most dramatically. There is nothing in the music of *Don Giovanni* or of the *Marriage of Figaro* to show that the action takes place in Spain; nor is there a single bar in the *Abencerrages* of Cherubini to indicate the Moorish character of the subject and of the principal personages. Cherubini's works, indeed, are now only known by their titles, and, above all, by their overtures; the composer being here independent of his librettist, and able therefore to attain poetic heights without fear of being held down by his prosaic word-spinner, as Pegasus in the fable was held down by the plough. Local colour in music had scarcely been invented even in Cherubini's time; and though there is no trace of such a thing in *Les Abencerrages*, Moszkowski's recently produced *Bobadil* is full of it. Fancy a modern composer having a Moorish subject to set to music and not indulging in Moorish instrumentation, to say nothing of attempts to reproduce Moorish melody. In *Djamileh* Bizet has carried Oriental musical characterisation to the last point; and this is the main claim to attention of the new one-act work which the Royal Italian Opera has just produced.

Yesterday a performance of *Mefistofele* was to be given in honour of Signor Arrigo Boito, author and composer of that opera; which claims to be a setting in condensed form, not of the first part of *Faust* alone, but of the first and second part considered as one drama. The "Prologue in Heaven"—one of the finest pieces in a really fine work—had been performed early in the week at Cambridge, whither the Cambridge Professor of Music, Dr. Villiers Stanford, had invited Boito from Italy (Verdi had previously been asked, but by reason of his advanced age was obliged to decline), Max Bruch from Germany, Saint-Saëns from France, Tchaikowsky from Russia, and Grieg from Norway; and with the

exception of Grieg, detained at home by illness, the expected guests all arrived. This was the more remarkable inasmuch as everyone, including the visitors themselves, knew that as soon as they reached Cambridge they would have the degree of Doctor of Music conferred upon them.

THE DRAMA.

THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE IN LONDON.—SIGNORA DUSE AND MR. TREE IN IBSEN.

THE doubts freely expressed as to the wisdom of transporting the Comédie Française to so vast a theatre as Drury Lane have scarcely been justified by the event. The players caught the pitch of the house from the first, and not a word nor a gesture has been lost. For merely spectacular purposes, of course, Old Drury has great advantages over the theatre in the Rue Richelieu. Nothing could have been more imposing than the sight witnessed on the opening night, when the curtain rose upon the whole of the members of the Comédie, arrayed in flowing robes of scarlet and ermine, and ranged, in order of seniority, round their *doyen*, M. Got. The audience were a little puzzled when M. Got began an allocution in dog-Latin:—

"Scavantissimi Doctores,
Medicinæ professores
Qui hic assemblati estis,

Atque tota compania aussy;"

for the *tota compania* did not understand that opportunity had been taken to bring all the Comédie upon the stage in the burlesque "Cérémonie," which is appended to Molière's *Le Malade Imaginaire*. It was a queer anachronistic jumble of the Hôtel de Bourgogne of two centuries ago and of the Paris and London of to-day. Paris sent greetings to London in M. Jules Claretie's verses, "Salut à Londres," read by Mlle. Reichenberg—verses which obligingly, if somewhat unexpectedly, compared Ophelia to Rosette and Jessica to Doña Sol. Shakespeare, we were informed, was the ancestor of Victor Hugo; while Lady Macbeth and Rodogune were "fruits d'un même arbre noir." No wonder Mlle. Reichenberg trembled with nervousness in communicating to us this startling intelligence! The first performance gave us, as was fitting, specimens of both Racine and Molière. It is a curious reflection that only five years separated the production of *Les Plaideurs*. (1668) from that of *Le Malade Imaginaire* (1673). Racine's so-called comedy, which has now come to be played as a wild, rough-and-tumble farce, has now little more than an antiquarian interest. Its theme, to be sure, is perennial enough, for the follies of litigants and the pompous stupidity of judges we have always with us; but our litigants no longer behave like Chicaneau and the Comtesse de Pimbesche, nor our judges like Perrin Dandin—like schoolchildren having a bolster-fight in the dormitory. The actors did their duty; but Got is too fine a comedian to grin naturally through a horse-collar, and those who saw him for the first time as the preposterous mock-advocate must have been singularly deceived as to his real powers. Nevertheless, the vigorous versatility displayed by a man of seventy-three was at least a noteworthy physical feat. Leloir, whose movements are those of a mechanical automaton which has got out of its maker's control, made the most of the fooleries of Perrin Dandin, and the Isabelle of pretty Mlle. Muller was a sight for sore eyes. If our laughter over *Les Plaideurs* was somewhat forced, it came spontaneously enough with Molière. *Le Malade Imaginaire*, Molière's last piece, as everybody knows, shows his comic powers in their maturity. Much of it, no doubt, is sheer farce; but it is the sublime as M. Vitu says, the "grand grotesque" as Charles Lamb would say, of farce; while the characters of Argan, of his wife Béline, of his servant Toinette, are on the plane of broad, humane, genial comedy. Fault has been found with the Argan

of M. Coquelin *Cadet*. It is said to be too wildly whirling and "irresponsible." But we must take *Cadet* as we find him; he never was a sober-balanced artist. He is the incarnation of the flamboyant-fantastic; and I see no reason, either from the text or tradition, why Argan should not be (I thank thee, "W. A.," for teaching me that word) fantasticated. At any rate, *Cadet* kept the audience in a continuous roar of laughter; and I cannot find anything in my own laughter that reflection makes me ashamed of. Riotously fantastic, too, were the Purgon of Leloir and the Thomas Diafoirus of Truffier. Mlle. Barretta (a little out of voice) was sufficiently angelic as Angélique, and the saucy Toinette of Mlle. Kalb was a marvel of robust good-humour.

Un Père Prodigue of M. Dumas fils introduced us to a very different order of ideas. The ideas are essentially Dumasian, which is as much as to say that they are by no means likely to meet with general acceptance. The question proposed is, What is a staid, rather priggishly respectable son to do with a prodigal, young-old papa, when the son takes to himself a wife? Before the marriage all was plain-sailing. André simply acted as his father's guardian; the natural relationship was inverted, and the wisely paternal treatment of the elder man by the younger worked very well. But when the wife came in at the door, papa flew out at the window. I mean that papa felt himself to be a nuisance to the young couple—a frivolous incongruity in a quiet household, as indeed he was. Thereupon he fell into the snares of a courtesan of the worst type, "la courtisane économe," who keeps strict accounts of this sort—"Reçu de M. X. . . mille francs" on the credit side, and on the debit, "Légumes, deux sous." Papa very nearly married this economical courtesan, but was saved from that fate by a duel which he fought for his son's sake, and all ended happily. This is obviously not a picture of life, but of the kingdom of Dumasia. In reality, all would not end happily, and, indeed, throughout the author treats the prodigal papa, who is an arrant old scamp, far too tenderly. But there is the piece, to take or to leave, and one takes it, not enthusiastically perhaps, but with quiet enjoyment, for the sake of Febvre's admirably polished performance of the frivolous father. M. Le Bargy, who plays Delaunay parts without being a Delaunay, made André fairly sympathetic; and Mlle. Reichenberg's Hélène was as sweet as barley-sugar.

A drama by M. Jean Richepin, in five acts and in verse, *Par le Glaive*—presenting bloodthirsty, and what Mrs. Gamp would have called "rampagious," tyrants, hapless maidens and sheep-like citizens harried by a brutal soldiery, conspirators who are always plotting and counterplotting one does not know exactly what, and many other lurid matters which may, or may not, have happened in the Ravenna of 1359—was chiefly remarkable for the fine acting of Mlle. Bartet and M. Mounet-Sully. Mlle. Bartet, it appeared, was the wife of Conrad the Wolf (M. Paul Mounet), whom she had married not from affection, but to save the life of the young Rizzo, the rightful heir to the dukedom of Ravenna. Before her marriage she had been betrothed to Guido, the deposed duke (M. Albert Lambert fils) who, for some incomprehensible reason, was supposed by everybody to be dead. Guido, as a matter of fact, was not dead, and returned secretly to Ravenna to put himself at the head of the conspiring citizens. The head and front of the conspiracy, however, was one Strada, the duke's bastard brother (M. Mounet-Sully), an inspired mystic who was always summoning the others to some act of martyrdom, and anticipating, in sonorous alexandrines, the nineteenth-century Religion of Humanity. The conspirators were naturally puzzled by this mysterious fanatic who "bade the rest keep fighting" with such persistency—

"Mais q'es-tu donc, toi qui nous parles de la sorte?"

they asked; and were answered—

"Rien par moi-même ; tout, par la foi que j'apporte.
Je ne suis ni bourgeois, ni gentilhomme, non !
Le parti que je sers n'a pas même de nom.
C'est celui des petits, des humbles, de la foule.
Le ciel, l'air qu'il respire et le pavé qu'il foule,
Il n'a pas d'autres biens. Certes, vous avez mieux ;
Mais en lui chante l'âme obscure des aïeux ;
Mais dans sa pauvre chair, toujours lasse et meurtrie,
Fleurit, toujours nouveau, le sang de la patrie."

M. Richepin, as you see, is no mean poet ; and the perfervid vehemence with which M. Mounet-Sully (made up after the traditional portrait of the Founder of Christianity) declaimed his verses fairly electrified the house. Ultimately Strada persuaded Rinalda to sacrifice herself ("par le glaive"—Strada's "glaive") in order that Guido might marry a daughter of the people (Mlle. Dudley), and so pacify the conflicting factions of Ravenna. Mlle. Bartet's Rinalda was a most fascinating creature: now a voluptuously passionate woman, now a saint gliding with rapt vision to martyrdom ; and what opportunities for tragic declamation came in Mlle. Dudley's way she made the most of. The small part of a drunken soldier was most artistically played by Leloir, an actor for whose merits I find I have a great and growing admiration.

Within a week we have had two notable performances of Ibsen. It is, perhaps, a little late in the day to speak of Signora Duse's Nora ; I will merely say, generally, that hers seemed to me the most womanly, the most consistent, the least pedantic and obtrusively didactic rendering of that heroine I have ever seen. It was, of course, an Italian Nora—what else could it be?—more full-blooded, that is to say, richer in temperament than the actual Scandinavian woman of the play ; but I liked it none the less for that. What I could not stomach was an Italian Krogstad and an Italian Helmer—the one a Sicilian bandit without the operatic costume, the other a gentleman from Saffron Hill without the organ. At the Haymarket Mr. Tree has given us a well-considered (a little too well considered, perhaps, for it was slightly by excess of deliberation) performance of Dr. Stockmann in *An Enemy of the People*, and has been capitally supported by Mr. E. M. Robson as Aslaksen, Mr. Kemble as the Burgomaster, and Mr. Welch as Editor Hovstad. If only as an Ibsen play which is as clear as daylight from end to end, this production would be well worth seeing. It has been very carefully staged.

A. B. W.

FRENCH ACTORS IN THE MAKING.

WE all love the French stage, and we have learned to look forward to the arrival of MM. Got, Coquelin and Company, as confidently as to green peas, strawberries, the Academy, and the Lord Mayor's Show. And there is no taint of malice in our admiration ! We repeat *ad nauseam* that French dramatic art is superior to our own. And why ? Because the French aspirant to histrionic fame goes through the drill of a serious apprenticeship which is absolutely unknown to the English actor. During three years he studies at the Conservatoire, where lessons in the art of acting are given by such eminent teachers as MM. Got, Delaunay, Worms, and Maubet. Save for an occasional appearance on the boards of that excellent stepping-stone to the stage—the Théâtre d'Application (which may be regarded as the "happy hunting ground" of the youthful dramatic author and actor)—the public know him not.

By the courtesy of the venerable *doyen* of the Comédie Française I obtained permission to attend the classes for the formation of actors, and one fine morning recently I found myself crossing the *cour* of the Conservatoire under a heavy cross-fire of pianos and violins. The *concierge*, an old Crimean soldier who "loves the English" (the fact is noteworthy), led me up a staircase where thirty or forty

young men and maidens were awaiting the arrival of their master.

M. Got, who off the stage bears the appearance of a correct professional man, and has a dry, brusque manner, smiled benignly upon his waiting flock, and with a paternal "Venez, mes enfants," led the way into a minute theatre.

There was a little stage for the *débutants*, boxes for the chaperons, benches for the audience, while M. Got sat in an arm-chair in the middle of the room, surrounded by his pupils. Then he nodded towards a young man and a girl, and they mounted the stage.

The girl was pretty. She said her lines clearly, and her gestures were natural and charming. But M. Got was not satisfied.

"Nonsense ! Do that again, and *think*. What is your conception of Mariette's character ? *Think !*"

The child looked helpless. The stage-lover said, *sotto-voce*, "Voyez, mademoiselle, vous devez me manger."

M. Got nodded approval. Yes, she ought to devour her lover ! This flimsy, shadowy pretence at passion was not the *real thing*. The scene recommenced. There was the same charm of manner and voice, but thin and slight, no passion, no depth. M. Got fairly stormed. The actress beat a tearful retreat.

"I am not feeling up to the mark," she said deprecatingly.

"Then you had better give up the idea of going on the stage," M. Got remarked grimly. "Do you suppose that *I* always feel up to the mark ? You must study, you must think, you must become so perfect in your part that you can always act, whether happy or miserable, ill or well."

Then, in a few incisive words, addressed to the class, the master pointed out the reasons of their shortcomings. They wanted short cuts to the end. They wanted to be *shown how* to do things, instead of thinking for themselves, and entering into the spirit of their parts. They must learn to *think*. That was the only way to become an actor, M. Got concluded—thumping his forehead significantly.

In the next scene M. Got fell foul of the comic young man who, at the very moment when he ought to have been whispering into a lady's ear, was discovered prancing at the opposite end of the stage.

"Would you like a speaking-trumpet ?" inquired M. Got cuttingly.

The young man spoke up.

"It's the fault of my legs, sir," he explained.

"What's the matter with your legs ? Are you paralysed ?" demanded the irate master.

"They . . . they won't go where I want them to, sir," said the young man dolefully. The audience tittered.

M. Got gravely recommended gymnastic exercises, dancing, fencing, open-air games. "But it is want of *will*, au fond," he added with a sigh.

A girl with a dear little baby-face now mounted the platform and began her lines. Her voice was superb ; her action impassioned.

The scene was from *Ruy Blas*. She took the part of the Queen.

Suddenly, just as she was bending to take her lover's hand, she burst into a peal of laughter.

"Ah, mon enfant, if you felt the music of those verses, their incomparable beauty, you would not laugh," M. Got said reproachfully.

"I cannot help it ; he dangles his hand in such a ludicrous way," she explained.

"Yes, he looks for all the world like a trussed turkey," M. Got said, laughing too. Then he melted into reminiscences—

"When I was getting up this play with Hugo, he insisted that the Queen should have a white dress for this scene. She must glide out of her closet as if she were a somnambulist. That is the idea. Form your acting in accordance with this tradition. . . . What do I mean by tradition, eh ? It is the author's conception. You must never attempt to improve on

that. You can't! All you have got to do is to enter into his spirit."

M. Got's method of teaching is peculiarly his own. He mutters all the time the actors are performing—making a parody on the lines, filling up and elucidating the idea, but leaving the actor to find the appropriate tone and gesture. At times this method becomes irresistibly comic. Once, when an actress, personating a jealous wife, had to exclaim—

"Ah! cette femme!"

M. Got helped her to find her inspiration by muttering between his teeth—

"I should like to bite her nose off!"

Afterwards, I had a little talk with the venerable actor. I told him that people in England were yearning for the establishment of a School of Dramatic Art.

"Humph! so Lord Granville told me twenty years ago," remarked M. Got drily. "I don't much believe in your British School of Dramatic Art. I hear you have been crying out that study will spoil your originality (I presume M. Got was referring to an article which appeared in the *Spectator* about two years ago). Absurd nonsense! The mind, the will—these are the only sources of good acting. You can't get on without study—without strenuous effort."

I heard the same opinion from M. Delaunay—an elderly man with a charming eighteenth-century face made eloquent by a great range of expression.

His lesson was a lesson in literature, in psychology, in ethics, as well as in the art of acting.

"You must think—you must feel." This was his cry. "Learn to grasp your author's meaning fully, and then you will make it intelligible to your audience. There is no royal road to acting."

A young actress was rehearsing the famous scene from *Ruy Blas*, where the Queen, struggling between love and duty, takes refuge in prayer. Here M. Delaunay's criticism might have been an echo of Dr. Mozley's fine sermon "The Strength of Wishes." In the first place, he objected to the fervour of her prayer.

"You do not really wish to be heard. You wish to read the letter! Your prayer is only a salve to your conscience; not a real prayer at all."

The actress caught the idea, and proceeded to mutter the litany in a monotonous, hurried tone—her eyes fixed on the letter. M. Delaunay nodded approvingly.

The prayer ended, she snatched up the envelope.

M. Delaunay stopped her.

"No, no. Could you read it *there*, close to the Virgin's statue? Would not your first impulse be to hide yourself from her? You have been praying to be preserved from temptation, but your eyes have never moved from the letter. Though your lips have muttered litanies, your *will* has never set itself to resist evil. And now that you have succumbed, that you have forgotten duty and taken the letter in your hand, you will feel *afraid*—you will dread the Virgin's eyes."

Genius absorbs all teaching. Here was theology pressed into the service of art.

M. Worms is another type. In him we have the tragedian initiating embryo tragedians into his craft. He has a fine, ecclesiastical style of face, and might be the head of a religious order. His wife, known on the stage as Mlle. Baretta, is one of the most charming actresses at the Comédie Française; and rumour—kindly, for once—declares that their interior is one of the most domestic and delightful in Paris.

M. Worms is more severe in manner than MM. Got and Delaunay. Some of his epigrams and epithets must make sensitive ears tingle. One of his pupils was called a "tête de linotte" (empty head); another, "reptile." Two rather affected young persons were told that they were "refined to the verge of extinction." One beautiful black-haired girl with a fine contralto voice was withered up by the following criticism:—

"You act poorly because you have a little soul. No one can interpret Corneille who has not a grand nature. You must feel, and love, and suffer before you can act."

The affection these men have for their theatre (the Comédie Française) is very striking. They call it "La Maison," the French equivalent for our English word "home." I heard M. Delaunay read two letters from old pupils on their accession to the ranks of the Comédie Française. They were full of gratitude to their old master, and every line betrayed their deep sense of the value and dignity of their calling. The master's voice trembled a little.

"It is not vanity, mes enfants. When the master is honoured, the pupils are honoured too," he said with simple dignity.

As I came out into the stir and slush of the Paris streets I could not help wishing that the young persons in England who aspire to tread the boards because, forsooth, their pirouetting has found favour in the eyes of Primrose Leaguers and bazaar customers, would come to the Conservatoire to learn how serious and how laborious a calling is that of the genuine actor.

We may learn some useful lessons even from the frivolous French.

AN ORCHID BY MR. JAMES.

MR. FRANCIS JAMES has been to Venice, and has brought back some twenty or twenty-five water-colour drawings. Happily his object does not seem to have been to inform us regarding the topography of that city. We learn nothing precise regarding the situation of St. Mark's, the Grand Canal, or even the Bridge of Sighs. Nor does it seem to have occurred to him that he might tell us how the Venetians dress, serenade, and fight duels. There is not a single scene of assignation in the collection. Nor are there scenes from the ancient history of the Doges, with moonlight, stars and daggers—now I come to think of it, there is not even a gondolier. The prows of some gondolas in the distance and a dome here and there are all the characteristic signs of Venice that are to be found in Mr. Francis James' water-colours. But Mr. James has found pictorial inspiration in the lagoons. The motion of summer clouds and some happy colour contrasts—dark-blue water and a pale sky; some picturesque lines—the perspective of a street full of windows, or merely a dome seen in fine silhouette.

Mr. Brabazon, Mr. James's master, has reduced the art of water-colour drawing to a few indications of colour. In the shapes of things he can feel no interest whatever, and will omit the drawing of a dome even to the extent of leaving it lop-sided. His whole art consists in flower-like purity of colour and the flowing delicacy of handling. From Mr. Brabazon Mr. James learnt that water-colour drawing is neither oil-painting nor pastel nor tempera, nor any of the hundred-and-one marvellous mediums whereby water-colour is made to look like something it is not. Mr. James also learnt from Mr. Brabazon (we must all learn from someone) that there is no such thing as a large water-colour; a foot of white paper is the natural limit of the material; beyond that limit it must lose something of its genius. Mr. James also learnt from Mr. Brabazon that in water-colour painting there is neither retouching nor washing-out. The subject is to them like a piece of music, it is practised over and over again until they know it so thoroughly that they can paint it right off without correction, or any faintest hesitation. Look at No. 46, mauve and grey orchid. A Kensington Museum student would have drawn that flower carefully with a lead pencil; it would be washed with colour and stippled until it reached the quality of wool, which is so

much admired in that art training-school; and whenever the young lady was not satisfied with the turn her work was taking, she would wash the displeasing portion out and start afresh. The difference—there are other differences—but the difference we are concerned with between this hypothetical young person of Kensington education and Mr. James is that the drawing that Mr. James exhibits is not a faithful record of all the difficulties that are met with in painting an orchid. A hundred orchids preceded the orchid on the wall—some were good in colour and failed in drawing, and *vice versa*. Others were excellent in drawing and colour, but the backgrounds did not come out right. All these were destroyed. That mauve and grey orchid was probably not even sketched in with a lead pencil. Mr. James desired an uninterrupted expression of its beauty: to first sketch it with a pencil would be to lose something of his first vividness of impression. It must flow straight out of the brush. But to attain such fluency it was necessary to paint that orchid a hundred times before its form and colour were learnt sufficiently to admit of the expression of all the flower's beauty in one painting. It is not that Mr. James has laboured less but ten times more than the Kensington student. But all the preliminary labour having been discarded, it seems as simple and as slight a thing as may be—a flower in a glass, the flower drawn only in its essentials, the glass faintly indicated, a flowing tint of mauve dissolving to grey, the red heart of the flower for the centre of interest. A decoration for where? I imagine it in a boudoir whose walls are stretched and whose windows are curtained with grey silk. From the ceiling hangs a chandelier, cut glass—pure Louis XV. The furniture that I see is modern; but here and there a *tabouret*, a *guéridon*, or a delicate *étagère*, filled with tiny volumes of Musset and two or three rare modern writers, recall the eighteenth century. And who sits in this delicate boudoir perfumed with a faint scent, a sachet-scented pocket-handkerchief? Surely one of Sargent's ladies. Perhaps the lady in the shot-silk dress who sat on an eighteenth-century French sofa two years ago in the Academy, her tiny, plump, curved white hand, drawn as well in its interior as in exterior limits, hanging over the gilt arm of the sofa. But she sits now, in the boudoir I have imagined, in a low arm-chair covered with grey silk; her feet lie one over the other on the long-haired rug; the fire burns low in the grate, and the soft spring sunlight laps through the lace curtains, filling the room with a bland, moody, retrospective atmosphere. She sits facing Mr. James's water-colour. She is looking at it, but she does not see it; her thoughts are far away. With whom are they? Shelley ends a poem with the question, "But, oh, to whom?" I will alter that question, asking, "But, oh, with whom?" And lest any reader should deem my question insufficient explanation—for has not journalism been included in the category of the exact sciences?—I will add that Gyp's last volume lies open upon her knees.

I was speaking just now of Mr. Brabazon. Never was there so true and at the same time so slight a manifestation of genius. I did not immediately understand it. For what may be described as a total absence of drawing troubled and perplexed me. It was through Mr. James's water-colours that I learnt to appreciate how rare and beautiful were Mr. Brabazon's. Mr. James draws much better than Mr. Brabazon. Mr. James draws very well indeed; he can express a flower not only in its outward, but also in its very inward beauty. Mr. Brabazon has confided to him many secrets—the purity of his colour and the flowing loveliness of his brush work. But there is still a secret, that special quality which is Nature's secret, and which none can explain or communicate. All Mr. James's work is intelligent and interesting, and some of these drawings are quite beautiful both in drawing and colour. No. 11, "Rain Effect, Venice," is like a piece of watered

silk, quite as beautiful in texture. It seems at first sight to be little more; but note the placing of the horizon's line and the indications of the grey stones which make the foreground. The one I like best is, I think, No. 13, "The Salute, Venice—grey day"—some fleeting clouds in a sky of exquisite purity. No. 17, "Venice en Nacre," is a distinct remembrance of Mr. Brabazon's manner. No. 8, "The Bay of Spezzia," is a charming bit of land-locked sea, and the blue sea glows like a turquoise. But it would be useless to proceed further. The drawings are nearly all of a very unvarying merit. No. 44, a landscape near Bayreuth, is exceedingly well drawn; but through neglect of chiaroscuro Mr. James misses the romance, without which a landscape is little or nothing.

G. M.

THE RETREAT OF MR. JONES.

THE "advanced" young man thinks it fine scorn and pretty defiance to turn his back on trouble. So it was with Mr. Jones. He had had his fill of London, he said; it was leeks in his teeth—a scandalous unmerciful place, which had used him ill. He sat in his lodgings, and abused it with melancholy brows; he thought it a good-looking virtue to refuse his bed and walk along the Embankment with a furtive air. In restaurants he drew his hands sorrowfully across his forehead, and suddenly jilted his food, if someone—particularly a pleasant woman—was sitting near. He sought the apartments of his friends, threw himself into the easiest chairs, letting his hands hang over the arms listlessly, and poured out his bitterness like water. His friends listened, and poured out liquor; which he did not refuse. He hinted darkly at woes of many kinds: unpaid bills, unfinished work—he thought this sounded well—disappointed hopes, and a vague "damnable trouble."

In time more or less long, his friends came to know—they did not press for the information—that the heart of the thing was "Julia." Some of them were patient men, some were not; to some the matter gave a little sport till it became too protracted. McManus, a writer on ethical and classical subjects, who, however, loved the music-halls in his leisure hours, knew who Julia was. He was a sportsman. He laid a little plot. He began it by singing one night, when Jones had been more than usually sad, a very cheerful music-hall ditty which ran—

"I have a da'ter Julia,
Julia she's all the rage;
She skips like me in the tra-la-la-lee
When my da'ter le'ps out on the stage, ha! ha!"

Ridicule was the last straw. Mr. Jones became the unutterably sad young man. Hot rebellion now tightened, now swelled his breast. He avoided McManus and others. He gave the impression of a man who would do strange fatal deeds. He said that the end must come. He wished that he could go through the notoriety of suicide, and yet be saved in the nick of time by desperate measures. He was ingenious, but the matter had singular difficulties. To go to the uttermost ends of the earth? That sounded better. To leave London behind, and say as he went, "I will return!" and after a given number of years, to do so, with much gold, and hair prematurely grey, and the signs of vast endeavour and spiritual suffering in his face: that would spite the millions—the millions were all in it. He hinted the thing to McManus. It was what McManus was waiting for patiently. He instantly got out a map of the world, and, of course, took Jones seriously. India might have done twenty-five years ago; it was too suburban now. Siberia for divers reasons was out of the question. Africa had lost its glamour. At last, with a dramatic finger extended, Jones said, "There!"

He pointed to that farthest north where the Hudson's Bay Company have ruled these two hundred and fifty years. It had romance; it was

as yet unspoiled by speculating peers, commercial filibusters, and explorers of the new school. The great Company in London know little more of it than they did a century ago. They get their furs and they get their reports, and they view with unabashed gaze the excessively slow march of civilisation towards the Pole. There is a charm in vastness and vagueness. The very names, the Barren Grounds and the Arctic Circle, looked awe-inspiring. To head his letters: *Fort Jones, The Barren Grounds*, should stir London—the world; should make Julia mourn for the life she bruised and (almost) broke.

With a very fine air he said that he would plunge into these wilds: his star henceforth should be the North Star. He was reduced to misery, however, by the thought that he had not sufficient money to take him there. McManus managed that. A subscription was raised quietly, useful letters were got to the Company's officers in the North, and McManus bade the young man go. The money was refused at first with a noble kind of anger, then accepted with chastened resignation as a loan, and then Mr. Jones declared finally and decisively for exile—his friends, to his disgust, called it emigration, a very common word. At the last he carried himself with a melancholy pride; had a melodramatic scene with Julia; went out and climbed the Northern Heights to put his foot, in anticipation, on the neck of London; and after that went forth upon the sea in the *Little John* to that barbarous land of Canada. McManus and others saw him off, and then went back to McManus's rooms to waste "golden hours," and make bets as to Jones's return and the soundness of their loan.

Jones practised his little part with earnestness. He was going out to forget, to conquer, and to return with glory in all colours. There would be much to do, besides the sweet luxury of forgetting; colonisation schemes; trade in furs; the discovery of mines; experimental farming: counsel to the Powers in such matters as the Behring Sea Fisheries dispute; the enlightenment of the world as to "that true North," and the enlightenment of "that true North" as to the world. The Indian should be taught the blessings of civilisation, the few white men should find in him a counsellor and a friend. The young man was full of magnanimity—and other things. He began his crusade on board the *Little John*. The captain thought him ignorant and told him so, the purser prophesied that the Canadians would take an exceedingly active interest in him, and the steward filled him with strange knowledge of the country, professedly from experience, in reality from imagination. Once in the country, he extended his campaign. He received his first useful chastisement from the head-waiter of an hotel. It was followed by the scornful displeasure of a politician who proved him of no account, apart from pumped-up theories; and the raillery of a young married lady settled his observations on domestic life. By the time he reached Winnipeg he was convinced that the Canadians were an impatient people, and saw that they did not at all eagerly hail him as a prophet and friend. It was surprising, too, for he had read several books about the country, and he saw that the majority of the people had an accent, and had not the luxury of late dinners. In London he had written notes on colonial and foreign topics (never having been abroad), and had imitated certain masters of English in a second-rate monthly: surely he was qualified to guide the raw colonial! Perhaps, though, it was better to make his influence felt first in the newest and crudest portions of the country.

He began again on the half-breeds with whom he was travelling to Fort Sulpice. He did not know a wild duck from a hell-diver, a grouse from a prairie hen; nor how to spear a pickerel and not spoil the flesh. The half-breeds declared that he was a child—at first behind his back, later, to his face, when he needlessly ran a canoe on the rocks. He had not a keen sense of humour, or he would have laughed at himself in letters to the *Daily Universe*. At Fort

Sulpice he had a chance to decide what should be his first move. So far he had gone on with vague plans only. Farming? It was dull work; it had no romance. Ranching? He must go across the continent for that. It was, however, more romantic. On a broncho, scouring the plains, he could keep to something of his original idea: but the farthest north suited him best. Could the Factor at Fort Sulpice suggest anything?

The Factor looked at the letters from the Company in London, thought the matter over, and then offered to send Mr. Jones on an expedition to buy furs on the edge of the Barren Grounds, and then to proceed to Fort Assumption on the Athabasca River. From Fort Assumption he was to go and establish a new post on Great Slave Lake, if the Factor at that place thought it expedient.

Mr. Jones was in high feather, not dragged in the least from the little mishaps and discouragements of the journey up. It would be his happy fate, in spite of any misgivings he had had, to address letters to London from the Barren Grounds; and because he had not been advised to the contrary, the new post should be called Fort Jones. The Factor was a sensible man, though this action may on the surface convey the contrary. The expedition had to be made, anyway, and he would send with it Jacques Parfaite, the best guide, woodsman, and hunter, that he knew. When Jacques was presented to Mr. Jones, he sniffed and grinned. His future leader said to himself that he would take that sort of thing out of him on the march. Privately the Factor gave Jacques instructions: privately, also, he gave Mr. Jones instructions.

"Mr. Jones," he said among other things, "let me advise you to consult Jacques in all matters. He is a great man." (Jones lifted his eyebrows.) "He could tell you to a day almost when this tree will bud, and that bird fly to the south. If you should starve he knows what berries to eat, and what skin boils the softest; or, if you have no fire, how best to eat it raw. He knows the ways of the caribou, and the home of the musk-ox. He can make a canoe, or, on a *poudre* day, build you a safe bed under the snow. He will smell an Indian camp miles away, and drive a dog-team for a year and lose not one. He swears a lot. He leaves the Indian women to themselves. He works like a slave for six months in the year, and lives like a bull-moose, idle and fat, the other six. As I said, he is a great man; we have none greater."

This speech puzzled Mr. Jones greatly. But when he had shod himself with mocassins, wrapped himself in a buckskin, and loaded his sled with fur coats and necessities, he had no will to dwell on Parfaite's greatness; he was occupied with his own. And it was of a different kind from that set forth by the Factor.

Before he left, the Factor once more addressed him briefly. "If you meet an Indian," he said, "treat him as a wise man; if an Indian woman, be a wise man yourself; if a half-breed, give him *tabac*, and ask him many questions. Fill yourself with fat and strong tea, and ask the Almighty every day to make you like Jacques Parfaite; and, if He does, the Hudson's Bay Company will be proud of you, and you can settle down here for twenty, forty, sixty years, away from the foolish world."

Mr. Jones tried to answer this man after his own old ideas, and in the line of his recent purposes; but there is a kind of iron solidity in the face of a Hudson's Bay factor, who has set his teeth to take the temper of two-score Arctic winters, and the words stuck in his throat. He began to feel that there were several kinds of wisdom, and that this was not in all the joy of defiance. He took himself with exceeding gravity; and that was a pity. Otherwise he might have found that journey with Jacques and his battered dogs, and the other Scotch half-breed, Thirsty, amusing, even if severe and dangerous at the last.

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instructions he had in effect to resign his commission, to put himself in the hands of his subordinate altogether. He did learn many things, but it was with great humbling of his pride and with occasional accident. He missed ten for every one caribou that he shot, he fell into a rapid while practising a theory regarding a canoe, and when the winter suddenly came on he froze his face and fingers. He began with disgust to eat the fat cakes and beans; he was glad at last to stuff himself with solid suet. And when they reached the Barren Grounds and there bargained with the Long Horn Indians for the season's furs, he was prepared to accept the Factor's advice, and become as a little child. He never wrote a letter from Fort Jones in the Barren Grounds, and, strange to say, as the days went on, his wish to humiliate Julia and make London and the world ashamed, died away. He had always taken himself seriously, he had now to take life with a marvellous seriousness. He began to fear the journey that still lay before them. He had had some days of dreadful hardship, scarcely made lighter by Jacques' hints that there was greater in store, and the absurd cold-bloodedness with which Jacques regarded his troubles.

"*Bien*," Jacques used to say to him, "you are young, and have come from places where men know nothing and live like the sticks in the bags of a medicine man, great for doing tricks, much for show and noise, little for things worth doing. How I know? Well, I have seen you and others; and the Factor—*ci*, no one knows so much like him. The Government, that is nothing: the Company, *that* is nothing. Can you tell when the river-hen lays her eggs? when the bull-moose makes a new moose-yard? No. Then what you know? Could you trail back to Fort Sulpice alone after I have shown you the way? No. You would be dead in two days."

Jones shivered at this. He knew it was true. He thought of the explorers whose bones lay in that white plain, stretching with desolate and dreadful beauty ever northward; and the last vestige of self-satisfaction left him. He felt he had but one mission now, and that was to get back to Fort Sulpice, and when at Fort Sulpice to get back somewhere else. He was not so ignorant as when he started; not so keen to set the world, and especially this cold colony, right. He began to feel that romance of every kind, personal, political, or social, and he had had it all—was not purchasable by a mere song of experience.

An old Indian asked him many questions through Jacques. Not the least pointed of these was, Why he had come? and, having come, Why he did not stay? For, to the red man's mind, this austere land—with its exquisite sunsets, its summer air like the breath of God, making men's hearts beat high; its stern proud winter, scant of food and fire—was like none other for the joy of living. When the caribou were plenty he was happy; when they were scant he was stoical, and gathered in his belt. When his wife left him, he took another; when his children died, he bade them quick journey to the happy hunting-grounds—not south, but further north.

Mr. Jones began to see that he had been foolish, and was not yet wise. And at night, when no one could hear him, he gave his shattered romances good-bye, and sobbed (for the first and last time since he became a man—even Julia had not made him do that): so much that, in the wild night, filmy ice formed on his face, and his eyelids froze shut. But his mind was made up. In the morning he gave orders, or rather he begged Jacques courteously—all his old insolence gone—to take him back to Fort Sulpice. This meant the failure of the expedition; but Jacques had had secret orders from the Factor, and, after some severe remarks, turned his dogs' noses to the south-east, and travelled away towards Fort Sulpice. It was a bitter journey, and many a day did Mr. Jones think upon a philosophy of life just come to him: That you cannot spite the world (nor even London), and much less a woman. The

one doesn't care, and the other is only flattered by your heroic tempers. That it is easier to be a missionary on your own doorstep than to carry your wisdom, for salvation's sake, to those who have a salvation of their own. He thought upon the head-waiter, the native politician, and the young married lady in the east, and the old Indian up in the Barren Grounds, and was not so full of wonder at their being contented, if benighted. He even prayed that he might be made like to Jacques Parfaite—at least, till he had Newfoundland at his back, and full steam on for the English Channel. Indeed, sometimes he still prays that same prayer in the House of Commons, where he has gone, when he is tempted to show how the universe might be reconstructed, or a new colony taught its way to reformation. He has also paid McManus & Co. their loan, and, singular to note, has married Julia, who laughs away a good deal of insular "gall" unreached by Jacques Parfaite. She protests that every public man should go and learn the very alphabet of civilisation, as her husband did. Nevertheless, she has a hatred of McManus, who aided her husband to "emigrate"; but that is because of a certain song he once sang.

GILBERT PARKER.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"AN IRISH POOR SCHOLAR."

SIR,—May I avail myself of a small portion of your space to acknowledge the receipt of subscriptions of £5 from "A Lover of the Celtic Race"; £1 from J. R. Chetwode, Esq., Leeds; 10s. from An Anonymous Friend; and 10s. from An English Lady, for the benefit of my venerable neighbour, Master Duffy of Lochaun-nyalla, of whom a slight memoir was given in your columns last week? I have also received, with an enclosure of 10s., an anonymous letter, from which I may be excused for making the following touching extract, if it were only to prove how similarly the lightning genius of the Celt affects the graduate of Trinity College and the old scholar of the Mayo mountains:—

"Your article about the poor scholar upset me. I can't explain all about it now, beyond saying that my father was a graduate of Trinity, and *Stroneshuch* was one of his favourite words. My father is dead, long since, and I have been practically exiled from Ireland since 1876. That scene of the Master not grudging 'the boys' the bank-note reminds me of the infinite pathos of Quick's death and his tenderness towards the Boys—'Wisha, the craytures';—

My heart is Irish as the streams
Glengariff's dells that roam.

I am always liable to have the quivering network of latent susceptibilities and reminiscences aroused by anything which reminds me of boyhood's years. I send you 10s. for the Master, and hope that no *Stroneshuch* will in future make sport of a picturesque personality over whom," etc. etc.

It never occurred to me to solicit subscriptions for the Master. I am afraid it may require some generalship to ensure their acceptance. He is sure to be delighted with my kind correspondents' proofs that the great world, far beyond anything to be seen from the cone of Cruach-Phaundrig, is beginning at long last to pay some attention to his discoveries. Apart from the interests of science, however, I daresay my correspondents will be best pleased to know that their subscriptions may do something to smooth the poor old fellow's final passage to a country where, I hope, the Trisection of the Obtuse Angle and all the other puzzlements of this cross-grained world will be as plain as the crest of Sheafree on a summer day.—Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM O'BRIEN.

House of Commons, June 14.

THE BASIS OF SOCIALISM.

SIR,—As Mr. Bosanquet has referred to the "Fabian Essays," I may be pardoned the egotism of observing that in the paper which he particularly mentions I expressly declared to win with one of my horses only. That essay being propagandist and not philosophical, I adopted the appropriate method of empirical Individualist argument, but I in no respect, I believe, disqualified or excluded the alternative dialectic or concrete treatment of the same subject.

Mr. Bosanquet, of course quite rightly, interprets me as meaning by Socialism a general spirit and an attitude towards life. I am a little afraid of his terms "Idealist" and "rational," because he seems to me to infect them by particular interpretation, e.g., when he says that "Education is to the true Idealist

a means for deepening and restoring the religion of the family," which sounds like a bit of arbitrary statical Utopianism in the manner of Comte. But all Socialistic philosophy begins with his, and Comte's, recognition of Society as an organism or (saving our right of interpretation) "spiritual" being. And with regard to your note of the 3rd inst., I may observe that Comte's conception of the relation of the individual to Society, sound as it was, was hardly what Mr. Bosanquet (I fancy) would admit as "philosophical"—at least, Comte did his best to repudiate any such claim for it. It is merely dogmatic.

But an Idealist philosophy, although its deductions may affect and determine the Socialist view of political and industrial evolution, cannot exclude, or supersede—rather, indeed, I conceive, necessitates and justifies—the appeal to Individualism as the motor of formal change. For the so-called individual, in all his forms, is for himself and us the sole unit—subject of consciousness and desire; and, as Hegel says, "Men will not interest themselves for anything unless they find their individuality gratified by its attainment." This formal individualism is always the determinant in politics, and is, as I mentioned before, the discernible force now making for the expression of Socialist idea in Collectivist form; quite possibly—I would suggest to Mr. Bosanquet—superseding and unquestionably modifying and dissolving the family in its process.

There is nothing in this view, I think, to perpetuate your difficulty in perceiving how Socialism can include, beyond Collectivism, what I called "the scientific Anarchism of Kropotkin"; provided you have read Kropotkin's writings, and understand what he is driving at, and do not confuse him with Ravachol or Mr. B. W. Tucker of Boston. Mr. Bosanquet states that "the rational or Idealist view has no leaning to anarchy, though it rejects paternal government." A representative Anarchist assures me that the rejection of paternal government, in the full sense of that phrase, is really all that Anarchism means.

These are my personal views; which any Socialist is quite welcome to repudiate if he thinks fit. The course of economic evolution does not turn on their acceptance or rejection.—Yours faithfully,

SYDNEY OLIVIER.

Limpsfield, June 12th, 1893.

P.S.—It is, of course, unfortunate and confusing that one has only one word to use for the "individualistic" or exclusive property system and the "individualism" of the personal effort and desire of all beings for freedom or "self-realisation."

[WE still think it a pity that the term "Socialism" should be used in two senses, especially as the wider sense includes a mode of feeling common to a great many people (including, we hope, ourselves) who distinctly repudiate all sympathy with the methods connoted by the term in its restricted meaning. Surely, too, Comte's view of the relation of the Individual to Society should be called "historical" or "inductive," not "merely dogmatic"?—ED. SPEAKER.]

THE WOMEN'S NATIONAL LIBERAL ASSOCIATION.

DEAR SIR,—I am directed by the Committee of the above Association to offer their acknowledgments of the just appreciation of their work contained in your issue of the 10th inst. By some misprint or other accident it is attributed to the Women's Liberal Federation, an error which we should be obliged by your correcting in your next issue. It would not, however, mislead a careful reader, for your description of our object and method—to support the Liberal cause, irrespective of all questions such as Women's Suffrage, by which sections of the Liberal party might hamper its general policy—is accurate and complete.—I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

L. M. BRABROOK, Secretary.

72, Palace Chambers, Westminster.

"THE DISLIKE OF BOOKS."

SIR,—A factor other than "The dislike of books" may be worth mentioning in connection with Marylebone's rejection of the Free Libraries Act. On receiving a parcel of stationery from a Marylebone bookseller a few days ago, I found enclosed a circular denunciatory of Free Libraries; and then reflected that this purveyor of pens, newspapers, books and blotting-paper has one half of his shop dedicated to a Lending Library (in connection with Mudie's). The number of these "Libraries" must be considerable in a place like Marylebone; and their proprietors would at least be a good second at the elbows of the small shopkeepers (as such) in resisting the adoption of the Act. Of course, I know nothing of Messrs. Mudie's attitude in the matter—perhaps they lack any; but the small lenders of the three-volume will have to be squared or vigorously fought before places are set up which must to some degree supersede their own functions. One cannot be surprised at this, as I suppose these holders of vested interests get no consideration, in either being relieved of their books, or compensated for their disappearing revenue.—I am, Sir, yours,

June 12th, 1893.

A. G. S.

IN THE COUNTRY OF GILBERT WHITE.

(OBITUARY JUNE 26, 1793.)

GHOSTS of great men in London town
Confuse the brains of such as dream,
But here betwixt this hanging down
And this great moorland, waste and brown,
One only reigns supreme.

In Wolmer Forest, old and wide,
Along each sandy pine-girt glade
And lonesome heather-bordered ride,
A gentle presence haunts your side,
A gracious reverend shade.

And as you pass by Blackmoor grim
And stand at gaze on Temple height,
Methinks the fancy grows less dim:
Methinks you really talk with him
Who once was Gilbert White!

For yonder lies his own true love,
His little Selborne, dreaming still:
The shapely "Hanger" towers above,
Girt with its beautiful beech grove,
Like some old Grecian hill!

And there th' abrupt and comely "Nore"
Guards that wild world of bloom and bird
Where his clear patient sense of yore
Conned sights and sounds, which ne'er before
Sweet poets saw or heard.

And here, hard by, the nightingale
For the first time in springtide sang,
While Gilbert listened; here the pale
First blackthorn flowered, while down the gale
The cuckoo's mockeries rang!

And there rathe swallows would appear,
To whirl on high their first gavotte;
And there the last of the great deer
Fell on a winter midnight clear
'Neath a "night-hunter's" shot.

We know it all! Familiar, too,
Seems this quaint hamlet 'neath the steep,—
House, "Pleystor," church, and churchyard yew
And the plain headstone, hid from view,
Where their historian sleeps.

'Twas just a century gone by
They laid the simple cleric here:
Th' old world was in her agony,
And "Nature! Reason!" was the cry
In that historic year.

But Oh! another Nature 'twas
That ruled him with her magic touch,
A mistress of delightful laws,
Whom still we learn to love because
We love her servant much!

V. G. P.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

A QUESTION AT ISSUE.

AMONG the "Questions at Issue" discussed in Mr. Edmund Gosse's new volume (London: William Heinemann) is one which not only has a chapter to itself, but seems to lie at the root of all the rest. As Mr. Gosse reminds us, nearly half of the essays which he now reprints appeared first in *The Forum*: but the question, "What has been the influence of Democracy upon Literature?" has as much interest for us as for an American audience. We are as eagerly concerned with the query "Tennyson—and After?" as our cousins to find a satisfactory answer for the embarrassing question, "Has America produced a Poet?" And the answers in both cases must take and reflect the colour of our belief in the influence of Democracy upon Literature. I may as well add that Mr. Gosse's answers are a trifle gloomy.

"As we filed slowly out of the Abbey on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 12th of October, 1892," says he, "there must have occurred to others, I think, as to myself, a whimsical and half-terrifying sense of the symbolic contrast between what we had left and what we had emerged upon. Inside, the grey and vitreous atmosphere, the reverberations of music moaning somewhere out of sight, the bones and monuments of the noble dead, reverence, antiquity, beauty, rest. Outside, in the raw air, a tribe of hawkers urging upon the edges of a dense and inquisitive crowd a large sheet of pictures of the pursuit of a flea by a 'lady,' and more insidious salesmen doing a brisk trade in what they falsely pretended to be 'Tennyson's last poem.' Next day we read in our newspapers affecting accounts of the emotion displayed by the vast crowd outside the Abbey—horny hands dashing away the tear, seamstresses holding 'the little green volumes' to their faces to hide their agitation. Happy for those who could see these with their fairy telescopes out of the garrets of Fleet Street. I, alas!—though I sought assiduously—could mark nothing of the kind." And this record, which is given as a parable only, Mr. Gosse follows up with a neat and quite convincing argument that poetry is not a democratic art, but dependent on the suffrages of a few thousand persons who happen to possess, in varying degrees, certain peculiar qualities of mind and ear: that English poetry is kept upon its high pinnacle of honour and reverence by a sustained effort of bluff on the part of these few men and women: that the worship of it as one of the first glories of our birth and state is imposed upon the masses by a small aristocracy of intellect and feeling.

Among men of letters Mr. Gosse's main proposition needed no proof: for, as he says, even the flexible scribes who flatter the multitude with assurances that the truest poetry is that which speaks to the million, are aware in their hearts that their assurances are not true. But in an appendix Mr. Gosse heaps proof upon us out of the mouth of Mr. George Gissing. Mr. Gissing, the author of "Demos" and "New Grub Street," has, as everyone knows, studied the popular mind assiduously, and with startling results. Here are a few sentences from his letter: (1) "After fifteen years' observation of the poorer classes of English folk, chiefly in London and the south, I am pretty well assured that, whatever civilising agencies may be at work among the democracy, poetry is not one of them." (2) "The custodian of a Free Library in a southern city informs me that 'hardly once in a month' does a volume of verse pass over his counter; that the exceptional applicant (seeking Byron or Longfellow) is generally 'the wife of a tradesman;' and that an offer of verse to man or woman who comes simply for 'a book' is invariably rejected; 'they won't even look at it.'" (3) "It was needless folly to pretend that, because one or two of Tennyson's poems became largely known through popular recitation, therefore Tennyson was dear to the heart of the people, a subject of their pride whilst he lived, of their mourning when he died. My point is that no poet holds this place in the esteem of the English lower orders." (4) "Some days before (the funeral) I was sitting in a public room, where two men, retired shopkeepers, exchanged an occasional word as they read the morning's news. 'A great deal here about Lord Tennyson,' said one. The 'Lord' was significant. I listened anxiously for his companion's reply. 'Ah, yes.' The man moved uneasily, and added at once: 'What do you think about this long-distance ride?' In that room (I frequented it on successive days with this object) not a syllable did I hear regarding Tennyson save the sentence faithfully recorded."

Mr. Gissing, be it observed, speaks only of that class which he has studied, but in talking of "demos," or loosely of "the democracy," we must be careful

not to confine these terms to the proletariat, or the "lower" and "lower-middle" classes. And the point I wish to emphasise is this—that literature is neither understood nor affected by any class of society. The average country magnate, the average church dignitary, the average professional man, the average commercial traveller—to all these she is alike unknown: at least the ignorance of each is differentiated by shades so fine that we need not trouble ourselves to make distinctions. A public school and university education does as little for the Squire Western as one meets at country dinner-tables as a three-guinea subscription to a circulating library for the kind of matron one comes upon at a hotel *table d'hôte*. Five minutes after hearing the news of Browning's death I stopped an acquaintance in the street, a professional man of charming manner, and repeated it to him. He stared for a moment, and then murmured that he was sorry to hear it. Clearly he did not wish to hurt my feelings by confessing that he hadn't the vaguest idea who Browning might be. And if anybody thinks this an extreme case, let him turn to the daily papers and read the names of those who were at Newmarket on that same afternoon when our great poet was laid in the Abbey with every pretence of public mourning. The pursuit of one horse by another is doubtless a more elevating spectacle than "the pursuit of a flea by a 'lady,'" but on that afternoon even a faint lover of letters must have found an equal incongruity in both entertainments.

Nor can it be too strongly insisted on just now, that in the aristocracy of literature, if nowhere else, titles, social advantages, and commercial success alike count for nothing, and royalty itself is part of the mob. A thick-witted dignitary of Church or State must here kick his heels in the Court of the Gentiles along with the thick-witted hod-carrier or docker. And I am afraid we must include in the crowd not only those amiable politicians who from time to time open a Public Library or a "Literary Institution" and oblige us with their views upon Hecuba without realising what Hecuba is to them or they to Hecuba, but also those affable teachers of religion, philosophy, and science, who condescend occasionally to amble through the garden of the Muses, and rearrange its labels for us while drawing our attention to the rapid deterioration of the flower-beds. The author of "The Citizen of the World" once compared the profession of letters in England to a Persian army, "where there are many pioneers, several sutlers, numberless servants, women and children in abundance, and but few soldiers." Were he alive to-day he would be forced to include the Volunteers.

Heaven forbid, of course, that the million should cease to read therefor, and may the Authors' Society continue to uphold the income of the author! But let the amateur when he has read be silent and leave the author to the commendation or censure of his fellow-workmen, who happen to know. Astounding as the statement may be to any constant reader of the Monthly Reviews and Magazines, it is precisely because Mr. Gosse happens to be a man of letters that his opinion upon literary questions is worth having. He has shown himself greatly daring in this little volume. In the first place he is writing contemporary criticism, and that in itself requires courage: as he himself puts it, "to map the ground around his feet is a task that the most skilful geographer is not certain to carry out with success." Further, he has ventured not only to criticise, but in more than one place to prophesy. And his prophecies have this advantage over the mass of current criticism that, if liable to be upset by the event, they at least contrive to be extremely interesting in the meantime. Lastly, he has dared to stand up and tell the "Reading Public" some truths about itself and its capacities. It is not at all likely that the Reading Public will draw the

humiliating moral that lurks (for instance) beneath the pretty satire of "An Election at the English Academy": to do this it must first understand literature, in which case the moral would be entirely unnecessary.

A. T. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

MR. SYMONDS' LAST BOOK.

WALT WHITMAN: A STUDY. By John Addington Symonds.
London: J. C. Nimmo.

THIS shapely green volume has another interest than its author foresaw when he put it together for the press; and while we read of Walt Whitman we think of Mr. Symonds, and connect sadly the Camden of the one with the Davos and the Rome of the other. The book, too, as one would naturally expect from its author's temperament, is not merely a literary treatise, but in some sort a confession and a testament. It is full of that more personal interpretation which discloses the writer in the writing; and this again greatly adds to the reminiscent melancholy that lurks for us in its generous pages.

We must not, however, altogether merge the book in its author, the rather as its difficult subject is one on which he could speak not quite as the scribes. The difficulty of dealing with it he himself very fully recognised. Whitman, he says on the first page of his study, "is extremely baffling to criticism." Previously, so long ago as 1887, he said in a letter, *à propos* of a certain famous attack on Whitman—a letter of curious interest now—"I have masses of notes and essays in MS. on Whitman by me. But I find it almost impossible to form anything comprehensive about his work; it is (in Goethe's phrase) so 'incommensurable.' Only indirectly can one show how much Whitman has been to one." The riper opportunity which served to co-ordinate these notes and essays came at last, and we have their outcome in this book. But it still bears the traces of its inchoate first beginnings in certain parts, where the writer does not seem to have quite arrived at a final expression of his meaning on some particular point. One sees, moreover, or imagines, that here and there the criticism has been carefully tempered—partly out of a spirit of protest against the extravagance of other writers. He speaks of the unfortunate controversial tone usually associated with Walt Whitman—"indecent abuse upon the one hand, extravagant laudation on the other—outrage and depreciation, retaliated by what the French call *réclame* and *claque*." From all this, sane criticism, he says, must stand deliberately aloof, dreading lest "the sterling qualities of such magnificent work should be brought into discredit by clamorous and indiscriminating advocacy." This is an admirable temper in which to begin; and the advocacy of the book throughout is couched in terms which, as personal as you please, are yet so far urbane, and so little dogmatic, that it is likely to do more for the proper understanding of Walt Whitman and his writings than anything we have yet on the subject from any critic of Mr. Symonds' standing.

Taking Religion first, in his inquiry into the tenour of Whitman's poetry, Mr. Symonds, using a well-known passage of Renan's on Victor Hugo as a text, offers us this interesting commentary: "Every detail of the world endowed with life, with shape, contained for him God, was a microcosm of the whole, an apparent and ever-recurring miracle. Upon abstractions he refused to dwell, because he regarded the concrete as the ultimate reality, the self-effectuation of the Idea, while the abstract remains were gaping void. For Whitman, as for Hugo, two or three immense facts were the main objects of his enthusiasm. We may describe them as America, Self, Sex, the People." In attempting further to deal with Whitman's mysticism—a task only less hard than the unravelling of William Blake,

—Mr. Symonds may seem to come very near to falling over that stumbling stool of critics, the desire to express in definite terms many things that in the poet were indefinite, and necessarily so. Otherwhere, this same determination to perceive clearly and state lucidly whither some debatable passages really tend, leads to much striking criticism. So, too, when it comes to the artistic issue of Whitman's work and forms of expression, considered as indications of the functions and possibilities of democratic art, Mr. Symonds writes very much to the purpose, although he rather propounds questions than answers them.

"On the one hand," he writes, "we have huge uncultivated populations, trained to mechanical industries and money-making, aggregated in unwieldy cities or distributed over vast tracts of imperfectly subdued territory, . . . bound together by superficial education, and without any specific bias toward a particular form of self-expression. On the other hand, we have cosmopolitan men of letters, poets, painters, living for the most part upon the traditions of the past, working these up into new shapes of beauty with power and subtlety, but taking no direct hold of the masses, of whom they are contentedly ignorant, . . . embodying no religion in their work, destined apparently to bequeath to the future an image of the nineteenth century in its confused Titanic energy, diffused culture, and mental chaos. Is Democratic Art possible in these circumstances? . . . Do the people, in this democratic age, possess qualities which are capable of evoking a great art from the sympathy of men of genius? Or is Art destined to subside lower and lower into a kind of Byzantine decrepitude, as the toy of a so-called cultivated minority?" Whether Whitman helps us to a solution of these questions, he thinks doubtful. His appreciation of Whitman's strength and quality of style, and "countless clear and perfect phrases," and faculty of language as a vehicle for thought is, however, expressed in terms of enthusiasm. He arrives finally, indeed, at a delightful *ipse dixit*, with a naïve touch of hauteur in it not unlike that sometimes found in Whitman's own critical protestations: "I do not think it needful," he says, "to quote examples. Those who demur and doubt may address themselves to an impartial study of his writings. It is enough for me, trained in Greek and Latin classics, in the literatures of Italy and France and Germany and England, who have spent my life in continuous addiction to literature, and who am the devotee of what is powerful and beautiful in style—it is enough for me to pledge my reputation as a critic upon what I have asserted."

In spite of this he does quote elsewhere some very convincing examples. Yet, again, he turns to consider very frankly the defects which lie so plainly to be seen in "Leaves of Grass"—the self-assertion, the turgidity, the wearying, unimaginatively collocated lists of things, peoples, places; the ungrammatical constructions; the "crude agglutinations of jaw-breaking substantives." But, all this being fully set down, he finds, as a last word on the whole matter, that Whitman, "working under the conditions of his chosen style, has produced long series of rhythmic utterances, strung together and governed by an inner law of melody . . . which possess the magnetic charm of nature, the attraction of his own 'fluid and attaching' personality." This is a notable testimony from a critic so alert and independent—the tribute of a man of culture to one who was his intellectual antithesis, as it might seem. At the outset we laid stress on the personal note in this tribute, made the more impressive by our knowing that the writer may add no more now to his confessions on life and art. Thus the most memorable passage in the book is the most personal. Speaking of Whitman's particular message to his contemporaries, he surprises the reader at one point by the emotion with which he suddenly breaks the thread of his criticism, and this passage may serve us for conclusion:

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"For my own part," he says, "I may confess that it shone upon me when my life was broken, when I was weak, sickly, poor, and of no account; and that I have ever lived thenceforward in the light and warmth of it. In bounden duty toward Whitman, I make this personal statement; for had it not been for the contact of his fervent spirit with my own, the pyre ready to be lighted, the combustible materials of modern thought awaiting the touch of the fire-bringer, might never have leapt up into the flame of life-long faith and consolation. During my darkest hours, it comforted me with the conviction that I, too, played my part in the illimitable symphony of cosmic life. When I sinned, repined, sorrowed, suffered, it touched me with a gentle hand of sympathy and understanding, . . . and stirred a healthy pride and courage to effectuate myself, to bear the brunt of spiritual foes, the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. For this reason, in duty to my master, Whitman, and in the hope that my experience may encourage others to seek the same source of inspiration, I have exceeded the bounds of an analytical essay by pouring forth my personal confession."

THE GROWTH OF AMERICAN CONSTITUTIONS.

THE AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH. By James Bryce, M.P. for Aberdeen. Third edition. Completely revised throughout. Vol. I. The National Government—The State Governments. London: Macmillan & Co.

It is curious that Mr. Bryce's farewell lecture as an Oxford Professor should nearly coincide with the reappearance of the first half of that monumental work which so well exhibits two of the manifold capacities of its author—that of scientific historian and publicist, and that of practical statesman. In bidding farewell to the Chair of Civil Law, Mr. Bryce has left a splendid memorial—a book which stands unrivalled as a study of contemporary history, and yet might very well be classed as a work of political science. To sit down and review a book which has been a classic since the day of its first publication seems superfluous, even if the book had not always presented an insoluble problem to the reviewer. How can anyone deal in any reasonable space with a work that contains important information on every page—information, too, much of which is new even to most American students of the history and politics of their own country? The first edition quelled critical ardour by enumerating upwards of thirty persons who had aided the author on both sides of the Atlantic. The present edition names twenty-four more—most of them well known by name to everyone who has any acquaintance with the American writers of to-day. A book so elaborately revised and so carefully protected from error must be as near perfection as any book can be. Moreover, the present volume covers the constitutional part of the work, which is obviously the one least in need of revision. We may say—a little loosely—that it deals in the main with *Staatsrecht* rather than with *Politik*; with constitutional law in the United States as it has come to be at the present day, rather than with the play of forces which are still moulding it, or with those social phenomena which are at once the effect and the cause of its growth. This latter half will be comprised in a second volume: and here of necessity there will be room for more extensive revision. We may express a hope, in passing, that it will include the chapters promised in the earlier editions, but omitted for want of space: and that it will deal more fully with those aspects of the social and the financial life of the Republic which are treated of in the former third volume.

Nevertheless, though the book before us deals with the most stable part of American institutions, it is not in any sense a mere reissue. It corresponds

chapter for chapter with a volume and a half of the old edition; but every page of it has evidently undergone the most careful revision. To enumerate all the important changes would require a much more careful study and collation of texts than anybody but an editor of a classic is likely to be able to give. Sometimes the changes are merely verbal; now and then they involve a little compression; where they introduce new matter, it is necessitated in most cases by the progress of events since 1887. It may give some idea of the enormous labour and study embodied in the book to mention that though State politics take up relatively a small, though a very valuable, portion of it, Mr. Bryce has studied all the State Constitutions, the knowledge of which forms merely the preliminary stage of the subject. When this book was first published the number of those Constitutions had reached a hundred. Since then there have been thirteen more. Mr. Bryce has studied them all, and reproduces their most important details. Six new States have been admitted to the Union, and a new territory—Oklahoma—which apparently is now partly Northern, partly Southern, and partly negro, has been carved out of the lands once appropriated as an Indian reserve. Mr. Bryce gives us the latest information on the constitutional history and political development of all. We have reference to the abortive Federal Elections Bill of last year, and the Congressional struggle over Procedure and the action of Speaker Reed in 1890. We have a notice of the changes in the electoral arrangements in the State of Michigan which nearly played an important part in the last Presidential Election. We have a notice of women suffrage in Wyoming, and of the curious complications it introduces in connection with Federal citizenship. We have a full revision of the paragraphs dealing with direct legislation by the people—called in Europe by the inaccurate but convenient name of the Referendum—which possesses special interest just now. We have a most significant mention of the experience that American cities are gradually acquiring in "municipal socialism." Of one hundred and sixty cities, numbering over twenty thousand inhabitants, no less than one hundred and one control their own water supply. We have references—too brief perhaps—to the new "Populist" party, which has developed out of the Farmers' Alliance. And we have a number of small but most significant changes in the text, of which we may note two in particular. The omission of a single sentence on page 82 indicates the decay of the feelings aroused by the War of Secession. An addition on page 315 notes the absence in the past of any complication of State politics with religious questions—a bit of good fortune which is not very likely to last, we fear, if the efforts of the German Catholics in Missouri and elsewhere to control the schools and have separate bishops of their own are crowned with success, or if New Mexico is elevated to the rank of a state. Indeed the changes are so many, and some of them are so important—especially those dealing with the new State Constitutions and with State politics—that possessors of the old edition will do well to purchase the new.

Some of the constitutional changes are both important and curious. Four of the new State Constitutions put "log-rolling" on a par with bribery. Mississippi admits "ability to give a reasonable explanation of any clause in the State Constitution" as qualifying for the franchise in spite of illiteracy—a device probably, as Mr. Bryce says, intended to exclude illiterate negroes and include illiterate whites, which is after all not an unsatisfactory solution of the negro problem in a state with such large "black districts" as Mississippi. Kentucky still explicitly refers to the Social Compact, and has only recently abolished that curious deduction of slavery from it which was long the disgrace of her Bill of Rights. It is curious how very little reference there is to the Social Compact in the later, as compared with the earlier, State Constitutions.

Can it be that the ideas of the French Revolution have died out with Fourth of July orations, and that American lawyers have settled down to the necessities of practice apart from scientific or quasi-ethical theory? Certainly the mass of details in the State Constitutions, and the Bills of Rights which often form a kind of preamble to them, gives us that impression. When a constitution prohibits "trusts" and attacks "corporations," and descends to regulating the rates for the warehousing of grain, we feel that, like most English and American legal provisions, it is called out by purely practical needs. Mr. Bryce, perhaps, makes too little of the effect of general political theory (which Tom Paine, for instance, dwelt upon) in the earlier constitutional history of the Republic; but this is the only criticism we shall venture to make on the detail of his book.

But, after all, though criticism of a revised edition must mainly deal with minor detail, yet any such criticism must give a false idea of the book. We should like to have space to deal at length with its comprehensive survey of the best known of its subjects—the "Federal Constitution," with the account of the gradual evolution of the system of government from the mediæval guild, and with those luminous chapters on the "House of Representatives at Work," the "Development of the Constitution by Usage," and "Municipal Government," which show how very different political institutions are on paper and in practical life. We should like to enumerate those digressions into pure political science which are among the most valuable portions of one of the most valuable of books. We would gladly extract the lessons the book suggests on Rigid Constitutions, on Federalism in Austria and Germany, and—not least—on Irish Home Rule. But these are things which readers must do for themselves. Nearly fifty thousand copies of the earlier editions have been sold hitherto, an amount wholly unprecedented in the case of such a work. But most of these have circulated in America. And it is not at all too much to say that the book is indispensable to any scientific student of politics—whether general or particular, whether theoretical or practical. It ought to be the most powerful factor in preparing for that better understanding, that closer union, between the Mother of Nations and her eldest daughter which has been so often advocated in these columns. And the second volume, dealing, as it does, largely with open and current questions, promises to be even more valuable and interesting than the first.

YEA AND NAY.

DISTINCTION AND THE CRITICISM OF BELIEFS. By Alfred Sidgwick. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

THE mood of delicate questioning which we studied not long since in Amiel's "Journal Intime" is by no means English of the common sort. Englishmen delight rather in "the brutal force of assertion," as Mr. Sidgwick happily terms it. They are Ruperts of debate, or sturdy Nonconformists, or martyrs for an idea, which is sometimes as large as Free Trade, and often smaller than anti-vaccination. They long retain their "natural childlike faith," that their opponents must be fools or foreigners—a comforting doctrine, though not easy to keep up in these times. For though Amiel would have been no better understood in Belgravia than he was by his Genevan fellow-citizens, it is plain that the fine old English confidence in Yea and Nay has been rudely shaken. Doubt, the spirit which questions, not which steadfastly denies, has knocked at all our doors. The firm-set world of mahogany, crusted port, the Three per Cents, the squire and his relations, is dissolving like any dream and slipping out of our grasp by a kind of enchantment. Institutions have been set upon wheels, and they glide and even run upon an inclined plane, the other end of which neither

prophet nor politician has quite caught a glimpse of. The criticism of beliefs goes hand-in-hand with the assault upon traditional forms of government, business, association, and amusement. We are living in the age of Copernicus. "If the earth moves," said Pascal, "not all the reasoning of divines will prevent it from turning and themselves from turning along with it." Luckily or unluckily, turn it certainly does; and the flux of the old Greek philosopher is a commonplace when everyone has revolution on the tip of his tongue.

This novel or heightened sense of movement may be exhilarating, above all to such as never had any landed property or money in the Funds; but wise men, from the time of Socrates, have felt uneasy when the flood took them off their feet, and Yea and Nay seem to be more trustworthy gods than Whirlpool or the universal Eddy. They dislike the sudden lurch in language, morals, and Sunday preaching that flings them on their back or over the ship's side, and leaves them battling for their lives in a new element. Nor is it much comfort to be told that "Nature is a seamless fabric;" that we all mean pretty much the same at bottom; and that, no one being infallible, we may agree to differ in the mere expression of our beliefs. Is it not the feeling of very rough and palpable seams in Nature, and of the hopeless discrepancies of thought among men, which, while it feeds scepticism, prevents us from resting in it as final? We remark, and perhaps share in, the "modern enthusiasm for destruction;" but when we have pulled down the palaces and guillotined a fair number of their inhabitants, the temptation comes to sit among the ruins and cry; for the new world is long in making its appearance, and the interim is sordid, vulgar, brutal, and commonplace. Nothing is pleasanter than to question the arrangements that have secured our ease or luxury, until we have criticised them out of existence. Then, perhaps, we almost wish them back again. Scepticism, like the fear of death, is for "rich and dainty folk." They look on approvingly at a fanatic with a purpose like poor Jean Jacques, and even help him to get his earthquake ready. But when it comes, they fall back with a shudder upon the stolidest forms of Toryism; for they never meant anything so serious as to have their own little world shattered, with all its pretty crockery and china monsters. But the religious and the loyal-hearted deserve more pity. Why should they be carried away in the flood and their ideals overwhelmed? Did they not worship the best they knew?

Mr. Sidgwick, who has noted these things, would prescribe, in his thoughtful and curious book, for the Amiel disease which is now spreading among us, by homœopathy or inoculation, as thus: Let the dogmatist mingle a little doubt with his dogma, and the sceptic not despair of finding as much solid ground as he needs for the conduct of life—an island or asteroid; if no very large planet, still big enough to keep him from falling through space. Sir Anthony Absolute was no philosopher; and Yea and Nay must give up their too peremptory language. For, as Hegel said, if we only look long enough, we shall see them turn each into its opposite, like Aaron's rod into a serpent. It must be so if Nature is continuous; and that it is not continuous, observes Mr. Sidgwick, we cannot even imagine. Can we not? asks M. Pasteur, who has marked the exact line where vital phenomena cease. Have we all become Monists and Pantheists, then? Or is there no gulf, according to Professor Huxley, Du Bois Reymond, and all the most famous agnostics, between consciousness and unconsciousness, psychic states and molecular movements, and even chemistry and mechanical dynamics? Mr. Sidgwick has run ahead of our knowledge in his devotion to "seamless Nature." And there is a firmer defence against scepticism than mere "grounds of convenience." Everything in the world is not everything else a little turned and twisted. The sceptic may well put limits to his questioning, or he cannot open his mouth; for any

question worth asking must have some sense in it. And though absolute Yea and Nay have their limits, too, the result is neither a bathos nor a compromise, but, when duly stated, is organic knowledge, where the details fall into their places, and the ideal is living in them and shines through them.

All modern science has proceeded by this vital, organic movement, and not in a mere flux. It has corrected earlier distinctions by taking the unexplained residue which they held and striking a light from it. And religious or political institutions may follow the same path if men will. The negation, the scepticism, does not affect what was affirmed so much as what seemed to be put under a ban, although when fresh knowledge comes, the old changes colour, so to speak. All the laws of Kepler and Newton will not hinder us from seeing the sun rise as of old and pass from east to west by way of the south, even as it did from the beginning. Vision is one thing, and science another; but they are disparate rather than opposed. In like manner, the beliefs from which we set out in childhood, with their strong affirmations and anathemas, pass by-and-by into the region of criticism, of comparison; but it would be easy to show that their substance remains unaltered, and that where we add to them, or refine their grossness, or enlarge their dimensions, we are still attached to the same planet, although now it is moving in an orbit which we did not at first apprehend. The great principles of life are few; and they change less than our talk about them would lead us to fancy.

But if there is any peril at this time more insidious than another, it is to imagine that "Nature" being all of a piece, we may take up any doctrine we please or the reverse of it, and it will be much the same in a hundred years. Continuity, thus handled, is paralysing. It means the loss of motive-power, of self-respect, of individuality. It is the ruin of moral dynamics, and an excuse for conservatism of the basest kind in the name of scientific progress. If, as Mr. Sidgwick holds, "every opinion stated is an argument, not a revelation," where is to be the end of our arguing? Shall we ever get back to the fulcrum from which men have moved the world? Nor is it a question of the "happy assurance" which the day's duties require of us. The question is whether we can let our minds stultify themselves, and to what degree we are responsible for our own intellectual character. We give our assent, says Mr. Sidgwick elsewhere, on the slightest provocation. Yes, but these primary assents on which our thought and conduct turn have been enshrined in language for thousands of years, and have proved themselves not unequal to the strain laid upon them, if we may judge by the progress not only of physical science, but of morals, religion, and even metaphysics. True belief is justified by its fruits. Well, then, the old Yea and Nay of the Ten Commandments, of the Christian Gospels, of Aristotelian logic, of the Greek and English art of poetry, and so many other things that have yielded us the best of civilisation, surely may abide this Baconian test. How would the world have got on did the opposites of all these reign in their stead? It is not the confusion of the higher with the lower synthesis, or the degradation of affirmatives to doubts, that we need at present. Much more is it the adjustment of new knowledge to old and certain principles. If it can be done by a mere logical process—which was Amiel's theory, and, we should say, his great mistake—let the attempt be made, by all means. But if character, genius, and ethical choice be necessary to the establishment of a scientific creed by which we can live, the sure way to make it impossible is to ground the difference between Yea and Nay on "convenience," and to uphold it simply "for the sake of argument." There are "opinions" which, as soon as a man hears them, become to him revelations; and it is in the light of such creative ideas that the world has moved on.

OSSIAN, AND OTHERS.

THREE CENTURIES OF SCOTTISH LITERATURE. By Hugh Walker, M.A., Professor of English in St. David's College, Lampeter. 2 Vols. Glasgow: J. Maclehose & Sons.

PROFESSOR WALKER begins his three centuries with the Reformation—or rather, we should say, the period immediately preceding it, for the first chapter is principally devoted to David Lindsay. The plan of the book allows of its falling for the most part into a series of biographical essays—always the most satisfactory form of history, literary or other, when the man is to a certain extent representative of his times and a part of the events which characterise them. Lindsay, George Buchanan, Knox, Burns, and Scott make excellent subjects for such biographies. In the remaining chapters, while we have no such outstanding names for events to group themselves round, the biographical treatment is as far as possible retained—and always to the advantage of the narrative. Those headed "Ramsay to Fergusson," "The Earlier Anglo-Scottish School of the Eighteenth Century," and "The Later Anglo-Scottish School of the Eighteenth Century," are very readable, and afford a good deal of information about a period usually passed over in literary manuals as arid and uninteresting. Professor Walker's remarks on the importance of Thomson's "Seasons" as marking a return to nature at a time when the artificial school was still dominant in England, deserve notice. It may be so; but we fancy most people, if they were quite honest, would confess to sharing our own experience: the later James Thomson is so much easier to read than the earlier, that we are quite content with the latter at second-hand. Professor Walker's analysis of the "Castle of Indolence" will introduce that work to many who know it only by name. But he does not tell us how Thomson furnished a practical illustration to the poem in the matter of eating peaches. The writers whom he classes as the "later Anglo-Scottish School" fall into two groups, neither of them comprising names of any great intrinsic interest, and only important as illustrating the growth of thought and taste. The first group consists of Wilson, Wilkie, Blacklock, and Douglas Home—the second of Falconer of the "Shipwreck," Mickle (chiefly remembered on account of his doubtful claim to "There's nae luck about the house"), Beattie, Macpherson, Bruce, and Logan. Professor Walker devotes several pages to the discussion of Macpherson's "Ossian," coming to the conclusion that "the so-called Gaelic texts are documents made up to fit Macpherson's 'translation.' They are not wholly forgeries, but they have been much 'doctored'; and there are innumerable indications in the language that even the genuine parts are far more modern than the date assigned by Macpherson." No doubt Professor Walker is right, and the question is one upon which we do not feel ourselves competent to pronounce; but the argument advanced in support of his position, which is based on what we might "expect to find in early poetry," does not strike us as altogether convincing. Of course, the primitive poetry of all nations has certain characteristics in common, but there are also important national and racial differences, and it would be dangerous to argue from Homer or the Nibelungenlied to the ancient Irish epics. Now, precisely the points he dwells upon as proving either that the poems originated with Macpherson or that they were, in any case, of recent date—"the romantic love which holds such a conspicuous place in 'Fingal'; the chivalrous generosity to enemies and to the fallen, so inconsistent with the customs of early warfare; the frequent descriptions of Nature, not as an accessory, but for its own sake"—are all distinctly Celtic characteristics, and might, we fancy, be exemplified over and over again from undoubtedly early Welsh and Irish compositions. A peculiarly romantic and idealistic conception of love, in particular, is characteristic of the Celtic mind; and we fancy this circumstance is closely connected with another—pointed out by Mr. Joseph Jacobs in the

introduction to his "Celtic Fairy Tales"—viz., the frequency with which, in those tales, the heroine declares her love to the hero. It should be noted that, whether or not he reciprocates the feeling, he never appears to think the worse of her or treat her with less respect for doing so; nor is there any reason why he should. "Fair white trefoils sprang up wherever she trod" exquisitely expresses the Celtic spirit of admiration for the beauty of the loved one. Instances, too, of dwelling on the beauty of nature for its own sake might, we think, easily be multiplied. Of course, Macpherson, who could not, any more than the rest of us, escape from the influence of his own age and surroundings, could only render his originals into the language of eighteenth-century sentiment and sensibility, and in so doing inevitably caricatures them; and it must also be taken into account that the originals themselves, having been handed down orally, had also, to a certain extent, marched with the times. Professor Walker has himself recognised this fact in another place, when speaking of the ancient ballads, and the comparatively modern form in which they have reached us; it seems curious that he should not have applied the principle to Ossian. But the truth appears to be that, while forming a set of rules and notions of what ancient poetry ought to be, Professor Walker is devoid of that intuitive sympathy, or whatever one may call it (it is born with those who have it, and we mean no depreciation of those who have it not), which enables a man to say instinctively whether a particular ballad is genuine or not—which makes a forged or interpolated line jar upon him like a false note in music. We remember, many years ago, being *choqués* in this way by the line, "The aspen gray forgot to play," in "Barthram's Dirge"—on first meeting with that fragment in an anthology, while utterly unaware of its history. It is the want of this quality that spoils Professor Walker's otherwise interesting and instructive chapter on "The Popular Ballads," and imparts to its treatment a kind of academic ponderousness that reminds us of the scientist who only looks upon wild flowers as subjects for the herbarium. We have seen it pointed out elsewhere that the instinct we have been alluding to would have told him for certain that "The north wind tore the brut" (in "Tandum") is *not* ancient. He remarks, very justly (on p. 190), on the wonderful felicity of epithet—the suggestive touches which, without description, bring a whole scene before the mind's eye; but we think he must be mistaken in saying (in illustration of the dictum that sometimes "the indiscriminate application of conventional epithets seems to indicate a certain obtuseness of sense") "Nearly every river is a 'wan water,' an epithet which, by frequent and indiscriminate use, lost whatever meaning it may have had at first." It was our impression that "wan" in this connection is the past participle of the word "win," in the sense of "rise," and that a "wan water" was a flooded water, or one which had "won" beyond its usual level. At any rate, so far as our recollection serves, every allusion to a "wan water" in the ballads refers to a flooded river, or, where this is not expressly stated, at least marks the fact that the water is high. Thus in "Burd Helen"—

"Till that they cam to a wan water,
And folks do call it Clyde"—

where the difficulty of swimming it is emphasised. So, too, in "Kinmont Willie"—

"I wadna' hae ridden that wan water
For a' the gowd in Christentie."

Other instances will occur to everyone familiar with this department of literature.

We have not referred to the chapters on Burns and Scott. They are fresh and readable; the facts are well grouped, and their relation to the whole course of the history are duly brought out. It was not easy to be fresh, without the help of new discoveries as to fact, or eccentricities of opinion, on subjects so often handled; and we think the difficulty

has been successfully overcome. On the whole, these two volumes contain thoroughly excellent work.

FICTION.

DODO: A DETAIL OF THE DAY. By E. F. Benson. In 2 vols. London: Methuen & Co.

UNDER THE GREAT SEAL. By Joseph Hatton. In 3 vols. London: Hutchinson & Co.

HELEN BRENT, M.D. London: Gay & Bird.

CAP AND GOWN COMEDY: A SCHOOLMASTER'S STORIES. London: A. & C. Black.

"Dodo" is essentially a comedy of manners. The interest is that of types rather than of individuals. As a novel it is a trifle thin and chilly, and the story might, without detriment to its plot, be compressed into half-a-dozen chapters; but as a social study the book possesses distinct merit, and there is not a dull page in the two volumes. The author has evidently studied society from a point of vantage, and with the eye of a keen observer. The portraits presented to us in "Dodo" are sketched with palpable truthfulness, as well as with startling vividness of outline and colour. Dodo herself, the heroine of the story, is a masterly study, and in the development of this single character all the interest of the book is concentrated. She is "Dodo" to her friends, but to the world at large she is the Marchioness of Chesterford, a leader of society by virtue of her beauty, her wit, and her overpowering individuality. With all these attractions, she is soulless, heartless, and not a little coarse. Married to a thoroughly good fellow who adores her and believes in her with most single-hearted devotion, Dodo proves herself alike ungrateful and unworthy. She is supremely the modern woman, to whom a new sensation is the one thing needful, and *ennui* the chief terror of life. She becomes a mother, but maternity is no less wearisome to her than marriage. She "found it bored her to say 'Didums' for an indefinite period." The baby dies, and Dodo is merely annoyed at the interruption to her social triumphs. Her husband bores her, and she thereupon proposes, for a change, to run away with his cousin, Jack Broxton, who, however, has the decency to refuse his aid in the experiment. Jack is, nevertheless, genuinely in love with the beautiful Dodo, and, upon the timely decease of her unfortunate husband, is willing to run the risk of becoming his successor. But, at the last moment, Dodo's ever-flitting fancy roves to an Austrian prince, and this fresh caprice is the means of saving Jack from certain misery with her. The slight story is told with charming grace and considerable power, whilst the dialogue is a perpetual feast of epigram and paradox. An artificial atmosphere, it is true, but bright and stimulating, if not particularly wholesome. As a brilliant and incisive study of feminine character, "Dodo" is a noteworthy piece of work.

In his latest work, "Under the Great Seal," Mr. Hatton has broken new ground. The story deals with the fortunes of the early settlers in Newfoundland, in the days "when George the Third was King;" and from that troubled record the author succeeds in constructing a stirring romance, full of movement and incident. The first volume concerns itself with the history of one Alan Keith, a hardy young Scotchman, who incites the oppressed settlers of "the oldest British colony" to rebellion against the flagrant tyranny of certain men who have been sent out, in a semi-official capacity, by the Home Government. The brutal injustice wreaked upon the colony by these "Fishing Admirals" leads to a terrible act of vengeance by Alan, who thenceforth abandons citizenship and becomes a buccaneer of the most pronounced kind. By dint of incessant piracy he amasses a huge fortune, which he buries in a remote part of the coast of Labrador. The story then abruptly skips a period of twenty years, and we are introduced to Alan's son, David, amid the homely surroundings of life on the east coast of England. David, like his father, is destined to

suffer many afflictions, including shipwreck and the loss of his sweetheart. But, in a healthy-minded, old-fashioned romance of this type, Fortune's wheel may safely be trusted to turn finally in the direction of wealth and happiness for the distressed hero. Accordingly, David and his father are re-united, the long-buried treasure is reclaimed, and the lost love replaced by one more constant in her affections. All these varied incidents are related by the author with great zest, though at far too great length. The book would have gained immensely by compression. As it stands, it is overburdened with detail and comment to a wearisome degree. There is a looseness of construction in the plot, which tends to mar the effect of certain episodes in themselves dramatic and forcible—such as the flight and the return of Elmira Webb, David's faithless sweetheart. But, despite its obvious limitations and defects, "Under the Great Seal" will win favour as a realistic and picturesque romance.

The anonymous author of "Helen Brent, M.D.," is very much in earnest. She—for unmistakably the book is written by a woman—has evidently formed a number of decided opinions upon the vexed question of Woman's Rights and other tough problems of our social economy, and has propounded her theories in this little book under the specious guise of a novel. But though the pill may be gilded, it does not become palatable. The author writes with vigour and sincerity, but the book is an essay and not a novel, the story being too obviously a mere peg upon which to hang certain pet theories. Dr. Helen Brent is a beautiful and earnest-minded woman who has given herself, heart and soul, to her profession, in which she has attained eminence. But her career is complicated by the fact that she is in love. Her lover, Harold Skidmore, is a rising young lawyer, of ambition equal to her own. On the question of her retaining or discarding her profession after marriage they differ so absolutely that finally their engagement is broken off. Harold consoles himself with a pretty and frivolous "Society Queen," whilst Dr. Brent continues her surgical practice. Of course, Harold is eventually punished by the desertion of his butterfly wife, and a hint is given that he will, in due time, be broken-in to obedience and a fitting sense of inferiority as Doctor Brent's husband. On the whole, the author has stated her case with considerable force and fairness, hampered by the fact that all these arguments have been already employed *ad nauseam* by other writers. There is much sound sense and practical shrewdness in her onslaught upon the present anomalous condition of social opinion, which, she avers, compels women to be "either dolls or steam-engines." Helen herself is a noble-minded woman, but depressingly addicted to preaching "the cause" in and out of season. Her deadly seriousness is a trifle chilling in effect, and the unconverted reader is likely to sympathise with the rebellious lover, who "shuddered to think of his wife coming to him fresh from performing an operation, smelling of ether and carbolic acid." The author's honest indignation with social shams is meritorious, if futile; but we fear the zeal that consumes her will not avail to reclaim erring man from his preference for the milder type of womankind, nor cure him of his reprehensible habit of falling in love. Scolding, however loud and persistent, has not hitherto proved very successful in altering the laws of nature.

The anonymous author of "Cap and Gown Comedy" appears to have passed through some harrowing experiences in the course of his scholastic career, but so amusingly does he turn them to account in this pleasant little book that the reader's sympathy is diverted into channels of mirth. It was, indeed, distinctly a happy thought that prompted these bright and truthful little pictures of school life. The author evidently knows the British schoolboy with an intimate knowledge, and has sketched him in these pages with an amount of humour and sympathy that renders the book very pleasant read-

ing. The seven short stories are linked into sufficient sequence to form a kind of autobiography, in which pedagogic woes are most movingly set forth. With gentle interest we trace the author's career, from the moment when, as a budding usher, he enters the establishment of the bogus "Doctor" Spick at Brighton, thence to obtain promotion to assistant-mastership at a public school, followed by head-mastership at a decayed country grammar-school, until we reluctantly part with our genial guide in the Far East, where we leave him to the dubious enjoyment of principalship over a native school of "shambling, squatting youths, with a perpetual crick in their soft backbones, and a cringing smile on their dusky faces." Incidentally the author draws his own portrait, which is that of a kindly, conscientious, and keenly sensitive man, whose only vice is an insatiable passion for quotations, classical and Shakespearean. He drops into poetry as persistently as Mr. Silas Wegg himself. A very characteristic story is that called "A Deed Without a Name," in which the true comedy vein is displayed. It is a mock-heroic account of the mental anguish endured by the strictly conscientious "Head" by being compelled by his sense of duty to carry out his threat of flogging an amiable but recalcitrant pupil—a task far more repugnant to the gentle executioner than to the sturdy victim.

The playful humour and shrewd common sense of this little book encourages us to hope for the further instalments modestly hinted at by the author.

EXOTERIC DISCOURSES ON ART.

MAN IN ART. STUDIES IN RELIGIOUS AND HISTORICAL ART, PORTRAIT AND GENRE. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. London: Macmillan & Co.

MR. HAMERTON has produced a sumptuous volume which is equally interesting to read and pleasant to look upon. The forty-six plates, taken by themselves, form an exceedingly delightful and profitable study, owing to the notes (printed in red on the protecting fly-leaf) which Mr. Hamerton has appended to each, and which obviate the necessity of reference to the text. Indeed (as is explained in an introductory note), the plan of the work precludes the direct elucidation of the plates in the text; and it is, to our thinking, an advantage that each of them can be enjoyed separately. The illustrations themselves are fine examples of various processes, among which, perhaps, the most remarkable is the hyalograph, or drawing on glass, used in depicting several notable pieces of statuary—among which we may mention the Laughing Faun of the Louvre, the bronze statuette of Marsyas, Rude's Mercury (drawn by G. de Roton), the Satyr, with the Infant Bacchus, and others. The effect is one of extreme softness and delicacy, combined with clearness, and the process has the advantage of losing less of the original work than any other method of reproduction, though it cannot, like ordinary photography, be applied to the work itself, but only to drawings of it. The drawing is made on a sheet of specially prepared ground glass, and the light is made to fall through it on a sensitised etching-ground, which is thus bitten like an aquatint. Among the other plates we may mention, as specially beautiful, Flameng's engraving of Moreau's "Edipus and the Sphinx," the mezzotint engravings of G. F. Watts's portraits of Tennyson and Lord Lawrence, and two or three of the drawings of Daniel Vierge, of whom we have lately heard so much.

Coming to the text, we find that the work is one which would require a *Quarterly* article to discuss it adequately. Anything Mr. Hamerton writes is sure to be scholarly, cultured, and interesting; and whether (from a technically artistic point of view) one agrees with him or not, one can always learn from him. Moreover, lay folk in artistic matters may read this book not only with pleasure but *avec fruit* likewise; and points which often puzzle outsiders, but which, somehow, no one ever thinks of explaining, are disposed of with a happy ease and lucidity. It is difficult to specify, but among the chapters we have found most attractive we may mention those on "The Education of the Figure Painter," "Gods, Men and Monsters," and several of those on "Portrait." The discussion of the question of drapery or its absence in art (pp. 33-45) puts the matter on the right basis, and is characterised by singular clearness, force and moderation. We do not remember to have seen elsewhere the statement advanced in the preface—which, however, strikes us as undeniably true—that the English race is "far more graphic than plastic in its artistic tendencies," almost universally "preferring painting to sculpture of equal excellence." Mr. Hamerton goes on to say, "We cannot help this narrowness, and we may console ourselves with the reflection that the ancient

Greeks, whose practical gift for sculpture was probably accompanied by an appreciation of it more intelligent than ours, were blind to forms of art that we thoroughly understand. It is likely that they had a closer sympathy with the art of Phidias than any which is possible for us; but there is no probability that Phidias himself could have appreciated the qualities of a Rembrandt, a Constable, or a Turner." Is this the reason—or one reason—for the comparative indifference of the ancient Greeks to landscape?

Mr. Hamerton disclaims for his book "any purpose of inculcating a doctrine or advocating a reform." He also says that no art critic ever did so with the slightest effect, and that when this has seemed to be the case, the truth is that the critic happens "by a coincidence of his own tastes and desires with those of militant contemporary artists, to accompany some movement in art, and to make himself its literary spokesman." Does this mean that nobody would ever have listened to Mr. Ruskin but for Turner?

HAWTHORNE—AND HIS CHUM.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. By Horatio Bridge. London: Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.

THE writer of this artless and by no means important volume was a life-long friend of the mysterious author of "The Scarlet Letter" and "The House with the Seven Gables," and we do not wonder at it. To literary men—and Hawthorne was a man of letters to the finger-tips—there is something infinitely refreshing and endearing in the society of those happier souls who never know the torture of phrase-mongering or the pains of artistic labour. To be sound, sensible, true, and frankly illiterate, however well-informed, is usually the best passport to an author's heart.

Hawthorne dedicated his "Snow Image" to his old college chum, Horatio Bridge, and puts upon him the responsibility which really belongs to the stars, or whatever else shapes the inevitable destinies of men. "If anybody is responsible for my being at this day an author, it is yourself. I know not whence your faith came, but while we were lads together at a country college, gathering blue-berries in study hours under those tall, academic pines, or watching the great logs as they tumbled along the current of the Androsoggin, or shooting pigeons or grey squirrels in the woods, or bat-fowling in the summer twilight, or catching trout in that shadowy little stream which, I suppose, is still wandering riverward through the forest, though you and I will never cast a line in it again; two idle lads, in short—still it was your prognostic of your friend's destiny that he was to be a writer of fiction."

In this preface, which Mr. Bridge, with pardonable pride and great effect, prints amidst the hubbub of his own clumsy but delightfully honest sentences, we can read a great part of Hawthorne's life and see how, from head to foot, he was an artist in words, for ever striving after perfection and so experiencing all an artist's pain. The words we have ventured to print in italics, with their subtle use of the "I suppose," must for ever wander like a shadowy stream through our memory down to the all-receiving, all-obliterating river of Death.

No one, we think, can lay down Mr. Bridge's book without thanking him for it. It is a pleasant, matter-of-fact performance without literary merit, and yet somehow or another we like it and feel mightily well disposed to its author.

THE PRODUCTION OF BOOKS IN ANTIQUITY.

HANDBOOK OF GREEK AND LATIN PALÆOGRAPHY. By Edward Maunde Thompson, D.C.L., etc., Principal Librarian of the British Museum. (International Scientific Series.) London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

IT is a curious and, in some respects, rather a humiliating fact that in spite of the keen and increasing interest now taken in Greek and Latin literature there are hardly a score of classical scholars in England or America who can read even a few lines of an ancient MS. with tolerable ease. It might be objected, of course, that very few authors or artists have much notion of the methods by which their own work is made accessible to the public—of the mysteries of "making-up," for instance, or of the production of illustrations by any kind of "process." But the fact remains that we nearly all of us have to take the text of Greek and Latin authors on trust. Partly we are confident in the diligence and good faith of their editors; partly we are sure that if there were any *lacunæ* in either, rival scholars would publish the fact at once. Palæography, however, has been making its way at the English universities, in a somewhat tentative and intermittent fashion, for the last ten or twelve years: a number of fac-similes of ancient manuscripts have been issued for the use of students, and there are several useful text books in the German language. The work before us is, however, the first in English. But it is not confined to palæography properly so-called. It does not, of course, treat of inscriptions on stone, which constitute the subject matter of a wholly distinct branch of learning—epigraphy. And, though it professes to be only an outline, it deals very fully, considering the size, with the history of Greek and Latin handwritings from the earliest times down to the establishment of the Court and Chancery hands, the

latter of which is the precursor of the hands used in engrossing deeds in our own day. There are plenty of fac-similes of MS. and characters of all kinds, ancient and mediæval, but besides this we have a good deal of really interesting and curious information as to writing materials, the manufacture of papyrus, the various forms of book in use in Greece and Rome, the history of punctuation, and, in fact, everything that concerns the methods of production of books in antiquity. The recent discoveries of papyri in Egypt come in for their due share of notice, though there, as elsewhere, Mr. Maunde Thompson's commendation of the beauty and neatness of the handwritings employed will often raise a smile on the faces of those who are less expert in deciphering MSS. than he is himself. The book can be strongly recommended to all classical scholars, and indeed to all who are interested in that important part of literature which is technically called book production. Of its timeliness for students there is no need for us to speak. There are doubtless plenty more papyri in Egypt, and there may yet be treasures in Constantinople, perhaps in Hungary, and in the Sinaitic peninsula, surpassing in interest anything discovered of late years. It is just as well that our younger scholars should be prepared for the harvest.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

"FERDINAND LASSALLE AS A SOCIAL REFORMER" is a title which, to say the least, awakens expectations. Herr Bernstein's little book is, however, dull and formal, and we confess that we are greatly disappointed with it. It is, of course, written from the point of view of a Social Democrat, and its tone is critical. Herr Bernstein admits that Socialism in Germany to-day is far removed from the position which Lassalle held, but he is apparently angry with other people for laying stress on the fact. He holds that Lassalle was far more indebted to Marx than he admitted in his writings, and he altogether refuses to regard the former as the historic originator of the Social Democratic movement in Germany. Ferdinand Lassalle's romantic career suffers, in truth, in Herr Bernstein's prosaic handling. The book lacks vigour as well as colour, and we cannot imagine that anyone, who is not already an uncompromising Socialist of the modern school, will take pleasure in such a dreary record. Truth to tell, Herr Bernstein seems to us to damn Lassalle with faint praise; and the note of chagrin is not absent when he speaks of the "Lassalle cult" which grew up after the tragic death of the leader, and of the mischief to the movement which, in his opinion, followed so remarkable an outbreak of personal homage. Mrs. Aveling has made a careful translation of the work, but it remains, in spite of her efforts, a laboured and ineffectual exposition—obscure in parts, and heavy from beginning to end.

It is pleasant to come across a book so sensible and shrewd as Dr. Henry Dyer's "Science Teaching in Schools." A cynic once observed that the two greatest foes of progress were ignorance and science, the one because it was ignorance, and the other because it was self-sufficient. No one will, of course, quarrel with the first part of such an opinion, and Dr. Dyer is candid enough to admit that there is just enough truth in the second to carry a sting. He declares that too much of what is called science consists of cut-and-dry facts, or of statements which have not been verified by observations, and incomplete theories which are based on imperfect knowledge, and when this is the case narrow dogmatism is only too apt to come into play. "Science Teaching in Schools," he contends, ought to be something better than an organised system of extracting fees and earning grants, and in these vigorous and suggestive pages—the outcome of much practical experience—he sets forth in detail a more excellent way. Even science, he believes, with Professor Laurie, only becomes in the highest sense educational when it is transfigured by imagination and touched by moral emotion. The value of this admirable exposition is heightened by an elaborate appendix, in which is set forth the lines on which the London School Board, the Leicester School Board, the West of Scotland Technical College, Glasgow, the School of Commerce, Lyons, and the Mercantile Institute, Leipzig, are at the present time proceeding in the teaching of science.

Dr. Ernest Hart has already done excellent service in unmasking a prevalent system of imposture, and many people will therefore be glad that he has reprinted by permission his articles in the *Nineteenth Century* and the *British Medical Journal* on "Hypnotism, Mesmerism, and the New Witchcraft." The book

* FERDINAND LASSALLE AS A SOCIAL REFORMER. By Edward Bernstein. Translated by Eleanor Marx Aveling. London and New York: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. Crown 8vo. (2s. 6d.)

SCIENCE TEACHING IN SCHOOLS. An Address. By Henry Dyer, C.E., M.A., D.Sc. London and Edinburgh: Blackie & Son. Crown 8vo, (2s.)

HYPNOTISM, MESMERISM, AND THE NEW WITCHCRAFT. By Ernest Hart. Illustrated. London: Smith, Elder & Co. Crown 8vo.

FROM PHILISTIA. Essays on Church and World. By J. Brierley, B.A. London: James Clarke & Co. Crown 8vo.

ZOOLOGY OF THE INVERTEBRATA. A Text-Book for Students. By Arthur E. Shipley, M.A. London: Adam & Charles Black. Demy 8vo. (18s. net.)

A CENTURY OF CHRISTIAN SERVICE. Kensington Congregational Church, 1793-1893. By C. Silvester Horne, M.A. Portraits and Illustrations. London: Hodder & Stoughton. Crown 8vo.

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exposes the sham tricks of the clairvoyant and the mesmerist, and lays stress on the therapeutic uselessness and social mischief of hypnotism. Dr. Hart endorses the opinion of Professor Charcot that for curative purposes hypnotism is very rarely useful, generally of no avail, and often injurious. He asserts that the confirmed and trained hypnotic subject is an enfeebled person in mind and body, and likely, moreover, to become at any moment dangerous to himself and to society. He explains the physical facts which underlie hypnotic phenomena, and he does his best to dispel the fallacies industriously circulated by imaginative, ill-informed, or interested people. In speaking of the claims of the Spiritualists, Dr. Hart lays stress on the fact that science, with its rigorous analysis and exact methods of proof, has made an end of fairies, fauns, brownies, river-gods, and other imaginary beings, and yet, oddly enough, "ghosts now write letters and are beginning to show a disposition to suffer themselves to be photographed." Dr. Hart hints that he should be slow to deride human curiosity in its gropings after the supernatural. He cannot, of course, assert that all who embrace Spiritualism are sceptics, but he does well, nevertheless, to insist on the fact that a tendency in this direction generally indicates a dwindling faith in revealed religion. He puts the matter in a nutshell when he says that the Spiritualists have never told us anything worth knowing, and are in hopeless disagreement amongst themselves. "Will common sense not teach people that, if there really were a channel of intercourse between the living and the dead, many a message would come from friends gone before, of serious and weighty import, instead of trifles and ineptitudes which have a suspicious resemblance to echoes of the thoughts of the living?" This book will probably prove unwelcome to cranks and dabblers in the black arts, but it expresses the views of the medical and scientific world and of level-headed people of all classes and conditions.

Can any good thing come "From Philistia"? Here is a volume of "Essays on Church and World," hailing from that region, which it certainly would not be a good thing rashly to sweep aside, since both sweetness and light are in them. Mr. Brierley happily describes his book when he calls it a collection of scattered studies, the result of varying mood, circumstances, and mental preoccupations, whose only link of connection is their individuality of standpoint and general drift of purpose. Although he lives avowedly in the heart of Philistia, and belongs to the despised race of Nonconformists, he has the audacity to take up his parable concerning not only Boethius and Montaigne, but Lucian and Voltaire. The Church in these pages is represented by essays on Augustine, Bunyan, and Spurgeon; whilst Rabelais, who holds the place of honour in the volume—good easy *cure* of Meudon though he was—may be accepted as a tolerably doughty champion of the world. These essays, though lacking in lightness of literary touch and epigrammatic grace of phrase, are in the main tolerably shrewd, and are pervaded with a moral discernment which is not too common amongst those superior persons who are accustomed to make sport not for, but at, the Philistines. There are other papers in the book which belong somewhat to the sermon-from-an-easy-chair order; but the good advice which they contain is pleasantly conveyed, is marked by a manly breadth of sympathy, and upon it there does not fall, in the least degree, the shadow of censoriousness. The book is so good that we think Mr. Brierley, with a little care, might have made it a little better; essays which are intended to be read at leisure ought not to be written in haste, and therefore we regret the inclusion in the volume of two or three papers written clumsily and without the least escape from the commonplace in thought as well as in expression.

Mr. Arthur Shipley—Demonstrator of Comparative Anatomy at Cambridge—has just written a text-book for students at the universities on "Zoology of the Invertebrata." The work is written on strictly scientific lines, and it, of course, presupposes on the part of its readers a measure of acquaintance with facts of animal biology. During the last few years considerable light has been thrown on the structure and relationship of the invertebrata, and this accession of knowledge has rendered imperative a revised system of classification. Finality is not to be looked for in zoology—or, indeed, in any other branch of natural science—but Mr. Shipley's scheme of classification will doubtless prove of service to students, since it has been compiled with great judgment as well as evident care, and covers the results of the latest research. Mr. Shipley has avowedly handled the subject of this book from a morphological standpoint, and this circumstance heightens the value of the work as a practical treatise. The book contains a great number of valuable scientific diagrams, and its utility as a work of reference is increased by the inclusion of a copious index.

The honourable and impressive annals of Congregationalism in Kensington since George III. was king are pleasantly recorded in the volume entitled "A Century of Christian Service, 1793-1893." The Church was founded in the year of the French Revolution by a group of Dissenters who held fast by the doctrines and discipline of the Assembly of Divines at Westminster. These Kensington worthies issued an appeal to their neighbours and friends, in which they stated that they intended to "leave the briars and thorny fields of disputation and false philosophy of factious politics and jarring interests of ambitious

men," in order that they might lead quiet and peaceable lives, and worship according to the "religious principles of Protestant Dissenters." After a few years of struggle the Congregational church at Kensington grew prosperous and influential, and, in spite of all the social changes which have since occurred, it remains so until this day. Amongst its ministers occur the distinguished names of Dr. Leifchild, Dr. Robert Vaughan, Dr. Alexander Raleigh, and, for a long term of eventful years, Dr. John Stoughton, who still survives in a green old age, to be gladdened by the new departure in aggressive work which the Church has recently made under his youthful successor, the Rev. Silvester Horne. We gather from the epilogue to this interesting story that Mr. Horne believes, with a great ecclesiastical historian of this generation, that the "unaccomplished mission of the Christian Church is to reconstruct society on the basis of brotherhood"; and this, if we mistake not, is the ideal with which the Congregationalists at Kensington are advancing to their second century of Christian service.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- BLACK'S GUIDE TO THE COUNTY OF KENT. Edited by Charles Worthy. (A. & C. Black.)
- THE EMU'S HEAD. A Novel. By W. Carlton Dawe. Two vols. (Ward & Downey.)
- THE GHOST WORLD. By T. F. Thiselton Dyer. (Ward & Downey.)
- PRAIRIE FOLKS. A Novel. By Hamlin Garland. (Sampson Low.)
- EMMETT BONLORE. A Novel. By Opie Read. (Sampson Low.)
- AURANGZIB. By Stanley Lane-Poole, B.A. *Rulers of India.* (Oxford: The Clarendon Press.)
- A CHANGE OF AIR. A Novel. By Anthony Hope. (Methuen.)
- MR. TOMMY DOVE, AND OTHER STORIES. By Margaret Deland. (Longmans.)
- DOD'S PARLIAMENTARY COMPANION. Sixty-first year. (Whittaker.)
- ROYAL ACADEMY PICTURES, 1893. Illustrating the 125th Exhibition of the Royal Academy. (Cassell.)
- A POPULAR HISTORY OF ASTRONOMY DURING THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By Agnes M. Clerke. Third edition. (A. & C. Black.)
- WOMAN'S MISSION. A Series of Congress Papers on the Philanthropic Work of Women. Arranged and edited by the Baroness Burdett Coutts. (Sampson Low.)
- SUNSHINE AND SHADOW. By Arnold Frank Hills. (Vegetarian Publishing Office.)
- LONDON IN 1893. Originally compiled by the late Herbert Fry. (W. H. Allen.)
- SACRED STUDIES; OR, HIGHER RELIGIOUS EDUCATION. By the Ven. W. Macdonald Sinclair, D.D., Archdeacon of London. (Elliot Stock.)
- ODES AND EPODES OF HORACE. Translated by Sir Stephen de Vere. (George Bell.)
- RECOLLECTIONS OF MIDDLE LIFE. Translated from the French of Francisque Sarcey by Elizabeth L. Cary. (Heinemann.)
- SCOTTLAND YARD. By ex-Chief Inspector Cavanagh. (Chatto & Windus.)
- HIS HEART TO WIN. A Novel. By Curtis Yorke. (Jarrold.)
- THE LIFE AND ENTERPRISES OF FERDINAND DE LESSEPS. By G. Barnett Smith. (W. H. Allen.)
- SHAKESPEARE'S LAND. By C. J. Ribton-Turner. (Leamington: F. Glover, B.A.)
- THE SEARCH FOR GOD, AND OTHER SERMONS. By Robert Eyton. (Kegan Paul.)
- SWIFT. Selections from his Works. Edited, with Life, Introduction and Notes, by Henry Craik. Vol. II. (H. Frowde.)
- MISS HONORIA. A Novel. By Miss Langbridge. *The Tavistock Library.* (F. Warne.)
- VOICE-TRAINING PRIMER. By Mrs. Emil Behnke and Dr. C. W. Pearce. (Chappell.)
- THE GOLDEN TREASURY PSALTER. By Four Friends. *Golden Treasury Series.* (Macmillan.)
- ANNUAL SUMMARIES. Reprinted from *The Times*. Vol. I. 1851-1875. (Macmillan.)
- LE MORTE D'ARTHUR. By Sir Thomas Malory. Part I. (Dent.)
- THE NEED AND USE OF GETTING IRISH LITERATURE INTO THE ENGLISH TONGUE. An address by Stopford A. Brooke. (Unwin.)
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THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1893.

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THE WEEK.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS: Thursday night regarding the new financial proposals, though it elicited a sharp note of discontent

from Mr. Redmond, is generally regarded by the supporters of the Government as satisfactory. The settlement now proposed has been under discussion for some weeks, and though it does not go so far as the Irish members would like, it represents a considerable concession to their views. The chief feature of the new plan is its provisional character. For six years it will be carried on experimentally, and at the close of that term it will be reviewed in the light of the experience that has been gained. Mr. Redmond, who alone has raised his voice against the plan proposed by Mr. Gladstone, has only one fault to find with it—the fact that it retains the collection of all duties and taxes in the hands of the Imperial Government for the full term of six years. As a tentative measure, during an experimental period, this method of collecting the revenue has many advantages. As a permanent plan, it would be open to the strongest possible condemnation. Mr. Redmond, who would never dream of sacrificing the Home Rule Bill over a question of administrative detail like this, may succeed in convincing Ministers that it will be better to transfer the collection of revenue to the Irish authorities at once; but whether he does so or not, the publication of the new financial arrangements of the Bill has unquestionably improved its prospects, not only in the House, but with the Irish party.

ON Thursday night the Committee of the House of Commons was still engaged upon Clause 4 of the Bill, and so many amendments remained to be dealt with that there was no hope of its being passed last night without a resort to the Closure. The demand among the supporters of the Government for the adoption of the plan first proposed in THE SPEAKER is growing steadily, and the Government will be compelled to give way to it before long. At the same time it is obvious that the pessimism which prevails in some quarters as to the prospects of the Bill is quite unjustifiable. Ministers are armed with powers by means of which they can, if they choose, carry the Bill through Committee, not by a *coup de main*, which would be both unnecessary and unjustifiable, but by a steady and unswerving use of the Closure, in ample time to allow the House to adjourn for a few weeks at the close of the Committee stage. In these circumstances, if any Liberals are despondent,

it must be either because they have lost faith in their leaders, or because they have formed a mistaken estimate of the situation. Now we do not believe that there has been any loss of faith in the Ministry on the part of their supporters. There has been only one deserter from the fold—an entirely insignificant metropolitan member named Bolton. All others, including some who differ from the Ministerial plan of Home Rule on several points, are remaining quite loyal to the Government. The despondency felt in some quarters is due, therefore, not to want of faith in Ministers, but to a mistaken estimate of the situation. Men measure the rate of progress in the future by that which has prevailed in the past. They forget the powers with which the Government and the majority are armed—powers which they are bound to use for the protection not only of their own measures, but of the rights of Parliament. They forget that even Mr. Gladstone has admitted that at a particular juncture it will be the duty of Ministers to use those powers; and they do not seem to see how near we now are to that crisis thus foreshadowed by the Prime Minister. If they remembered these things they would be in better heart.

WE gave, the other day, an emphatic assurance that Ministers had not the slightest intention of adopting the proposal to hang up the Home Rule Bill until next year. It is hardly necessary to repeat that assurance now, for most persons can see how suicidal a policy of this kind would be. But it may be well to say, rather for the benefit of Ministers than of their party, what is the prevailing temper of Liberals in the House of Commons. They are resolved that, if the Home Rule Bill and the Parish Councils Bill are not carried before Christmas, it shall not be through any default on their part. Whilst prepared themselves to make any sacrifices necessary to attain this end, they look with confidence to the Government to take those steps which are necessary to bring about the result they wish to secure. We feel convinced that this confidence will not prove to have been misplaced.

THE loss of the Linlithgow seat by the Liberal party has been made the occasion of a great outburst of Tory jubilation. Of course, a seat lost is a vote lost, and we do not pretend that we are not chagrined at this particular defeat. But to represent it as affording proof that Scotland generally is deserting the Home Rule cause is mere folly. The real cause of the loss of Linlithgow by the Liberals is the question of Disestablishment. Mr. McLagan, the late member, was one of the few Scotch Liberals

who were opposed to disestablishment, and it was to this fact that he owed his return last year. The Liberal candidate last week had to face the whole strength of the Church party, and so far from his defeat in the circumstances being unexpected, it was generally anticipated before the ballot took place that the majority for his opponent would be still larger than it was.

A PARTY "crumbling away"—as the *Times*, in its finest vein of melodramatic exaggeration, chose to say after Linlithgow—could not pretend to exercise its right to use the closure. Our contemporary evidently forgot how the "crumbling away" process went on upon the side of the Tory Government in the last Parliament, and how, in spite of it, the closure was freely used. But it was not merely the loss of Linlithgow that, in the opinion of the *Times*, made it indecent to talk of pressing the Home Rule Bill upon the House of Commons. There was also a terrible schism between Ministers and the Irish members, which threatened at any moment to precipitate a catastrophe. That the Irish members do not agree with the Government upon every point in connection with the Home Rule Bill, we are by no means concerned to deny. It would be very strange if they did. On the financial clauses in particular they are naturally anxious to obtain the best terms they can for their country. But to speak as though there were any danger of a breach between the Ministry and the Irish members on a mere question of detail, is the idlest exaggeration. Both Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Sexton are too much in earnest in their desire to see the Home Rule Bill through the House of Commons to run any risk of losing it through a quarrel over its details.

OF all the arguments devised by Unionist orators against Home Rule, certainly the most elaborately, the most transcendently absurd is that put forward by Lord Salisbury, on the strength of his conception of Ireland "in time of war." He has now involved himself in a correspondence with some shrewd person who has evidently been catechising him on his military theories. Here is the latest explanation he has vouchsafed; it is too solemnly grotesque not to be worth quoting:—

"If, under existing circumstances, foreign cruisers were to attempt to supply themselves with coal, or other stores, in Irish bays, they would be prevented from doing so by the resident magistrates and police, who receive their orders from a member of the British Cabinet.

"Under the hypothesis to which you refer, the authorities on land would no longer receive their orders from a member of the British Cabinet, but from an Irish Ministry, who would very possibly be hostile to Great Britain; or still more probably, might think the occasion a good one for squeezing some further concession out of the British Ministry. If the land authorities did not interfere, there would be nothing to prevent the foreign cruisers from using Irish ports for the purposes of supplying themselves with coal and stores."

The idea that if an enemy's cruiser ran in for coal to an ungarrisoned Irish port—for if it were garrisoned the cruiser could not get in without a fight, and if she came in then she would come as a victor—and if some Cecil Roche, or Colonel Caddell of a removable magistrate appeared on the quay flourishing a proclamation of Mr. Balfour's she would thereupon take fright and rush off to the high seas again, is surely worthy of the highest flights of the *Pirates of Penzance*. "I proclaim you," we can hear Colonel Caddell exclaiming through his speaking-trumpet; "it is my duty, and I cannot let you have the coal." "It is his duty," the captain of the pirate barque (contra-basso) would respond, "We are proclaimed. He cannot let us have the coal. Let us away, away, away!" That is how they manage in comic opera. In real life the captain would give the magistrate while he counted six to throw up his hands as a prisoner, or be blown about the quay by a volley from his tops.

Mr. Balfour's proclamations in the hands of his Colonel Caddells were not able to rout even an Irish meeting armed with nothing. The fancy that they would put to flight an enemy's man-of-war with a pair of barbette guns trained on the Town Hall is worthy of Mr. Balfour's uncle.

THE point is worth considering a little further. In time of war Ireland must of course be garrisoned and her coasts patrolled by the fleet in any case, Home Rule or no Home Rule. But in case of Home Rule the difference in our position there would certainly be great. It is not the difference suggested by Lord Salisbury's remarkable illustration—that an enemy who succeeded in running into an Irish port would refrain from supplying himself from the coal wharves if a Coercion Act magistrate was there to object. It is the immense difference that in case of Home Rule the British garrison would be campaigning in a friendly country, in an ally's country, whereas if Home Rule were refused and the national sentiment of the people driven back into a bitter passion of resentment and disappointment, we should be campaigning in what would practically be an enemy's country. Every man's hand would be against us, and whatever value there would be to an enemy in having a population on shore willing to help him, would be magnified a dozen-fold if Lord Salisbury's policy were carried out. In fact, the military point of view—the point of view of national defence, the point of view of the Empire at large—supplies Englishmen with the strongest of all selfish arguments in favour of Home Rule.

MR. DAVID PLUNKET made one of his too rare incursions into debate on Wednesday on behalf of Trinity College, Dublin, which happens to be both his *Alma Mater* and his constituency, and whose rights he imagines to be threatened by the Home Rule Bill. Mr. Plunket is one of the most eloquent men in the House of Commons, and he comes of a family in which lofty eloquence is a tradition. His ancestor was one of the foremost of that wonderful band of orators who shed such lustre on the closing decades of the old Irish Parliament. There is more than a hint of that old-time Irish eloquence in the graceful periods and moving emphasis of Mr. Plunket's style, and he fairly charmed the House on Wednesday—opponents and friends—when he stood up to plead for his college.

THE theme was one well calculated to inspire him to eloquence; for though T. C. D. has not the traditions that cling to some of the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, and though it has occupied in Ireland a position which has in the main tended to keep it aloof from the sympathies of the mass of the people, yet with all its drawbacks it has managed to play a great part, and "Old Trinity" is still a name to conjure with. Mr. Plunket referred to some of its services to Ireland and to the Empire. Lord Cairns, who was Lord Chancellor of England; Dr. Magee, who was Archbishop of York; and Lord Mayo, who administered the Indian Empire, were all sons of Trinity College. It was the college of Swift, of Grattan, of Curran, of Tom Moore, of Isaac Butt; and in the House of Commons to-day there were men of different politics who owed their education to Trinity College. All this is very true as well as very eloquent, and we are sure—as Mr. Plunket himself also seemed to be—that most Irishmen, Catholic or Protestant, would resent the idea of Trinity College being in any way impaired or despoiled of its ancient rights and privileges. But Mr. Plunket's very faith in his countrymen would be the best answer to his own fears if there were not a perhaps still more satisfactory answer—more satis-

factory to some minds—in the fact that under the Home Rule Bill, as it stands, the Irish Parliament will have no power to commit the spoliation against which he wishes to guard.

NOT only are State granaries as old as the time of Joseph, but—as Professor Ashley's new volume of his *Economic History* is teaching us—it was common enough in mediæval England for municipalities to undertake the supply of grain and bread, and so save the consumer from the tricks of the "regrators and forestallers," who were the bugbear of mediæval legislators. But we cannot congratulate Lord Winchilsea on his proposal in the House of Lords last Tuesday to make provision of a similar kind for a danger so entirely chimerical as a complete blockade of all English ports. Impetuous youth, we notice, tends to despise the Economic Harmonies which played so large a part in the political economy of forty or fifty years ago. But the supply of grain is precisely that department in which voluntary effort works to the greatest advantage of the consumer—not, we admit, to that of the producer, because, whether in England or in Kansas or in Manitoba, he will insist on producing more than can find a remunerative sale. Even in the interest of the producer, however, the public-granary system would not work. As Lord Playfair showed, the wheat trade is quite sufficiently liable to disturbance without the additional danger that the market may be flooded at uncertain times by a store of State-owned wheat. The "rings" which the State might be supposed able to defeat by this means, as the United States Treasury once defeated the machinations of the Gold Ring in Wall Street by selling its stores of gold, are safely out of its reach on the other side of the Atlantic. And it would be rather hard on the taxpayer that the English wheat-grower should be specially selected for endowment at his expense while a multitude of other trades which employ more labour should be left without State aid.

It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to comment upon the conduct of Mr. Farquharson, the Tory member for Dorset, towards Mr. Gatty, his opponent at the last General Election. A jury, after listening to all that Mr. Farquharson could say on his own behalf, has condemned him to pay the sum of five thousand pounds to the man he had wronged in a fashion at once so cruel and so cowardly. Nor is this all. Honest men of both parties have expressed their warm approval of the verdict, and have allowed no one to remain in doubt as to their opinion of Mr. Farquharson himself. The penalty he has had to pay for that which was nothing less than an abominable outrage upon a gentleman who had the misfortune to be his opponent in a Parliamentary conflict is a very severe one, but in one respect it does not seem to us to go far enough. The jury had no power to require Mr. Farquharson to resign the seat which he had obtained under circumstances so discreditable. Is it too much to hope that he will himself acknowledge the general finding against him, by retiring from a position the possession of which ought to be as distasteful to him as it must be to his colleagues in the House of Commons?

THE moral dangers which the Gatty case has brought into undesirable prominence are unfortunately only too familiar to everyone (except parents) who is concerned with public school life. But it is found by experience that they are not wholly absent even in schools where the boys are kept under careful and incessant supervision (as is the case in most Roman Catholic schools, we believe): and although English public school authorities—quite rightly, in our opinion—consider that the evils which constant supervision insures far more than outbalance the chance of a diminution of those which it does not entirely obviate, still the careful

but unobtrusive watch kept in every well-ordered public school on the character and conduct of the boys, the compulsory games, the variety of interests provided, the systematic discouragement of loafing, and the stringent rules of superannuation, all tend to lessen the risk of scandals such as that which stains the annals of Charterhouse for 1865. The school, it may be remembered, was then in its original, but quite unsuitable, home—London; and most public schools eight-and-twenty years ago were very different places from what they are now. The increase of preparatory schools, too, has done much to diminish the evil. Outbreaks of vice are now, we believe, temporary and spasmodic; and it may truly be said that if the management of a private school or an army crammer's is at all lax, the dangers there are infinitely greater than at any public school, where at least bad influences tend to be lost in the crowd.

"COMMEN." at Oxford has been marked this year by all the ordinary incidents and some of an exceptional character. Mr. Bryce has done his very last bit of duty as Regius Professor of Civil Law in presenting the candidates for the honorary degree of Doctor in that science. This assemblage—a more distinguished one than usual, by the way—included Lord Rosebery and the Bishop of Oxford. That a Cabinet Minister should be a Professor, and in that capacity present his own colleague, is a rare event indeed. It is hardly less rare that the most distinguished historian of the English Constitution should be presented by another historian hardly less distinguished than himself. But Mr. Bryce is a many-sided man, and it is safe to predict that, whoever his successor in the Professorship may be, the progress of specialisation will effectually prevent him from combining in his own person the numerous and varied qualifications of his immediate predecessor.

THE French Chamber has been passing ABROAD. through a singular tempest this week: an atmospheric disturbance which, after distant mutterings and rumblings from the office of the *Cocarde*—that redoubtable organ of Boulangism—and a splutter on Monday around the form of M. Clémenceau, broke with all its fury on Thursday. The *Cocarde* boasted some days ago that it had materials for a scandal which would put Panama completely in the shade. Bluntly, it stated, claiming the cause of patriotism as a justification for anything which might seem ambiguous in its position, that it was in possession of documents which had been burglariously stolen from a safe in the British Embassy. These documents, it declared, would convict certain very prominent politicians of nothing less than high treason. M. Clémenceau was plainly hinted at as the chief of these traitors; and on Monday, when he rose to make a speech in the Tribune, some inkling was given of the nature of his dreadful crimes by means of the exclamations of MM. Millevoye and Déroulède, who had constituted themselves the Parliamentary exploiters of these disclosures. M. Clémenceau, it appeared, would be proved to have sold his country to England for a consideration, to have been a creature of Herz, while Herz himself, instead of being an invalid at Bournemouth, would be discovered to be a brisk and lively negotiator of treason swapping off French claims in Egypt against English gold, and carrying on deadly intrigues against the Franco-Russian *entente*. In fact, said M. Millevoye, Hertz in England and Clémenceau in Paris, they are settling the destinies of France between them. For the credit of the French politicians, we are bound to say they roared laughing at this sally of statesmanlike genius.

NEW CORRIDOR DINING TRAINS BETWEEN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.—On 1st July the London and North Western and Caledonian Railway Companies will commence running their new First and Third Class "Corridor" Trains between London and Glasgow, Edinburgh, and the North of Scotland, leaving London (Euston) and Glasgow (Central Station) daily at 2 p.m.

BUT the *Cocarde* had its documents, like the *Times* on a famous occasion, and insisted on warning the country of the dangerous and infamous character of the plot it proposed to expose. The appetite of Paris has grown rather *blasé* of late of compromising documents and campaigns of scandal; but the *Cocarde* skilfully pointed out that this affair had nothing whatever to do with the eternal Panama, was a completely new sensation in fact; and this assurance, together with the circumstantial and exciting tale of the burglary from the safe of the Embassy, served to arouse curiosity to a high pitch. MM. Millevoye and Déroulède executed a series of excursions and alarms which also stirred volatile minds. They several times offered the documents to the Government; but the Government, with very noteworthy good sense and dignity, refused to have anything whatever to do with the business. Moreover, they persisted in regarding the whole thing as a monstrous hoax. All sensible people took the same view, and were prepared to see the hoax exposed at once in the Chamber on Thursday.

FEW, however, were prepared for the complete and astounding fiasco which did ensue. M. Millevoye read out a document which none but a political imbecile could have failed to discern to be a nonsensical rigmarole of forgery. The letters in which Mr. Richard Pigott got the *Times* to pin its solemn faith were plausible and sensible compositions compared with it. M. Millevoye read on amid the angry derision of the Chamber, which compelled him to read his document right through to the end. Amongst other features of the reading was a list of subsidised agents of England in the French press, and amongst these the compiler of the document, with an ironical humour, had inserted the names of M. Millevoye's great friend and hero, M. Rochefort. This appears to have been the last straw for the Chamber. Its behaviour at this point so disgusted M. Déroulède that he announced his resignation. "No more politics for me in this place," he exclaimed. M. Millevoye shortly followed his example; and these two worthy Don Quixotes of Boulangism—for we believe, with M. Develle, that their good-faith in the whole outrageous matter was as genuine as that of the *Times* in Mr. Pigott, and that it is only their brains which are wrong—shook the dust of the Chamber off their feet. The incident, on the whole, ought to have a good effect. It is a *reductio ad absurdum* of the slander campaigns which have of late been doing so much damage to French public life; and a good share of the ridicule of which it is the cause must fall upon that anti-English Chauvinism which a certain section of French journalists and politicians have been working up for some time past.

THERE is a fresh deadlock, which has been quite anticipated, in the revision of the Belgian Constitution. Eight schemes have been under discussion for more than a fortnight in the Chamber, and none have commanded the necessary two-thirds majority. Limitation of the electorate by excluding all those under 35 (we have noted before that there is an extraordinary distrust of youth in Belgium); class representation; and two complicated systems of double election, with variations and combinations of all these schemes—all fall through in consequence of this requirement; and the Chamber has adjourned the discussion until the opinion of the Senate is known. The deadlock is a repetition of that which happened over the extension of the franchise for the Lower House. That question was solved rapidly under the pressure of an impending general strike. But the Labour party does not take enough interest in the Senate to resort to that kind of solution again.

WE noticed last week that the progress of the agitation for manhood suffrage in Austria was luring the most hostile nationalities of that country into a

temporary oblivion of their differences. Certainly, it is progressing rapidly, and has been greatly stimulated by the enormous increase in the Social Democratic vote at the German elections, with which we deal elsewhere, and which is looked on with extreme apprehension in official circles in Austria. Several large meetings were held on Sunday. One, at Budapest, was dissolved by the police authorities; another, at Brunn, ended in a fight between the police and the crowd. Moreover, the Socialist leaders are endeavouring, with some success, to capture the rural population. There are, moreover, serious Labour troubles in Hungary and Bohemia. As things are in Austria, all these events make for Social Democracy; and beside that danger—seeing how hard hit the small *bourgeoisie* are by the spread of the "factory system"—questions of nationalities sink, for the moment, into insignificance.

ALMOST every week a Ministerial crisis in Italy is predicted, but the Opposition is weak and the Chamber subservient or indifferent, and the expected catastrophe is always somehow averted at the last moment. However, the Ministry just now is in more troubled waters than usual. The new law on the banks of issue will be debated on Saturday—the Chamber, by the way, is now compelled to make up for lost time by sitting on Sundays and holidays—and the Committee has reported in many respects adversely to the proposals of the Government. But fresh revelations are appearing in connection with the banks of issue and the "little Panama scandal." Numbers of Deputies are said to have been named to the Committee as implicated, and Signor Bonghi declares that in one of the contests in which he was unsuccessful at the last election he was defeated by the money of the Banca Romana. Worst of all, Signor Colajanni has publicly charged the Ministry with abstracting documents produced in the prosecution of the officials of the Banca Romana, in order that they might not come under the cognisance of the Parliamentary Committee. The charge has of course produced a violent scene in the Chamber, and has been indignantly denied by the Premier. But it has not been withdrawn, and further explanations and revelations are awaited with interest. There is not much doubt that the banks of issue have, some of them, been potent engines of political corruption. It remains to be seen whether the danger can be avoided under the Bill proposed by the Government.

THERE seems every reason to apprehend serious trouble in Spain. It is not merely that there are incessant rumours of Ministerial crises, and that the progress of the Government along the thorny path of financial reform is nearly as slow there as in Italy; but there is the most serious discontent in the provinces. Corunna not long ago was demanding to be put under a British Protectorate; there are isolated outbreaks of what some people call Carlism, and others Nationalism, in those Basque provinces which long possessed special financial privileges of their own; and, most serious of all, there are known to be extensive Anarchist plots. An attempt—which recoiled on the perpetrator with fatal results—has been made to blow up the Conservative leader. Why he should have been selected is not clear, unless other prominent people were also to be struck at; and it is said that ample evidence has been discovered that extensive outrages had been planned in the great towns. Spanish Anarchism has long been characterised by extreme virulence and criminality, and unfortunately there is ample raw material for it in existence, especially in the great towns of the South. It is curious, meanwhile, that we hear so little of that

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

large majority of Republicans who have not followed Señor Castelar in accepting the present Parliamentary régime.

LITERATURE SCIENCE etc.

MR. WILLIAM WALLACE, the assistant-editor of the *Glasgow Herald*, whose name is perhaps best known in London as a contributor of long-standing to the *Academy*, is about to publish with Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton a volume of studies in Scottish character entitled "Scotland of Yesterday." Mr. Wallace enjoys a reputation north of the Tweed as an original humorist who has succeeded in alternating something of the full-bodied laughter of Christopher North with the silent smile of Charles Lamb. Whether it is Mr. Wallace's enemies or Dr. Boyd's friends who credit him with a dash of A.K.H.B. it would be difficult to say. When a writer is said to resemble this, that, and the other, is it not rather a sign that the quidnuncs have come across a new species they are unable to classify?

THE *Economic Journal* manages to fulfil in a very satisfactory manner the function of representing a science which is in such close connection with so many aspects of practical life. Probably the paper of most general interest in the present number is Mr. Clem Edwards' "Labour Federations," which holds out hopes—shared, it is hardly necessary to say, by most of those who have studied the history of trade disputes—that a strong corporation of workmen with a strong executive will offer the best guarantee of industrial peace. Mr. D. F. Schloss deals with other attempts to reach this latter end—the Boards of Conciliation and Arbitration which have been established abroad in the Colonies, and which Mr. Drage's excellent reports to the Labour Commission have rendered accessible; Mr. J. G. Brooks deals with the benevolent institutions with which "patriarchal" employers in Germany endeavour to outbid the Socialists; and Mr. Bastable argues against the taxation of ground rents, chiefly because they are difficult to discover with the precision required by the economist. There are other articles—including a vindication of Adam Smith by Mr. L. L. Price—and ample space is given to notices of economic literature and current economic fact.

OF the means of communication at the disposal of householders quite a novel one has come to light. It has, moreover, important qualifications of saving both trouble and expense. To say that there is a difference of potential between gas and water-pipes in all houses is only another way of saying that if they be joined by a wire a current of electricity will pass between them. For instance, if one terminal of a telephone be joined to the water-pipe, on touching the gas-pipe with the other a crackling sound is heard in the telephone, indicating that a current is passing. If, instead of a telephone, a galvanometer be placed in circuit, it has been found that the gas-pipe is the negative pole, and that the deflection of the needle remains practically constant for months. The author of these observations having thought that telephonic communication might be carried on by using these pipes, as they must be well insulated from one another, has been experimenting between two houses one hundred metres apart, with successful results: in these experiments he employed three bichromate cells and a microphone. To see if the experiments will succeed, trials must be made by joining the terminals of an induction coil to the water and gas-pipes, and if in any other house the sound of the coil is heard when the terminals of a telephone are connected with the pipes, then the communication is possible. These currents are attributed to a slow chemical change in the pipes, which thus form the plates of a battery. Possibly,

however—in view of Mr. Preece's evidence before the Electrical Subjects Committee this week—the ordinary householder will do well to suspend his adoption of the process pending further investigations.

OBITUARY.

SIR WILLIAM MACKINNON was best known as the chief organiser of the Emin Pacha Relief Expedition, and the founder of the British East Africa Company, whose troubles—largely brought on, it is suspected, by the action of the late Government—had some share in causing his last illness. He was, however, the founder of a much more prosperous and less questionable enterprise—the British India Steam Navigation Company—which ranks among the very first of those great shipping companies which are one of the special glories of the British Empire. General Sir Edward Beaumont Johnson, G.C.B., General Mounsey Thomas, and General Sir W. Payn, K.C.B. (brother of the well-known novelist), had all seen much service and achieved distinction in India; the first-named had also been a member of the Indian Council. The Rev. Thomas Mozley, brother of the more famous Divinity Professor at Oxford, was distinguished in the world of journalism, but best known as the historian of the Oxford Movement, with some of the leaders of which he was intimately connected. Mr. John Butler was long a leading personage in the Reporters' Gallery of the House of Commons. Professor Froschammer, of Munich, was a Catholic philosopher, whose books were on the Index Expurgatorius, and who had been a strong opponent of the Papal claims during the *Kulturkampf*. Mr. Abraham Rundbach was a prominent Swedish anti-Democratic and Protectionist politician, who had given his name to a group in the Swedish Riksdag. Signor Silvio Spaventa was one of the many Italian patriots who had served his cause at the galleys in the days of Bourbon dominion, and afterwards under United Italy as a high official and Councillor of State.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE BILL.

WE have no wish to exaggerate the feeling of dissatisfaction at the state of business in the House of Commons which undoubtedly prevails in the Liberal party. The foolish gossip of the Lobby and the exultant statements of the Tory journals are not matters about which any wise men will greatly concern themselves. Neither in the Liberal party nor in the Ministry is there any schism, or any risk of one; and it is only from divisions within our own ranks that real danger can arise. But, unquestionably, there is a natural and a growing feeling of impatience at the apparent success with which the obstructive tactics of the Opposition have been carried on in the House of Commons. We can afford to treat with contempt the loud vauntings of those Tories and Liberal Unionists who already go about declaring that they have killed the Bill. Even if the boast were true—and everybody knows that it is the reverse of truth—killing the Bill would not mean killing Home Rule. But, looking fairly and squarely at the facts, we cannot wonder that a very large proportion of the supporters of the Government are becoming uneasy at the state of business in the House of Commons, and at the apparent unwillingness of Ministers to take the strong measures which the situation seems to demand. Mr. Gladstone is undoubtedly right in wishing to give his opponents the fullest possible latitude. Even these debates, in which a hundred questions of mere detail are being threshed out at wearisome length, all count for good in the cause of Home Rule. It is no small thing to have produced a Home Rule Bill which is passing

line by line through the severest ordeal of Parliamentary debate, and which is passing through that ordeal successfully. Every point now gained is gained permanently, and those electors who may have been influenced by the declaration that it was impossible to frame a measure of Home Rule that could withstand for a single hour the fire of adverse criticism must now know how grossly they have been misled. All this we admit, and we admit, too, the virtue of patience on the part of a Parliamentary leader. But it is equally clear that a moment must come in every struggle in which not patience, but action, and action of a decisive character, is the virtue needed to ensure success. The Duke of Devonshire, in his recent speech, professed to treat the charge of obstruction with indifference. As a matter of fact, the truth of that charge has been admitted by nearly all the leaders of the Opposition in the House of Commons. It is not fair debate, but deliberate obstruction, with which the Government have to deal, and though the difficulties in the way of dealing with it effectually under the present rules affecting the committee stage may be very great, we cannot believe that they are insuperable, or that vigorous action on the part of Ministers would not be heartily supported by their followers, both in Parliament and the country.

How the country would regard the steady and persistent application of the closure is a matter upon which we do not think that any very great difference of opinion is likely to prevail. The country, which scarcely realises the gravity of the offence of Parliamentary obstruction, but which sees that time is being expended at most unnecessary length in discussing the Bill, would certainly not resent any reasonable steps which were taken to expedite progress. It would not, for example, think that if not more than one night were to be given to each clause, there had been any violation of the rights of Parliament or any real limitation of the freedom of debate. What both Members and their constituents desire is to see the Home Rule Bill sent up to the House of Lords, and time found for the full consideration of the Parish Councils Bill. To get both of these measures through the House of Commons before Christmas is the object at which both Ministers and their supporters aim. It can only be attained if the Committee on the Home Rule Bill is brought to a close by the middle of August. The Government can rely upon the enthusiastic support of their party if they will take steps to ensure the close of the debate by that time. There is another matter upon which Ministers are, we think, slightly inclined to underrate the extent of the backing which they can command from their own party. This is with regard to the acceptance of amendments to the Bill from its opponents. We can understand the wisdom of making concessions to a party which is really anxious to be conciliated, and which proposes its amendments in good faith. But we confess that we hardly see the wisdom of conceding where we cannot conciliate, and where there is not even a pretence of good faith on the part of those who demand these concessions. Ministers may rest assured that in this matter the strong line of action is also the safe one. The more completely they disregard the suggestions of the wreckers, no matter how specious those suggestions may be, the more strenuous will be the support which they can command on their own side. Nothing is more apt to dishearten a political party bent upon carrying a great measure of reform than any sign of yielding to mere opposition and obstruction on the part of the Government.

It is not merely the delay they have caused in the passing of the Bill through Committee that has

filled the hearts of its opponents with joy. They believe that they have found evidence of a deep divergence of opinion between the Government and the Irish Members with regard to the financial provisions of the Bill. For our part we are happy to think that it is a mare's nest which has thus been discovered. Differences of opinion there have been; and naturally those differences have been under discussion both in the Cabinet and outside it. But we have always refused to countenance the idea that Home Rule could be wrecked on a mere question of finance. Given a settlement of such problems as those of the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament, the limitation of the powers of the Irish Chamber, and the protection of minorities, and we do not believe that there is any chance of upsetting a Home Rule Bill on a question of money. The error in the returns from the Inland Revenue has been the cause of a complete transformation of the financial clauses of the measure. The new proposals of Ministers will aim at an arrangement designed to last not permanently, but for a certain term of years, during which we can be gathering a fuller practical knowledge, both of the wants of Ireland and the power of Great Britain to supply those wants, than is possible under the present system. Without going now into any question of detail, we may say that it is essential that Great Britain should treat Ireland not lavishly, but liberally in the matter of money, and that in the mode of raising Irish revenue due regard should be paid to the natural susceptibilities of the new Chamber. Mr. Redmond spoke somewhat strongly on Thursday night with regard to Mr. Gladstone's statement on the financial clauses. It is natural that the enemies of Home Rule should see in his speech signs of an open revolt against the policy of Ministers. But they are entirely mistaken in their view of the situation. Mr. Redmond objects to the particular form in which Ministers have cast their revised financial proposals. But he does not object to the general policy of the Government, and he will certainly do nothing to wreck it. To wreck this Bill would indeed be an offence against the wishes of Ireland, which Irishmen would never forgive. Nobody knows this better than Mr. Redmond himself, and however much he may dislike the particular form in which the Government have cast their proposals with regard to finance, he will not endanger the Bill on that account. We must not be surprised if Irishmen strive to make the best terms they can for their country under the financial clauses. It is their duty to do so, and only very foolish persons will complain of them in consequence. But, on the other hand, the Irish Members must remember that Mr. Gladstone has to think of the British taxpayer as well as the Irish citizen. That he will do his best for Ireland from the business point of view is certain; and where he finds himself compelled to "draw the line," Irishmen ought to realise that they have reached their utmost limit.

THE GENERAL ELECTION IN GERMANY.

THE official returns of the first stage of the German elections present us with a confusion of parties and issues such as has no parallel in Parliamentary history, unless it be in the Austrian Empire. The returns recognise fourteen parties, and even this number does not by any means exhaust the differences of opinion represented in the new Reichstag. Not only is each of the five Independent candidates—expressively known in the language of German politics as "the wild men"—and the notorious

Ahlwardt, a party in himself, but there are wide differences of opinion on the main issues at stake within the limits of most of the greater parties of the Empire. The Conservatives include an Anti-Semitic wing, and support the Government in its military scheme; yet the chief object of their aversion is those commercial treaties which the Emperor counts among the chief services of himself and his Chancellor to mankind. The Independent Conservatives are the real "Imperialists," and yet they include the Protectionist Count Herbert Bismarck. The National Liberals were once Free Traders. Many of them have recently pledged themselves to agricultural Protection. The Catholic Centre is more solid than it was, yet some of its members have demanded, and obtained, a free hand on the Military Bills. Count Caprivi is not Count Taaffe; he is, indeed, the least adroit of Parliamentary hands. Yet even he ought to be able to play off one against another the heterogeneous fractions of a Reichstag so composed.

Leaving prediction, however, till next week, we may notice some of the salient features of the first ballots. About the triumph of the Social Democrats in itself we need say little. It was expected all along; but it has been gained to some extent by keeping back the ultimate aims of the party, and, to a very great extent, at the expense of the Liberal Popular party, Herr Richter's following. Herr Richter is now bitterly reproached in some quarters for having provoked a split in his party on the eve of the general election. But the secessionists, or Liberal Union—a term we like to use because, though its immediate meaning is not that of "Liberal Unionist," the spirit and temper of the two parties are so very closely akin—have hardly been more successful than the main body. Had there been no secession, we cannot believe the united party would have done better: we suspect it would have done much worse. Herr Richter's explanation of the failure of his own section, which is borne out by the returns from some of the great towns, is that the discontented electors wanted to give the most emphatic expression possible to their hostility to the Government, and thought they could best do so by voting for Social Democrats. Perhaps, too, the Liberals are too individualistic and *bourgeois* to respond exactly to the claims of Labour in Germany to-day. The split has, however, had one result which was not entirely unforeseen. The party to whose profit it has really turned is that National Liberal party of which most observers have been predicting the speedy decease. But it is rent asunder by economic disputes, and is no more likely to last than the Radical Unionist party in England. The really significant features of the election, however, are of a more general character and a wider interest than the rise or fall of the members of a given party. One is that on the present occasion the representative machinery has failed to give a due expression of the popular will. If we could regard the German electorate as divided into two great camps, for and against the military scheme, the result of the first ballots, according to Herr Richter's calculation, would be that 253 constituencies have pronounced against it and only 144 in its favour. The calculation requires some revision. In some constituencies, on the one hand, the scheme was not the main issue; while, on the other hand, the Catholic Centre will not be quite solid in their opposition. But the fact that the majority of votes is against the scheme cannot be explained away. Looking at the voters *en masse*, the fact is more striking still. The great centres of population have generally given enormous majorities to its opponents. But there has been no redistribution of seats since 1867, and the small country constituencies, which have been thoroughly

well worked by the Prussian equivalents of the parson and the squire, have gone far to turn the scale in favour of the Government. Most striking of all is the result when we look at the different parts of the Empire. Prussia proper and Prussian Poland give a small majority of constituencies for the Bill; but the Rhine provinces, the smaller States, Alsace (in spite of notable Imperialist gains), and, above all, South Germany, have given (taking the aggregates of voters at the first ballot) overwhelming majorities against the scheme. We pointed out some time ago that the masses in Bavaria and Württemberg may not be very keen politicians, but that they have a fair acquaintance with Prussian drill-sergeants and their methods—since their own armies are apt to borrow these instructors—and a hearty hatred of those attempts to Prussianise their armies of which a good deal has been heard during the last two years. But the scheme is not the only issue; and party feuds, and fear of the Social Democratic bogey, will probably secure the abstention at the second ballot of a large number of the opponents of the Government—Catholics in particular, possibly Liberals; though the only definite rule as yet announced is that Catholics may not in any case support Social Democrats.

But the real feature of the election is the manifold expression of discontent all over the Empire. The estimated increase of the Social Democratic vote—one-third more than that of 1887—is only one instance. The moderate parties may win a Pyrrhic victory owing to the divisions of their opponents and the failure of the electoral machinery to express the popular will. In the constituencies their voice is overpowered by the discordant shouts of the extremest factions. Social Democrats replace Individualist Liberals, Anti-Semites and distressed agriculturists capture the Conservative party; the Catholic Centre has to put up with the Democratic tendencies of a Fussangel and a Sigl. Now this tendency of the extremes to absorb or crush the moderate parties is one of the features noted by political philosophers as characterising periods of revolution. We do not say that there will be revolution in Germany; but the prospect of a struggle between the extremes of reaction and of revolution is one which her well-wishers are entitled to regard with dismay. It may at least be said that the reactionaries are even more reactionary than the revolutionaries are revolutionist. It is in this fact, and in the good sense of the mass of the German nation, that we are disposed to find the firmest ground for hope in this, the darkest hour of Liberalism in Imperial Germany.

ENGLAND AND ARMENIA.

IT is not surprising that public opinion in this country should have been greatly moved by the result of the Armenian trials at Angora. Readers of THE SPEAKER do not need to be told the facts regarding the alleged conspiracy, which has resulted in the condemnation of seventeen persons to death and of many more to long terms of imprisonment. Our well-informed Constantinople correspondent has supplied us from time to time with full details of the story. That there has been a conspiracy, and a conspiracy of the most abominable character, all acquainted with the facts will admit. But the conspirators are not the unfortunate Armenians upon whom the vengeance of the Sultan has fallen. They are the organised band of scoundrels who represent in Asia Minor the odious and cruel system which is called Turkish rule. We may acquit the Sultan of personal complicity in this criminal

conspiracy. It may be that he is only, on this occasion, as he has so often been in the past, the dupe of men who, to serve their own purposes, play upon his terrors and his superstition. But everybody who knows what the Turkish Government really is, whether in Stamboul itself or in the remote provinces of the Empire, will readily recognise the fact that there is nothing improbable in the statement that the pretended Armenian plot was really a plot cunningly devised by Turkish officials against the lives and the liberties of the Armenians themselves. Nor have we only antecedent probability in favour of this theory. It is supported by evidence of a trustworthy character. Everything, therefore, points to the fact that the farcical trial at Angora has resulted in sentences of death against seventeen innocent men, to say nothing of the minor punishments inflicted by the tribunal.

No man in this country can say that the affair is no business of ours. Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury took care to make it our business in 1878. The burden of responsibility for Turkish misrule in Asia Minor rests upon our shoulders. It was the price we had to pay for the sham triumphs of the Tory leaders. And if there had been no obligation laid upon us in the eyes of the world when we undertook to underwrite Turkish rule in Asia, we should still have been constrained to regard this matter as one peculiarly affecting us. The Armenian people have long looked to England for sympathy in their sufferings, and for help in their hour of dire necessity. God knows that few nationalities have ever had greater need of British help and sympathy. The story of the wrongs inflicted to this very hour upon the best of the races which make up the Ottoman Empire might move a heart of stone. Hardly in Dahomey itself, before the recent French intervention in that land of savagery, has such cruelty or such oppression been habitually exercised by the ruling powers as that from which the Armenians are to this very hour suffering. Open resistance on their part is utterly hopeless. Their one prospect of relief is to be found in the help which they may obtain from outside. Russia, at any moment, might undertake the task of delivering them from the scourge of the tyrant, and if she were to do so no Englishman would dare to say her nay, even though the result of her crusade were to be the downfall of the Ottoman Empire and the addition of vast provinces to the territories of the Czar. Happily, however, it is not to Russia alone, or even chiefly, that the Armenians make their appeal, and the unfortunate men who are now lying under sentence of death may be rescued by other means than an armed intervention.

The diplomatic interference of Great Britain in order to stay the persecutions to which the Armenian race is now being subjected ought to be regarded as a matter of course. It is, happily, Mr. Gladstone, and not Lord Salisbury, who is now at the head of affairs, and the world has learned to know with what courage and persistency Mr. Gladstone can confront the Turk in his work of cruelty. In Lord Rosebery we have a Foreign Secretary who upholds the best traditions of Liberal policy, whilst in the Cabinet there is at least one eminent and enthusiastic friend of the Armenian cause. We feel confident, in these circumstances, that Great Britain will not stand idly by whilst the merciless conspiracy which has culminated in the trial at Angora is carried to the bitter end. It may be an awkward moment, with the Egyptian question still upon their hands, for our Government to enter a vigorous and unmistakable protest against these proceedings of the Ottoman Government. But nations, as well as individuals, are sometimes called

upon to do their duty at inconvenient moments, and neither the country nor the man can be excused from the performance of those duties on the mere plea of inconvenience. We fully expect, therefore, that, through the action of England and of other European Powers, the brutal sentences passed upon the so-called conspirators at Angora will be quashed. But it is clearly not sufficient to save these men from a punishment which they have not deserved. Light is once more being thrown upon the methods of Turkish misrule in Asia Minor—upon its cruelties, its injustice, its unequalled and unspeakable oppression. We cannot pretend to regret that popular attention should from time to time be directed to the subject; for, after all, Great Britain shares with Turkey the responsibility for the existence of this hateful state of things. It is to British interests, real or fanciful, that these unfortunate Armenians have too long been sacrificed. It is for the people of Great Britain to determine when their own share in the iniquity shall cease altogether; and, in the meantime, the least that any British Government can do is to save the victims of the Sultan from such ruthless acts of vengeance as that which is about to be perpetrated at Angora.

WAR AND ARBITRATION.

THE morning after the House of Commons had been expressing an opinion in favour of substituting arbitration for war in the case of any disputes which may arise between ourselves and the United States—an admirable opinion in which we heartily concur—the question of war was vividly brought before the world's eye by a very dramatic scene on the Franco-German frontier. On the historic battle-field of Saint-Privat a body of French and a body of German troops met face to face, exchanged military courtesies, and joined in an impressive ceremony over the bodies of some of the dead of 1870. Some score of men and officers of the Prussian Guard, which had been almost annihilated in the attack on Sainte-Marie-aux-Chênes, had been buried on a corner of the field which was within the existing boundary of France, and the Germans asked that the bodies might be restored to them, so that they might be buried a few hundred yards away, on what is now German soil. The request was granted. The bodies were put in coffins and escorted to the frontier by a regiment of French Infantry, with its band playing a funeral march, and its flag veiled in crape. A French general and an escort of Hussars rode in front. On the other side of the frontier were the German troops. Hollow squares were formed. French and German chaplains delivered addresses and recited prayers. The bodies were then delivered up, and Reuter says: "At the word of command the French Hussars advanced at the trot and halted in front of the German general. The captain of the squadron gave the order for a general salute, which was executed with admirable precision. The compliment was returned by the Germans, who beat their drums and presented arms. A moment later the French and Germans stood face to face, and the generals and staffs exchanged salutes." It was the first time they had met under arms and at such close quarters since "the terrible year." What a text for a sermon on peace was this scene on the grave-studded battle-field of Saint-Privat! As one thinks on these chivalrous courtesies between old enemies, so instinct with grace, so honourable to human nature—the German general placed a laurel-wreath on the coffin of a French soldier whose body had been

found amongst the enemy's dead; the French general reviewed the German lines, "being saluted with every mark of respect"—one wishes, for humanity's sake, that there might end the chapter of strife between two of the noblest nations of mankind.

But human nature is very perversely constituted. It is safe to say of the men who suppressed their natural feelings under the restraints of martial courtesy on Saturday, that peace was about the last thought in their minds. As they looked into each other's eyes, the question they probably asked themselves was, "How long will it be until we meet to fill the graves of another Saint-Privat?" The French general, we are told, only answered to the civilities of the German as curtly as politeness would allow, and the young sub-prefect who delivered up the bodies in the name of his Government "looked as though he would choke." The feeling of the French is described as one of galling emotion. Human nature being what it is, can we be surprised at this? The very demand of the Germans, implying that the territory a couple of hundred yards away from the old grave was "German soil," where German dead could repose for ever in comfort, was as a bitter stab to French pride. That Alsatian plain "German soil"? Saint-Privat down there, its spire rising in the sun, a German village? Metz, four miles away, a German stronghold? All that was once "*la Patrie*"—the faithful breastwork of France which had been standing for her against invasion for two hundred years. It is still coloured as "*la Patrie*" on the maps in French schools. Can one wonder that the young French sub-prefect, brought up in a French school, and trained for his year in the army, "looked as though he would choke;" or that the French general and his officers declined the invitation "to pass on to German territory"? That invitation, though it was not so meant, must have sounded like an ironical challenge in sensitive French ears, and it is not too great a stretch of imagination to suppose that the French officers, at their mess-table that night, registered another vow that it will not be always in the power of German troops, while standing on the soil of Alsace, to extend to Frenchmen such a compliment. When one remembers these sentiments, the legacy which Bismarck's merciless and short-sighted diplomacy has bequeathed to the generation which succeeds him, it is hard to feel optimistic about the prospects of ultimate peace.

Of course, it is very wrong and foolish of men to be animated by such sentiments. They ought to put their pride in their pocket and forgive and forget. The Germans ought to be magnanimous on their side, and submit the question of Alsace and Lorraine to arbitration. This, every man must allow, would be the more Christian and civilised way of acting. But so long as men are not yet constituted as they ought to be, they will, unfortunately, persist in acting according to a different method. When a proud man is struck on the cheek he will not turn the other cheek, but will either strike back at once or bide his time. With nations of proud men it is the same, and when things come to that pass between nations, we fear it is one of the cases in which the excellent principle of arbitration is of little avail. Revenge, pride, the sentiment of patriotism, ambition—national and personal—and, very curious to relate, a certain fighting spirit not yet eradicated from the human breast, which seems to delight in war for its own sake, in spite of all its horrors, are still playing their part in the affairs of the world. If anyone might be expected to be impressed with the horrors of war, it would be those folk on the frontier, who are nevertheless always the bitterest for fight. The

sight of that battle-field of Saint-Privat itself is even to-day one of the most terrible of object-lessons. For miles, as far almost as the eye can reach, it is studded with the gravestones of men who were killed by their fellow-men. Yet that does not frighten the men who ride amongst these graves, nor turn them from the grim purpose of reddening the enemy's soil some day with a similar carnage. The soldier's philosophy seems to have a perennial force with a large mass of minds. Life is short. We must all die some time. What better death than to die fighting for a cause? After all, I can show you heaps of graves in every churchyard. As Bismarck put it to some schoolboys the other day, "If our lives were to last for five hundred or a thousand years, there would be some sense in making a fuss about losing them. But our span here below is so short, such a fuss is ridiculous."

War, it is to be feared, as the world is constituted, will last our time, and perhaps it is as wholesome to remember that it has some compensations as to be always dwelling upon its darker side. There is a danger of cultivating too squeamish and flabby a state of sentiment on this question which is not good for a man as a fighter in any sense. Life itself is a struggle; the life of the soul is an endless combat; and it is perhaps as well not to acquire too great a horror of striking blows. To die for something is the noblest thing that man can do. When the day comes on which there is nothing more to die for, our material state will no doubt be the richer, but it is quite possible our spiritual state will not. As a Christian divine wrote in one of the last month's reviews, speaking of scenes of battle where a great idea such as the national existence of a country is at stake, "In these scenes, and any still more appalling than these, we have a witness to the preciousness of ideal treasures." We wish well to arbitration nevertheless, since it is moving along the right line, and is only to be thwarted by the peculiar constitution of human nature; but as human nature is, we fear inventions like M. Turpin's new gun—which is to sweep army corps away "as by a gust," and to render ironclads useless—by ultimately making war more terrific than human nerves can bear, may do more for peace in the long run than Mr. Cremer's most praiseworthy motions.

FINANCE.

THERE is a wail from the Stock Exchange, where it is said that at no time hitherto, even during the past three years, has business been so utterly stagnant as it is at present. The leading houses in the City, which usually are either buying or selling continually every day, are now intent only upon strengthening themselves against contingencies that are unfortunately only too likely, and consequently give hardly a single order in the day. The smaller speculators have either lost their money or have been taught caution by experience. And though the investor is buying a little, it is only a very little, and consequently it is said that there are few firms in the Stock Exchange that are at present earning the expenses of their offices. There was a hope last week that the settlement of the Argentine debt would lead to investment, at all events in Argentine securities, but the hope has been disappointed. The settlement has been approved by the bondholders, and generally is recognised as the best possible under the circumstances, but the prices of the bonds are falling away instead of rising. The Bank Funding bonds are being issued, but the bondholders have not been consulted; and though it is admitted that Greece has perhaps done the best she could for her creditors, still she has acted without consulting

them or asking their approval. Portugal is bankrupt, and is not even trying to make a compromise. The outlook in Italy is growing worse. And the long drought is sure to intensify the agricultural depression that has been weighing upon Europe for years, and so to make trade worse and to lessen the savings of the world. During the week there has been a revival of apprehension, and one or two firms engaged in the Australian trade have been much talked about; while in the United States the crisis has become really acute. All over the west and south commercial houses and banks are failing in formidable numbers. There are, or there have been, runs in many important cities, and the banks of the west and south are withdrawing their deposits from New York so rapidly that the New York Clearing House banks have had to issue certificates which they pledge themselves to receive from one another in lieu of cash. The certificates are not money, and they have no legal recognition. Their issue implies that many of the banks belonging to the Clearing House Association have locked up their capital, and are unable to meet their engagements. The New York public, however, does not seem to have taken alarm, and if there is no run it is possible that the banks may weather the storm. But their position is critical in the extreme, and a panic is possible at any moment. The only security in which there has been any speculation during the week is Indian Rupee Paper. The general belief in the City is now that the Government will suspend the coinage of silver for private parties, reserving to itself the right to coin if it thinks fit, and will undertake to keep the rupee equal to 1s. 4d. of our money. Rupee Paper, in consequence, has again been bought this week in very large amounts, and the price has been run up almost to 68. But if the Government does suspend silver coinage, people are asking, What will become of the trade of India?

The stringency in the New York Money Market—rates of interest have ranged during the week there from 5 up to 20 per cent., and sometimes higher—is raising a fear that gold will be withdrawn from New York in large amounts. Indeed, telegrams from New York say that already arrangements have been made for shipping a million and a half of dollars in gold. Owing to the drought European merchants are buying very largely grain of all kinds and food for cattle, and it is expected that the purchases will continue during the next twelve months. Merchant bankers in New York are in consequence drawing bills upon London and discounting them here for the purpose of taking gold to relieve the necessities of their own market. The bill brokers and discount houses in the City are becoming uneasy therefore, and the rate of discount in the open market, which at one time last week was but little over 1 per cent., has risen almost to 2 per cent. this week. If much gold is withdrawn from the Bank of England, the rate will rise still further, and we may have a renewal of the scare in the Money Market which caused so much trouble to the Stock Exchange a month or six weeks ago. The Silver Market for the moment is paralysed by the uncertainty as to what the Indian Government is about to do, and for some days dealers have been very unwilling to buy. At the beginning of the week the price was as high as 38½d. per ounce, but on Thursday it had fallen to 38d.; and if the reports as to the intentions of the Indian Government turn out true, there will be a further heavy fall. On the other hand, there is a good demand for the bills and telegraphic transfers of the India Council. Those who have to make remittances to India prefer to buy the Council drafts. They argue naturally that the Government will hardly close the mints without a sufficient notification to all concerned, but, at the same time, they prefer not to run much risk; and on Wednesday the India Council in consequence was able to sell the full amount offered for tender—60 lakhs of rupees—at prices ranging from 1s. 2½d. to 1s. 3d. per rupee.

A PRECEDENT AND A WARNING.

"UNIONISTS" think that their political leaders will continue to make a stand against Home Rule to the end because these leaders still cry lustily "No Surrender!" But let the "Unionists" who put their trust in protesting statesmen study the career of Sir Robert Peel. Everyone knows that Sir Robert Peel was the constant opponent of the Catholic Emancipation was granted. But everyone does not recollect the reiterated protests which the great Tory statesman made against Catholic freedom until the tide of popular opinion swept him off his feet. Let me recall the "firm" utterances by which the Tory leader "put heart" into the Tory Party until the day of surrender came:—

1812.

"Will they tell us where we are to stop? Will they assure us that they will not ask to be admitted to power without those oaths which are deemed necessary to bind every other class of subjects? It is true that we are told we have already given Catholics the reality of power in the elective franchise; and that, having given the reality, it is foolish to refuse the semblance. But to this I say, that it never was foreseen by the parties who framed those measures that such an argument could have been raised upon them; or that, instead of Catholics being satisfied with those boons for their own value, they should consider them only as the grounds for further claims and more extended pretensions."

1813.

"I protest against the principle of this Bill, because it confers upon those who admit an external jurisdiction the right of legislating in all matters connected with the Church of England. . . . If the Protestants exceeded the Roman Catholics in number I should have much less objection. But it is impossible to consider that the Catholics so greatly preponderate, without feeling alarm at the consequences of such unlimited concession. We cannot close our eyes to the fact that differences of religion have existed in Ireland for a protracted period, and that this is an experiment to try whether those religions cannot be placed on the same footing. . . . How can we hope, under such circumstances, when it is admitted that there are 4,000,000 of Catholics to 800,000 Protestants, to maintain the Protestant ascendancy? This is a point which, I think, we ought well to consider."

1817.

"You tell us that the Roman Catholics of Ireland are advancing in wealth and education, and that as you remove the disabilities under which they labour, their advance will be more rapid, and they will become more influential in the State. Do you then mean, *bonâ fide*, to give them in Ireland the practical advantages of the eligibility you propose to confer on them? Do you mean to give them that fair proportion of political power to which their numbers, wealth, talents, and education will entitle them? If you do, can you believe that they will, or can, remain contented with the limits which you assign to them?"

1823.

"By what right are imputations of such a nature cast upon me? With what variation from principle can I at any time be charged? From the earliest period of my political life—caring nothing for the opinion of my friends, caring nothing for the opinion of the people—I have uniformly and undeviatingly opposed the concessions to the Catholics. . . . For my own part, I protest that I would rather submit to eternal exclusion from office (and perhaps I should consider that no very great sacrifice) than consent to hold power by the compromise, or anything approaching to the compromise, of an opinion."

1825.

"I am afraid of a powerful internal party in this country, of whom great numbers are dissatisfied, as they must be, with our principles of religion; and I can never think that they can be fit to enact laws respecting the established faith. My belief is, that after they have obtained the privileges which they seek, they will not cease in their endeavours, but will struggle for the pre-eminence of their religion."

1827.

"I have felt that I have no choice but to state with firmness, though I trust without asperity, the principles which my reason dictates, and which my honour and conscience compel me to maintain. The influence of some great names have lately been lost to the cause which I support; but I have never adopted my opinions either from deference to high station, or that which may more fairly be expected to impress me—high ability. Keen as the feelings of regret must be with which the loss of those associates in feeling is recollected, it is still a matter of consolation to me that I have now an opportunity of showing my adherence to those tenets which I formerly espoused—of showing that, if my opinions are unpopular, I stand by them still, when the influence and authority that may have given them currency is gone; and when it is impossible, I believe, that in the mind of any human being I can stand suspected of pursuing my principles with any view to favour or personal aggrandisement."

"I cannot consent to widen the door of political power to Roman Catholics. I cannot consent to give them civil rights and privileges equal to those possessed by their Protestant countrymen; because, after taking the most deliberate view I am able to take of the relation which the Roman Catholics bear to the rest of the community, I am persuaded that the removal of their disabilities would be attended by a danger to the Protestant religion against which it would be impossible to find any security equal to that of our present Protestant Constitution."

1828 (June).

"As the hon. baronet (Sir F. Burdett) has expressed a hope that the present administration will take up this question next session, and introduce some measure for its settlement; lest any misconception should go abroad respecting my sentiments, I am anxious to say a word upon this point for myself, and for myself alone. Under the constitution of the present Government, each individual member of it is at liberty to entertain and support his own opinions regarding this question. Conceiving, then, that it is only necessary for me to state my own individual opinion on the subject, I refer the hon. baronet and the House to the declarations which I have repeatedly made respecting it, when, speaking as an individual member of the Government, as I am at liberty to do, I have explained my own sentiments on the question. To that declaration and to those opinions I still adhere, and I conceive that, in saying so, I have said enough to satisfy the House that my sentiments upon the question remain unaltered."

So spoke the Tory Minister in June, 1828. In February, 1829, he introduced a Bill for the emancipation of the Catholics. He justified this change of front in a remarkable letter to the Protestant Bishop of Limerick:—

1829 (February).

"In the course of the last six months, England, being at peace with the whole world, has had five-sixths of the infantry force of the United Kingdom occupied in maintaining the peace and in police duties in Ireland. I consider the state of things which requires such an application of military force much worse than open rebellion."

"There has been established an intimate union between the Roman Catholic laity and the Roman Catholic priesthood; in consequence of that union

the representation of the counties of Waterford, Monaghan, Clare and Louth has been wrested from the hands of the natural aristocracy of those counties; and if the present state of things is to continue, if parties in Parliament are to remain so nicely balanced that each can paralyse the other, that one can prevent concession, the other can prevent restraint and control, we must make up our minds to see sixty or seventy Radicals sent from Ireland when a general election shall take place."

"The state of society in Ireland will soon become perfectly incompatible with trial by jury in any political cases. The Roman Catholics have discovered their strength in respect to the elective franchise. Let us beware that we do not teach them how easy it will be to paralyse the Government and the law unless we are prepared to substitute some other system of criminal jurisprudence for the present system."

"If this be the state of things at present, let me implore you to consider what would be the condition of England in the event of war."

"Would an English Parliament tolerate for one moment a state of things in Ireland which would compel the appropriation of half her military force to protect, or rather to control, that exposed part of the Empire?"

"Can we forget, in reviewing the history of Ireland, what happened in 1782, what happened in 1793? It is easy to blame the concessions that were then made; but they were not made without an intimate conviction of their absolute necessity in order to prevent greater dangers."

"My firm impression is that unless an united Government takes the whole condition of Ireland into its consideration, and attempts to settle the Catholic question, we must be prepared for the necessity of settling it at some future period in a manner neither safe to Protestant establishments, nor consistent with the dignity of the Crown of England."

Of course, I do not mean to suggest that Lord Salisbury will capitulate on Home Rule within the next nine months. But I venture to recall the story of Sir Robert Peel and Catholic Emancipation as a precedent and a warning. R. BARRY O'BRIEN.

A NEW LITERARY FIELD.

SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY, lecturing at the Irish Literary Society on Saturday, announced that the first of the series of books which that society intends to publish is already printed, and is only waiting to be issued when the publishing season comes round in September. Other books to follow are in an advanced state of preparation. Sir Charles did not mention what these books are to be, but that is a detail for which we can wait. What is principally interesting about this announcement is the evidence it is of the stir and purpose behind this Irish Literary Society. It is something that there really are books to come from it, and to come so very soon. Mr. Stopford Brooke, in his recent address, opened out a flattering vista before the eyes of literary men, English no less than Irish. It appears English literature is just now starving for lack of fresh subject-matter; that is one of the explanations, and one of the least alarming, to account for its present rather impoverished and demoralised condition. Mr. Brooke, like Napoleon showing his shoeless army the plains of Lombardy, has pointed to Ireland—to the manuscript rooms of Trinity College, Dublin, and the Royal Irish Academy. There, he says, are treasures untouched and untold: myths, epics, legends, stories, a new world of thought and sentiment, new superstitions, a new eschatology, a new metaphysic, a completely different pattern for the web of human passion and fancy from that on which English poets have hitherto been working; let these treasures only

be captured for the English language, and we shall see brought on earth "another imaginative force which may (like Arthur's Tale) create Poetry for another thousand years." Mr. Brooke set before the Irish Literary Society the task of pioneering this campaign. It is to stimulate Irish scholars to begin the translation of these manuscripts and Irish writers to work them up artistically. Needless to say, such declarations excite our interest, and we shall watch with sympathy the efforts of the Irish Literary Society to come up to them.

We have a strong belief ourselves in Ireland's inevitable capacity to charm as a subject of literature; and not merely in the sense that Mr. Brooke implies, but in the various aspects of her present actual life and character. Irish life and Irish character have been as little understood as the Irish manuscripts; wherever they have been, they have been found with all their drawbacks to fascinate and impress the imagination. The foreign visitor goes to Ireland, and if the spirit of the place reaches him at all, he comes away under a sort of spell: even though, as sometimes happens, he may fail to exorcise some ferocious prejudice which has possession of him. Mr. Froude is about as sturdy an enemy of Celtic Ireland as wields a pen; yet the banshee spell is upon even him; he returns to Ireland again and again, as if drawn thither by a magnet, and he has even tried his hand upon an Irish novel. The corporate genius of the race may be denied (though we hold the charm to be but one of the evidences of the genius), but the charm there is no gainsaying. Why should not that charm be transfused into literature? We all know how delightful a person an Irishman or Irishwoman can be in actual life—a Sheridan, a Goldsmith, a Tom Moore, a Lady Morgan, a Lady Blessington, a "Diana of the Crossways." There is no reason why, if they be sympathetically drawn, as "Diana" was, and not caricatured, they should not be equally delightful in fiction. Hitherto ignorance and prejudice in this country, and a hundred causes which paralysed the hands of those who might have been Irish novelists, have hindered the actual Ireland coming fairly on the literary scene. But the era of misunderstanding is now on the point of passing away, and very probably the Irish Literary Society may be taken as a testimony of a new state of things in Ireland, which will be more favourable to the development of literature than any which has existed since the Union. If this indeed be so, we may at last see a writer, or group of writers, who will do for the Ireland of actuality what Mr. Brooke hopes to see done for the Ireland of the heroic and legendary past. Ireland ought to be able to interest the world with the travels of some contemporary Knight of La Mancha, as well as with her Chronicles of the Cid. The materials exist—materials in many ways not unlike those which Cervantes found in the life of another Celtic people: a race whose capacity for fierce passion and melancholy, for gloomy superstition and exalted spirituality, is joined to an unfailing geniality and gaiety and a humorous cynicism which, even among the peasants, lends a singular piquancy to their comments on affairs. The Celtic character has often been compared with the Greek. In some respects the resemblance is illusory, but in one, at any rate, it is not—in the passion for individuality. An Irish country-side is peopled with strong, singular, though often futile, individualities. There is no Irish town or village, however small or remote, which has not "an original" or two. It is a country in which you cannot take a day's walk but you shall fall in with half-a-dozen bizarre rencontres, and meet varieties and contrasts of individual character which not only amuse, but seem to cast new and suggestive lights upon the mysteries of our nature. Mr. William O'Brien drew for us in THE SPEAKER a couple of weeks ago the portrait of one of his neighbours, old Master Tom Duffy, the "poor scholar." The half-stately, wholly pathetic figure of this ancient peasant declaiming Greek and Latin verses on the slope of Cruach-Pandrig, and dreaming

of the "trisection of the obtuse angle," venerated and supported by the people because of the lustre which his learning sheds upon their glens, must have captivated our readers. Nowhere out of Ireland would such a character and his *milieu* be possible; but it is safe to say that in Ireland characters just as strange, moving, and intensely individual, are to be met with at every hand's turn. They exist, too, in every class; the tumble-down great house of the landlord rears them as well as the village shieling. A certain amount of this fertility in original character may be the result of environment simply—of the influence of a remote and hopeless state of society which is favourable to the development of eccentric types. Some people account for a similar phenomenon in Russia in this way. The explanation, in our judgment, does not go very far either for Ireland or Russia; but however that may be, the fact remains that the materials are there at the present time, and only await the artist who is able to use them. It is notable that it was an Irish-woman's use of these identical Irish materials—we speak of Miss Edgeworth—which first inspired two great and very different national novelists, namely, Walter Scott and Ivan Turguénieff, to do something for their respective countries by means of fiction.

What is most wanted apparently for Irish literature at the present time, besides a genuine revival of literary spirit itself, is a more deliberate cultivation of their art, as an art, by Irish writers, whether in prose or verse. This want is appreciated by Mr. Stopford Brooke and others of the leaders of the Irish Literary Society. We fancy we see signs of the requisite artistic cultivation, the studious appreciation of form, among the younger Irishmen—indeed, it is a characteristic also of the younger Englishmen. The political and social changes of the last decade in Ireland ought to help the promised renaissance. Let any man who was a member of Trinity College a dozen years ago go over and mingle, as the present writer has done once or twice lately, with some of the men of these recent years: he will be struck with the change which has come over the spirit of the place. Instead of the haughty and narrow exclusiveness of his day, there is amongst the younger generation a conscious preparation for a future in which it is realised that exclusiveness will not do; there is an opening of the mind to popular sympathies, to sympathy with national sentiments, even with democratic change; and there is a stirring of a new sort of political ambition—all of which is of the best augury for Ireland, both for her politics and general culture. One would fain hope that old Trinity were on the eve of such another period as that which it enjoyed when the Grattans, Floods, and Plunkets of an Irish Parliament were bred within its walls. A circumstance of even better augury from the point of view we are considering is the fact that the Royal University has of late been reaching a class of Catholic Irishmen who were hitherto denied the advantages of a university education. We say it is of even better augury, for it would seem from many an indication—lamentably false notes, for example, struck by even such conscientious and clever writers as Mr. Yeats and Miss Barlow—as if the wizard who is to unlock for us the hearts and souls of this baffling and elusive race must have been "born in the purple" (so to speak) of the faith around which, through ages of struggle and persecution, some of the most sacred sentiments of the Irish people have grown. It only remains for the writers to appear. Circumstances are favourable for them both in Ireland and here. Here we have gone in turn to Russia, India, Norway, South Africa, we have gone from the Sandwich Islands to Hudson's Bay in search of new literary sensations. The English public, not to speak of the Irish, will only be too glad to hear from Ireland if the right artistic genius will but come forth. The genius is there, we imagine, the possible Walter Scott of

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Ireland, if he will only submit himself to the severe restraints of art and clear his mind of polemical purpose when he applies himself to literature. Frankly, we allude to Mr. William O'Brien, whose "When we were Boys," with all its artistic faults—and they are both many and grievous—seems to us on the whole the greatest thing in the way of an Irish novel that has been yet attempted.

ON THE TERRACE.

THE Speaker, on behalf of certain serious-minded members, they putting him in motion in sheer self-defence, has made a new regulation with regard to the Terrace. A certain space, an exiguous piece of territory enough running in front of the smoking-room windows, and bounded on one side by a line drawn from the door to the parapet, and on the other by the Speaker's own little patch, has been marked off for the use of "members only." It is not as wide as a prison yard nor as long as a quarter-deck; a man would need to do about a hundred turns on it while getting through a cigar; but at least it is safe from the intrusion of the female element. In such terms does the possibly morose, but not unnatural, man, who likes to take his open-air smoke alone, or in company only of fellow males, allude to the ladies. They have taken his Terrace from him where once he could promenade in solitary freedom from end to end. They have encroached upon it steadily, invading it each afternoon in increasing numbers, so that now the Terrace about five o'clock has become one of the sights of London, and he can no more stride along and smoke his cigar in peace and quietness than he could at a garden-party at Marlborough House. In some resentment he has turned at last, resolved to make a stand for his rights. He has marked off this little piece of space for himself and hoisted the notice, "Petticoats beware!" He has proclaimed it holy ground, like the floor of a mosque or that isle from which St. Senanus in the song, another misogynist, warned off the lady:—

"I have sworn this sainted sod
Shall ne'er by woman's feet be trod."

For the time being, with the aid of policemen, he rejoices in its exclusive dominion and fills the air with aggressive blasts of smoke.

I went down the other afternoon to see how the new regulation worked. There were the misogynists like lions in a cage, Inspector Horsley himself guarding them. This Horsley is a most burly person, well calculated to overawe adventurous young women, whencesoever they might hail. He had two policemen under his eye—two dogs of Cerberus. I was deeply impressed with the sight of these functionaries. What would they do, for example, if a particularly attractive girl from that dazzling throng on the right, or, say, the loveliest of Mayfair countesses, were to insist on passing through them? Can it be denied that the "ultimate sanction," as they would say upstairs, of these guards is the pitching into the river of the Kathleens who would invade the privacy of the Kevins and Senanuses within the sacred enclosure—or, to put it in brutal prose, that the gallant men with briar-roots and cigars have posted those policemen there to act against the ladies as chuckers-out? When I examined these ill-conditioned males I was ashamed to see our friend Labby amongst them. But Labby is simply a philosopher on the Terentian model. He was interested in this new phase of life, and presently (as I might have known he would), having inquired sufficiently into the condition of these beings to obtain materials for a lively sketch, he rambled down amongst the tea-tables, with an air which suggested that there was written across his forehead the inscription of the apple of discord, "Let the fairest take him!" About five minutes later he was the centre of a charming

group, amongst whom, if my eyes did not deceive me, there were nearly as many duchesses as on one historic occasion surrounded Mr. Chamberlain, and from the looks which were directed towards the *perduta gente* at the other side of the barrier, it seemed clear that he was making these gentlemen the object of genial reflections. Truly the Terrace at this moment was a remarkable spectacle. From the extreme end in the direction of Lambeth, where the House of Lords concludes, to the point where Mr. Horsley and his men stood on guard, it was thronged—the smartest gowns and the prettiest women in town were to be seen there. Beautiful American girls sauntered up and down with M.P.'s, whose countenances beamed fatuously in the intervals between the division bells. Ambassadors alternated with Indian princes and major-generals; waiters rushed about bringing ices, coffee-pots, strawberries and cream. Homburg in the season was not "in it" with it. It only needed a band (say the Blue Hungarian, or why not a regimental?) and a row of trees (these might be introduced in tubs) to complete the scene.

The attractions which the House of Commons itself has for ladies have always been more or less of a mystery to me; but the attractions of the Terrace I have no difficulty in understanding. The House itself is a stuffy place, and the ladies are caged into the stuffiest part of it. Yet they will come there night after night and sit it out, even when bores are holding forth, as if they enjoyed it. In a last analysis I have heard one of the gentlemen who now occupy the sacred enclosure put it down to the eternal fascination which men's society has for women, and to the flattery which it is to a woman's vanity to be the cause of interrupting men at their business. A lady at the House of Commons (reasoned this egoist) is the guest of men, and generally of important men whose names are in the papers; she is present at business which the papers talk about; all that pleases and excites her, and gives her a feeling of superiority with women who haven't been there. However this may be, it is a curious fact that the House of Commons, with all its stuffiness and bad ventilation, has never failed to attract the ladies. "They sit late every night," wrote Lady Mary Wortley Montagu a hundred and thirty years ago, "as every young gentleman who has a handsome person, a fine coat, a well-shaped leg, or a clear voice is to exhibit these advantages. To this kind of beau-oratory and tea-table talk the ladies, as is reasonable, resort very constantly. At first they attended in such numbers as to fill the body of the House on great political questions, but . . . a ghost started up in a dirty obscure alley in the City [the Cock-Lane ghost] and diverted the attention of the female politicians." The debates at the present era also experience those occasional lapses of neglect in presence of a greater attraction; but I doubt if even a Cock-Lane ghost would interfere with the vogue of the Terrace, now that its joys have at last been discovered. For the Terrace, when the weather is fine and M.P.'s are plenty, is essentially and intrinsically a most delectable spot. There is nothing like it in London—with the stately palace rising up behind, its stones ever cool in the shade, and in front the river broadly flowing, on whose bosom even on the hottest day "little breezes dusk and shiver," freshening the languid air. When night falls, after one has dined, and the stars are reflected in the water as in an ink mirror, this stretch of Thames, with the lamps around and a mystic darkness beyond, looks like a Venetian lagoon. On the Terrace there is a soft murmur of voices, broken now and then by a silvery laugh. By the table near the streaming light which pours from a dining-room window a white arm gleams and jewels flash in a *coiffure à la broche*. A subtle odour of vervain mingles with the aroma of regalias. As a maiden from Chicago, with a throat like the Paphian swan, remarked, "Why, it's just too romantic for anything!"

This being the case, the likelihood seems to be, not that the ladies will get tired of resorting to the Terrace, but that they will encroach, in spite of all resistance, upon the misogynist's reservation. Ladies have a wonderful way of carrying their point in Westminster. Have you ever heard how the ladies defeated the Lords when that body sought to exclude them from its precincts? Horace Walpole and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu tell the story. They had been in the habit of making such a noise that orders were issued that their presence could no longer be tolerated. But they presented themselves at the doors again. The Lord Chancellor swore they should not enter; but the Duchess of Queensberry, as head of the squadron, swore with equal warmth that they would. The doors were shut on them, and they tried what thumping, kicking, and rapping would do. This stopped the debate, but though it was kept up for hours, the Lords would not give in. Then, as a piece of strategy, silence was called for half an hour, when the peers, thinking the enemy must be gone, ordered the doors to be reopened, and in rushed the victorious band. They stayed in the gallery till after eleven, when the House rose, says Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, "and during debate gave great applause and showed marks of dislike not only by nods and winks (which have always been allowed in these cases), but by noisy laughs and apparent contempts." Those who wish to keep the ladies off the Terrace had better be on their guard, or some day, when they have all run up to a division and Inspector Horsley's back is turned, the enemy may seize the forbidden territory by a *coup de main*.

JOHN GAY.

THE first half of the eighteenth century was in England the poets' playground. These rhyming gentry had then a status, a claim upon private munificence and the public purse which has long since been hopelessly barred. A measure of wit, a tincture of taste, and a perseverance in demand would in those days secure for the puling Muse slices of solid pudding whilst in the flesh, and (frequently) sepulture in the Abbey when all was over.

What silk-mercator's apprentice in these hard times finding a place behind Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove's counter not jumping with his genius, dare hope by the easy expedient of publishing a pamphlet on "The Present State of Wit" to become domestic steward to a semi-royal Duchess and the friend of Mr. Lewis Morris and Mr. Lecky, who are, we suppose, our nineteenth-century equivalents for Alexander Pope and Jonathan Swift? Yet such was the happy fate of Gay, who, after an idle life of undeserved good fortune and much unmanly re-pining, died of an inflammation, in spite of the skilled care of Arbuthnot and the unwearying solicitude of the Duchess of Queensberry, and was interred like a peer of the realm in Westminster Abbey, having for his pall-bearers the Earl of Chesterfield, Viscount Cornbury, the Hon. Mr. Berkeley, General Dormer, Mr. Gore, and Mr. Pope. Such a recognition of the author of the "Fables" and *The Beggars' Opera* must make Mr. Besant's mouth water. Nor did Gay, despite heavy losses in the South Sea Company, die a pauper; he left £6,000 behind him, which, as he was wise enough to die intestate, was divided equally between his two surviving sisters.

Gay's good luck has never forsaken him. He enjoys, if indeed the word be not the hollowest of mockeries, an eternity of fame. It is true he is not read much, but he is always read a little. He has been dead more than a century and a half, so it seems likely that a hundred and fifty years hence he will be read as much as he is now, and, like a cork, will be observed bobbing on the surface of men's

memories. Better men and better poets than he have been, and will be, entirely submerged; but he was happy in his hour, happy even in his name (which lent itself to rhyme), happy in his nature; and so (such at least is our prognostication) new editions of Gay's slender remains will at long intervals continue to appear and to attract a moment's attention, even as Mr. Underhill's admirable edition of the poems is doing now; new anthologies will contain his name, the biographical dictionaries will never quite forget him, his tomb in the Abbey will be stared at by impressionable youngsters, Pope's striking epitaph will invite the fault-finding of the critical, and his own jesting couplet incur the censure of the moralist, until the day dawns when men cease to forget themselves in trifles. As soon as they do this, Gay will be forgotten once and for ever.

Gay's one real achievement was *The Beggars' Opera* which sprang from a sprout of Swift's great brain. A "Newgate pastoral might make an odd, pretty sort of thing," so the Dean once remarked to Gay; and as Mr. Underhill, in his admirable *Life of our poet*, reminds us, Swift repeated the suggestion in a letter to Pope: "What think you of a Newgate pastoral among the whores and thieves there?" But Swift's *Beggars' Opera* would not have hit the public taste between wind and water as did Gay's. It would have been much too tremendous a thing—its sincerity would have damned it past redemption. Even in Gay's light hands the thing was risky—a speculation in the public fancy which could not but be dangerous. Gay knew this well enough, hence his quotation from Martial (afterwards adopted by the Tennysons as the motto for "Poems by Two Brothers"), *Nos hæc rovimus esse nihil*. Congreve, resting on his laurels, declared it would either take greatly or be damned confoundedly. It took, and, indeed, we cannot wonder. There was a foretaste of Gilbert about it quite enough to make its fortune in any century. Furthermore, it drove out of England, so writes an early editor, "for that season, the Italian opera, which had carried all before it for several years." It was a triumph for the home-bred article, and therefore dear to the soul of all true patriots.

The piece, though as wholly without sincerity as a pastoral by Ambrose Philips, a thing merely of the footlights, entirely shorn of a single one of the rays which glorify lawlessness in Burns's "Jolly Beggars," yet manages through the medium of the songs to convey a pleasing though ridiculous sentimentality; and there is perhaps noticeable throughout a slight, a very slight, flavour of what is cantily but conveniently called "the Revolution," which imparts a slender interest.

The Beggars' Opera startled the propriety of that strange institution, the Church of England—a seminary of true religion which left the task of protesting against the foulness of Dryden and Wycherley and the unscrupulous wit of Congreve and Vanbrugh to the hands of non-jurors like Collier and Law, but which, speaking, we suppose, in the interests of property, raised a warning voice when a comic opera made fun, not of marriage vows, but of highway robbery. Dr. Herring, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, plucked up courage to preach against *The Beggars' Opera* before the Court, but the Head of the Church paid no attention to the divine, and, with the Queen and all the Princesses, attended the twenty-first representation. The piece brought good luck all round. "Everybody," so Mr. Underhill assures us, "connected with the theatre (Lincoln's Inn Fields), from the principal performer down to the box-keepers, got a benefit," and Miss Lavinia Fenton, who played Polly Peachum, lived to become a Duchess of Bolton; whilst Hogarth painted no less than three pictures of the celebrated scene, "How happy could I be with either—were t'other dear charmer away."

Dr. Johnson, in his *Life of Gay*, deals scornfully with the absurd notion that robbers were multiplied by the popularity of *The Beggars' Opera*. It is not

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likely to do good, says the Doctor, "nor can it be conceived, without more speculation than life requires or admits, to be productive of much evil." The Church of England might as well have held its tongue.

Gay, flushed with success, was not long in producing a sequel called "Polly," which, however, as it was supposed to offend, not against morality, which it undoubtedly did, but against Sir Robert Walpole, was prohibited. "Polly" was printed and, being prohibited, had a great sale. It is an exceedingly nasty piece, not unworthy of one of the three authors who between them produced that filthiest and most stupid of farces, *Three Hours After Marriage*.

Gay's third opera, *Achilles*, was produced at Covent Garden after his death. One does not need to be a classical purist to be offended at the sight of *Achilles* upon a stage, singing doggrel verses to the tune of "Butter'd Pease," or at hearing Ajax exclaim:

"Honour called me to the task,
No matter for explaining,
'Tis a fresh affront to ask
A man of honour's meaning."

This vulgar and idiotic stuff ran twenty nights.

Gay's best-known poetical pieces are his "Fables" and his undoubtedly interesting, though intrinsically dull, "Trivia, or the Art of Walking the Streets of London," though for our own part we would as lief read his "Shepherds' Week" as anything else Gay has ever written.

The Fables are light and lively, and might safely be recommended to Mr. Chamberlain, who is fond of an easy quotation. To lay them down is never difficult, and if, after having done so, Swift's "Confession of the Beasts" is taken up, how vast the difference! There are, we know, those in whose nature there is too much of the milk of human kindness to enable them to enjoy Swift when he shows his teeth; but however this may be, we confess, if we are to read at all, we must prefer Swift's "Beasts' Confession" to all the sixty-five Fables of Gay put together.

"The Swine with contrite heart allow'd
His shape and beauty made him proud;
In diet was perhaps too nice,
But gluttony was ne'er his vice;
In every turn of life content
And meekly took what fortune sent.
Inquire through all the parish round,
A better neighbour ne'er was found.
His vigilance might some displease;
'Tis true he hated sloth like pease."

"The Chaplain vows he cannot fawn,
Though it would raise him to the lawn.
He passed his hours among his books,
You find it in his meagre looks.
He might if he were worldly wise
Preferment get and spare his eyes;
But owns he has a stubborn spirit
That made him trust alone to merit;
Would rise by merit to promotion.
Alas! a mere chimeric notion."

Gay was found pleasing by his friends, and had, we must believe, a kind heart. Swift, who was a nice observer in such matters, in his famous poem on his own death assigns Gay a week in which to grieve:—

"Poor Pope would grieve a month, and Gay
A week, and Arbuthnot a day;
St. John himself will scarce forbear
To bite his pen and drop a tear;
The rest will give a shrug and cry,
'I'm sorry—but we all must die.'"

It is matter of notoriety that Gay was very fat and fond of eating. He is, as we have already said, buried in Westminster Abbey, over against Chaucer. When all the rubbish is carted away from the Abbey to make room for the great men and women of the twentieth century, Gay will probably be accounted just good enough to remain where he is. He always was a lucky fellow, though he had not the grace to think so.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

A NEW book by M. Marcel Prévost is always a fresh ecstasy for the sentimentalists. Love, the relations of the sexes, two hearts that beat as one, furnish the one unvarying theme of M. Prévost's works: they are impregnated, to use the Italian phrase, with the *odor di femmina*. All thoughts, all passions, all delights, whatever stirs this mortal frame, all are but ministers of Love, and feed his sacred flame in the novels of M. Marcel Prévost. In fact, if he were a little more alembicated in style, a little more metaphysical in speculation, he would be a second Bourget. But he prefers, wisely and happily, to be himself, with a straightforward (though never brutal) style and a resolute avoidance of morbid suprasubtle thought. In his own opinion, it seems, he is a dealer in "*le romanesque du réel*," the true romantic inwardness of reality. This means, as a matter of fact, that he is a realist, whose theme is the tender passion, not the gutter or the hospital-ward. "*L'Automne d'une Femme*" (Paris: Lemerre) deals, indeed, with two tender passions which two ladies—one young and virginal, the other approaching the forties and (the Nonconformist conscience will be shocked to learn) a wife—cherish for the same gentleman. The said gentleman strikes the reader as rather a poor creature. For, in the first place, the reader, being human, is naturally envious of a man who is worshipped by two lovely ladies at once. And, secondly, the gentleman is a do-nothing, an artistic amateur, with a tendency to interesting headaches and to sudden floods of tears. In fact, the gentleman, one cannot help thinking, ought to have been a lady. M. Prévost knows all the ins and outs of the feminine heart, but is a poor hand at drawing a man. One is glad that his hero Maurice had not to undergo the experience of an English public school. He would assuredly have had a bad time, and would have been called "Miss Maurice."

Miss Maurice loves both the ladies who adore him. He could be sentimentally unhappy with either were t'other dear charmer away. For a long time he is sentimentally unhappy with the married charmer, whose husband—let it be urged in mitigation of her offence—is practically dead. He suffers from *la maladie de Morvan*, which, as a form of what Mr. Rudyard Kipling's Mulvaney calls "locomotive attacks us," seems to resemble the dread "Pott's disease," fatal to the poet Scarron. The love idyll of Maurice and Mme. de Sargère might have continued for ever and a day if the lady had not become alive to the fact that the gentleman, while not ceasing to love her, had begun to love another. And this other, the original one, Mlle. Claire, also adored Maurice all the time and never told her love, but let concealment, like a worm i' the bud, feed on her damask cheek till it attacked the lungs, and she was like to die of consumption. Then the question of the book becomes, Will Claire die or will Mme. de Sargère hand her over the gentleman? It is, ultimately, the elder lady who gives way, and Maurice and Claire live happily ever afterwards—which is certainly a better fate than Maurice deserved. The many admirers of M. Marcel Prévost will probably complain that this is too unsympathetic, too coarse a rendering of a very delicate and "distinguished" study of the tender passion. They will insist that the case of Mme. de Sargère—a woman to whom love comes all the more irresistibly because it comes too late in life—is not ludicrous, but deeply pathetic. In our inmost soul, we believe they will be right in protesting. But what would you? An English reviewer, in dealing with a sentimental French novel, is expected to "chaff." If one were permitted by the traditions of journalism in this country to be quite sincere on such subjects, one would, maybe, have to confess that "*L'Automne d'une Femme*" strikes one as a delightful book. But sh-h-h! Let it go no further.

Even more wary reticence is needed in speaking of "La Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque," by M. Anatole France (Paris: Calmann Lévy). Decidedly, young ladies must not peep into this book. It is too Voltairean. M. France has saturated himself with the joyous scepticism, not to mention the licentiousness, of the eighteenth century, and has produced a story which reads like a sequel to "Candide," with a touch of "Manon Lescaut" and "Le Neveu de Rameau." Well, it is not every modern author who can write like Voltaire, Diderot, and L'Abbé Prévost at once, and for sheer literary charm we know nothing of recent date that can compare with this "Rôtisserie." If one were to take it seriously, this story of the Abbé Coignard, who carried off the niece of a Portuguese Jew on his way to undertake a Greek translation in an alchemist's château, and, for his sin, was assassinated on the Lyons road, would be very immoral. But to take it seriously would be to mistake it stupidly. The Abbé is so delightfully human (as humanity went in the eighteenth century), his immoralities are so obviously naïve immoralities, his philosophy is so genial, that we are bound to forgive him, and to take off our hats to the fine epitaph which his friend Jacques Tournebroke inscribed on his monument:—

COMITATE FUIT OPTIMA DOCTISSIMO CONVITU
INGENIO SUBLIMI
FACETIIS JUCUNDUS SENTENTIIS PLENUS
DONORUM DEI LAUDATOR.

Be it added that M. France's knowledge of Paris in the seventeen-thirties is as extensive and peculiar as Sam Weller's of London in the eighteen-thirties. His book is an exquisite tit-bit for the literary epicure; but, once more, it is assuredly not to be recommended for general reading.

THE DRAMA.

THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.—SIGNORA DUSE AS
CLEOPATRA.

CÆLUM non repertorium mutant. The French players are following here what is their custom in Paris—promising the classics of the seventeenth century, but performing those of the nineteenth. Their policy will doubtless be approved in the box-office, for Londoners, like the Parisians, prefer in practice, whatever they may pretend in theory, Augier and Dumas to Molière and Racine. Accordingly, the *Denise* of Dumas and Augier's *Les Effrontés* have each been played twice during the past few days. The former play is, perhaps, in closer touch with English feeling than any other of its author's works. Was it not Dr. Arnold of Rugby who complained that when he went to France he never met a real gentleman? As a general proposition this is insular, and, indeed, fatuous; but it might find particular justification if applied to the heroes of M. Dumas fils. Their code of honour, particularly in regard to women, is not ours, and often when they are obviously enjoying their creator's fullest approval they strike us, in the ugly but forcible slang-phrase, as "bounders"—self-assertive, underbred people. For instance, the fine gentleman who tricks the adventuress in *Le Demi-monde* is, judged by the English standard, an egregious cad. There are no cads of this sort in *Denise*—I mean cads about whom the author himself is deceived; cads whom he asks us to admire as chivalrous gentlemen. But I fear there are one or two snobs. The Brissots—steward and housekeeper of Count André de Bardannes—both put forward as the highest type of the French bourgeois-mind, models of rectitude, of patient struggle with adversity, are not without a touch of snobbery. They are a little too obsequious, a little too much like ordinary domestics who "know their place." They preface every sentence with "Oh, M. le Comte!" The least act of civility on the Count's part fills them with discreet gratitude for his condescension.

If asked to be seated, they take the edge of the chair. If offered the Count's hand, they touch it reverently, as if it was a Holy Sacrament. All this, I confess, gets on my nerves. Brissot is an ex-officer, he wears the Legion of Honour; his wife is as good a lady as any great dame in the house. Why so much grovelling? The Count, too, has his faint leaven of snobbery. He is a little too conscious of his condescension, too ostentatious in his desire to put his dependents at their ease, and evidently thinks that he is a tremendously fine fellow for offering to marry Denise instead of trying to make her his mistress. One has an uneasy suspicion that M. Dumas himself half shares this last opinion. The one sympathetic personage, about whom one need make no reservations, is Thouvenin, the peasant-born millionaire, whose maxim (though he does not so express it) is *naturam sequere*—follow your own instincts, take the simple, straightforward course; if you really love a woman, never mind difference of social status, never mind her past history, never mind anything, but just make her your wife. Perhaps one does Thouvenin an injustice in describing him as the apostle of "natural" morality, when one remembers his theory—which, if you please, he has carried into practice—of prenuptial purity for both sexes. But this is a mere *hors d'œuvre*, one of M. Dumas' little freaks of ascetic posturing; the real thesis of the play, of course, is that an honest man ought not to be deterred from marrying the woman of his heart because he discovers that she has been betrayed by a rascal. Well, no one need quarrel with this thesis, though it is one never likely to be accepted, I suspect, by the women who have not been betrayed. Indeed, it would be foolish to quarrel with any of M. Dumas' stage theses; they prove nothing, they have no general application, but are right or wrong, according to the circumstances of the particular case. M. Silvain delivered with admirable discretion the long speech of the last act, in which the thesis of *Denise* is developed. To say that M. Got was the Brissot is to say that the part could not have been better played. M. Worms was a little too dry and formal for my taste as André, while Mlle. Bartet, as Denise, presented a very moving type of lovely woman who stoops to folly and finds too late that men betray.

Taking a title from Ponsard and a tip from Mr. Pinero, we might give all Emile Augier's prose plays a generic label, *L'Honneur et l'Argent*, No. 1, No. 2, and so on. They are all variations, in divers keys, on one theme, the contrast of the aristocratic and the plutocratic ideals. On the one hand, pride of birth, reverence for traditions, a high sense of—conventional—honour, distinction of manner, marred in the young by dissolute idleness (Gaston de Presles), in the old by malevolent cynicism (le Marquis d'Auberive); on the other, pride of purse, commercial probity, strong family affections, marred by vulgarity and snobbish ambitions (Poirier). Sometimes the snobbery is absent (Verdelet), sometimes the commercial probity (Charrier). This theme was no doubt a live one in the third quarter of the century—*Le Gendre de M. Poirier* dates from the early fifties, *Les Effrontés* from the early sixties—when the contest was still between the haves and the once haves, but is queerly out of date in these days of fiercer struggle between the haves and have nots. For this reason—there are others, I daresay, if one chose to hunt for them—the theatre of Augier, notwithstanding that it is more masculine, more sane, than that of Dumas fils, has aged much more rapidly. For my part I cannot bring myself to believe that *Les Effrontés* was ever a true picture of the times. Vernouillet, the blackmailing newspaper-proprietor, is hard to swallow. If he had been represented as a "gutter" journalist he might have passed; blackmailers of that type we have even now in our own midst—*vide* police reports *passim*. But Vernouillet is at the head of a big political journal, hand and glove with ministers, a power in the land. Now even in the bad Empire days of 1861 I doubt if the mere purchase of a newspaper could, at a blow, transform

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a social pariah into the tyrant of all Paris. A spiteful newspaper paragraph was no more than now a catastrophic event. A Minister would not have effusively invited a social outcast to dinner merely because the outcast had refused the ministerial subvention. Giboyer, a bad sort of Fred Bayham, who carries his pipe into drawing-rooms, and, while earning his bread by pseudonymous libels professes himself a "*socialiste jusqu'aux moelles*," can never have been caught else than an extravagant caricature. And how is one to believe—except on the principle of *quia impossibile*—in a Marquis d'Auberive who encourages rogues to prey on a society which he detests, in order that he may stand apart, like an Olympian god or a Mephistopheles, and enjoy the spectacle? "*Crève donc, société!*" says the Marquis with a burst of sardonic laughter; this is a stage fiend, not a human being. The piece has been enjoyed, in spite of its obvious unreality, because of the languorous charm of Mme. Jane Hading—an established favourite with Londoners—as the sentimental Marquise, and because of the rich humour of M. Got's Giboyer. But M. Got has given us something far finer and more solid than this in his Poirier, a masterpiece of character-acting such as we are not likely to see surpassed in our time. It is the typical burgess of whom I have spoken, painted "with a big brush," and mellow as an old master. All sorts of associations cling round this great figure—the philistine-epicurean philosophy of Béranger, the caricatures of Daumier, the creative force of Balzac. It embodies a whole epoch, the epoch of the Citizen King. So long as the Comédie Française can produce such artists as M. Got it will continue by that alone to justify its existence. Mlle. Barretta was the Antoinette Poirier, a part always associated in my recollection with Mlle. Croizette as that of Gaston de Presles, now played by M. Le Bargy, is with Delaunay. It is to be hoped that the Comédie will give Londoners further opportunity of seeing this piece, which posterity—if posterity knows what's what, an unsafe hypothesis, perhaps—will regard as the classic comedy of the nineteenth century.

I am glad to see that my space has run out, as that furnishes me with a decent excuse for saying next to nothing about Signora Duse's Cleopatra. The truth is, the performance itself was next to nothing. Here we find the limitations of the actress's genius. Her method of playing each of her characters as herself at once breaks down when she attempts to apply it to a woman who, whatever she was like (and what with the medals and other conflicting evidence there is room for considerable difference of opinion on the point) was certainly not like Eleanora Duse. The actress's efforts to convey queenly majesty by standing on the tips of her toes and to lure Antony to her arms by sweet reasonableness were pathetically inadequate. Her death scene—in strange contrast to the infinite tenderness of Marguerite Gautier's—was almost tedious. Bother Cleopatra! say I. If her nose had been half an inch shorter not only would the course of empires have been changed, but Shakespeare would not have written his play, and I should have been spared the chagrin of seeing an actress, who has given me more pleasure than any other alive, coming to hopeless grief.

A. B. W.

THE SOCIAL PANORAMA.

JUNE 21st.—I forbear, dear child, to tell you in detail what I have gone through during the heat in which London has been sweltering. The truth would freeze your young blood—I wish it had frozen mine! Imagine me marching to an *auto da fé*, my skirt neatly embroidered with flames *à la Inquisition*; figure the agonies of Queen Bess—at Madame Tussaud's—with the thermometer over eighty in the shade, and you may get some idea of my sufferings. I met a damsel the other night who, until this

season, had never been further south than Aberdeen. She was troubled in her mind about the moral significance of this equatorial temperature, and when I said, "Think of the poor wax-works," she gave me a kind of affrighted Covenanter's look and fled. I have sought comfort in the patriotic reflection that the weather has redeemed the character of our English summer. This makes excellent conversation at dinner with the middle-aged cavalier who is prone to discuss the drought and the price of hay. Probably he represents agriculture in the House—that poor agriculture which is represented with so much energy and cultivated with so little!—and he is sure to have strong views about the disintegration of the Empire. You would never guess that with this worthy I have quite a reputation for subtle political insight. He deplores the absence of rain and the instability of eminent statesmen. "But don't you think," I murmur sweetly, "that this wonderful summer is a rally of our climate against mere caprice?" "Ah!" says he, nodding a bald head. "Caprice! That is the danger. No interest is safe, no institution is sacred. Look at Gladstone—changes like a weathercock." "But what if the weathercock does not change?" I suggest. "Suppose our climate is no longer variable and fitful, but is becoming steady, sober, even monotonously respectable. Is not that a lesson from Nature herself against disintegration?" The bald head ceases to nod over the soup, and my cavalier fixes me with an admiring eye. "Upon my word, my dear young lady, there is something in what you say. Even the weathercock protests against confounded Irish Legislature; must tell that to Randolph—he will make capital speech about it after dinner. You must come down to the House. Been in Ladies' Gallery already? Birds of paradise in the cage—parrots on the floor! Ha! ha! You must come and take tea on the Terrace."

It is worth while to spend an hour or so on the Terrace, if only to watch these hapless legislators trying to throw off the cares of State. I had a deeply interesting conversation with one of them about his responsibilities. He was a sad-eyed young Radical, not so melancholy, I think, by nature as by the stern dispensations of his constituents. He looked uneasily at the river from time to time, as if he expected to see a disapproving deputation of working-men in a penny steamer. Perhaps it was to conciliate them that he had resisted the temptation to array himself in a beautiful frock coat, of soft and tender grey, for his garments were sombre, and he considered his plate of strawberries with a moody air as if they were amendments. "After all," he exclaimed suddenly, with a jerk of the head at the august pile behind us; "we can't always be in there." "Of course not," I assented. "Besides, if you don't come out, how can you notice what an advanced Radical the sun is? This glorious heat must be ripening revolution very fast. I can see some of our oldest prejudices and conventions melting away." "Can you, really?" he said, with much interest and more strawberries. "A few weeks more of this atmosphere," I continued, "and we shall have a complete transformation of costume in society. The black hat and the funereal coat will vanish like feudalism. The laws of etiquette will go next, and the whole social system will be gradually undermined. National temperament will be changed, and we shall grow as impetuous as the Gaul. Let the climate come to the aid of the Newcastle Programme, and —." Here the division-bell rang, and my Radical hurried away with this great idea of heat as an agency of political reform. His flight was like the return of the bee to the hive, full of honey from the flower. I pay myself this compliment because you always respect my vanity. Would that every woman's good opinion of herself were as praiseworthy! Do you recall that mature beauty we saw one night three seasons ago, coquetting on the staircase with one of her dainty shoes in her hand? My dear, I met her on the same

stairs last night, going through the same performance, covered with the same sweet confusion, as she explained to the unfortunate man to whose arm she clung that her shoe was so large for her dainty little foot! I could not help saying to her, "Beware, Cinderella!" "Thank you, dear," she said, quite flattered. "What a pretty idea! And with my glass slipper, too!" "You have stayed too long, Cinderella," I went on, "for the clock has struck twelve, and your coach is turned into a pumpkin again, and the world of slippers is growing old—very old." Do you think that you and I will be able to play our little comedies at any age? I see an extraordinary freshness of professional youth on both sides of the footlights. It is most wonderful, perhaps, in the ladies of the Comédie Française at Drury Lane, whose average of years seems to yield to some magic, like the pretty compliment which made the woman who was forty-six in the play twenty-three in the morning and twenty-three in the evening. When the inexorable time comes, my dear, will anything so charming be said of us? There is a great art in keeping young; but you must not overdo the part by flourishing your glass slipper after midnight!

Nothing has amused me so much in the French plays, by the way, as the standards of noble conduct which the women are expected to sustain. Every people has its pleasant little affectations for its womankind. You know the beautiful British ideals of heroism to which we are devoted, and it is entertaining at Drury Lane to see the feminine ministrations to the French variety of the universal egotism of man. Imagine the *bourgeoise* wife, who has been married for her money by the aristocrat, sternly exiling him when she discovers his perfidy! He is about to fight a duel, and, as the price of restoration to her favour, she commands him to make excuses to his antagonist. He submits to this apparent humiliation, and then, with a cry of joy at having carried her point, she bids him go and fight. Enchanted by her devotion to the family honour, he declares that she is *bourgeoise* no longer, but worthy to be ranked with his noble ancestors. Does not this send a thrill of pride through your veins? Unfortunately, there are no duels in this country, so you cannot show your spirit by telling your husband to go out and kill somebody. But when you marry a noble sportsman, my child, who looks down on you from the top of his family tree, and flirts with an equally aristocratic neighbour, you can treat him with haughty scorn till he sues for pardon somewhere about the Twelfth of August. Then will come your great opportunity. Forbid him to slaughter tame pheasants if he wishes to recover your heart, and when he is subdued, embrace him with effusion, and cry, "To the battue!" After that, you will sit on the top of the family tree, too, and I shall wish you joy of the elevation!

IN DELAGOA BAY.

SS. "INDUNA," LOURENÇO MARQUES, May 19th, 1893.

YESTERDAY, about 4 p.m., we steamed into Delagoa Bay. The *Induna* had left Durban in the grey of the previous morning—i.e., about 5.30.—where we stayed on deck long enough to deliver our letters into the charge of the pilot, get a last look, in the misty dawn, at the Bluff, with its twinkling light-house, and watch the line of curling breakers to starboard, as our vessel went dancing over the bar. And then we went below again, climbed into our bunk, and fell fast asleep—regardless of the fact that a cockroach at least two inches in length, which had been disporting itself on the lamp-shade on the previous evening, and had persistently refused to be caught, was still presumably at large. We were awakened by something wet, and, behold, the sea was washing in at the port-hole. The *Induna* was heavily loaded, and riding low in the water; and we had to sit up, shut that port, and submit to be stifled

till breakfast-time. Happily, there is a stage in human experience when "Surely more than all things, sleep is sweet"—and at this stage we had arrived by the means of a tiring day, a large amount of correspondence to be finished before sailing, and a broken night.

The day was a bright one, but with fitful rain squalls wandering about—the decks were sloppy, and the cabin atmosphere intolerable. The Captain kindly gave us a general invitation to sit in the chart-room "whenever so disposed." In this sacred recess, which, besides the charts, contained a comfortable sofa, we passed the remainder of the day. The starboard door being open afforded a good view of the coast-line, which was kept in sight all day—passing the mouth of the Tugela in the course of the afternoon, and looking out at intervals on the goodly hills of Zululand, while reading (by a curious coincidence) the concluding chapters of Cox's "Life of Bishop Colenso." It is a fair land, even seen from a passing steamer, though circumstances (a palpable euphemism here!) have gone high to render it "the most distressful countrey that ever yet was seen"—not even excepting the rightful claimant to that distinction.

As we go north the coast becomes more and more sandy; all one can see is a line of bluffs, covered with "bush"—not the bush which consists of trees, but low scrub, seldom, if ever, more than twenty feet high, and usually not so much. The green of this bush is a peculiar, hard, monotonous colour—a leathery green with a tinge of brown in it—such as, if I remember right, one gets by unskilful mixing of Prussian blue and gamboge when really wanting a very different shade. Here and there the green is broken by gaps, where the sand—dazzling white or deep red—presents a sharp contrast of colour.

The hills sink lower and lower, the coast-line becomes more and more monotonous as we go northward. We have almost ceased to pay any attention to it, when, on the afternoon of the second day out, it seems to end in a long, low headland, and, rounding this, we are within Delagoa Bay—the only good natural harbour on the East Coast of Africa. Looking to port, we only see a sandy beach, backed by low scrubby bush, with two or three iron-built houses—all, or nearly all, canteens—and a few native grass huts. But, going over to the other side of the vessel, you see a line of cliff, deep-red, in the clefts between the vegetation, as the Devonshire cliffs near Dawlish, and with trees on the top—and further east, where the ground slopes down to the shore just enough to allow of a "Berea" behind the town, an agglomeration of red roofs, blue and white walls, cocoa-nut palms and flag-staffs, which is the town of Lourenço Marques—the terminus of the Delagoa Bay Railway. There is not much shipping in the harbour—a Portuguese man-of-war, and a gun-boat, so-called (which, having been converted from other uses, has not yet had the necessary guns put into her), a sailing-vessel or two of other nations, two or three anchored hulks, a few tugs, and two dhows from Bombay—queer, ungainly, weather-beaten vessels, which make one think by turns of Sindbad the Sailor, and the vessel in which the Ancient Mariner came home. The single clumsy mast, with stays fore and aft; the high, carved poop; the unpainted sides, showing all the seams and nails; and the upward and inward curve of the prow, ending in a curved volute—all together produce a peculiarly weird effect. Yet these cranky-looking craft, with their white-shirted, red-turbaned crews, are capital sailors, and in most cases successfully weather the storms of the Indian Ocean.

To the right of the town, and not far from the landing-stage, stands the fort, an imposing-looking structure, once mounted with certain guns, which, however, had to be dismantled, as it was found that the firing of salutes endangered the stability of the building. Portuguese ways of doing things are proverbial—from the illustrious Gomes and his Manual of the English Language downwards;

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and a fresh instance thereof greets the traveller immediately on landing—or, strictly speaking, before he lands. A flight of steps has been built out into the water, at right angles with the quay, with the handrail carefully placed on the *inner* side, where the landing-place for boats ought properly to be, so that they are forced to bring up on the outer or exposed side of the steps, and land their passengers as best they can. But a more remarkable fact, and one indeed worthy of the wise men of Gotham, is this: The town is lighted by paraffin lamps, and it was discovered, once upon a time, that the lamp-lighter's ladder was too short. Thereupon the municipal authorities, instead of providing a longer ladder, set to work and had a neat stepping-stone of sufficient height built under every lamp-post in Lourenço Marques. This I have on good authority as true.

Lourenço Marques boasts the beginnings of a public garden in the Praça Dom Luiz, containing, among other things, a new band-stand, of which the citizens are immensely proud. Thereby hangs a tale—but the true tales of the doings of the men of Lourenço Marques would fill a volume, and this one is not remarkable beyond the rest. The two main streets are straight, fairly wide, planted with trees, and not unhandsome, and one of them at least has side-walks neatly paved with tiles, and is not ankle-deep in sand. The general look of the place, with its cocoa-palms, red-tiled roofs, and houses washed in colours—a bright sky-blue, suggestive of Reckitt, for device—reminds one of Vera Cruz in Mexico; but it has more vegetation, stands on the slope of a hill, instead of on a flat, surrounded with sand-dunes, and is, in short, far less hopelessly dreary than that place—at least, than our recollection of it—twenty-eight years ago.

In fact, whatever it may be in the deadly season of the rains, Lourenço Marques looks a cheerful place enough under the bright winter sunshine. It has a heterogeneous population of various European nations, Portuguese (who, hardly with justice, are never counted as "whites" by the dwellers in these parts), Banians from India, Chinamen, and, of course, the natives of the country—spoken of, in the lump, as "Kafirs"—probably a mixture of Gazas, Swazies, Amatonga and other tribes. This part of the population usually dresses in an old shirt, waistcoat, or jacket (or two of these garments, or all three—usually at a stage equivalent to the lowest level of the East-End dealer's rag-heap) up above, and a bath-towel, worn kilt-wise, down below. The Turkish towel with red stripes is the favourite, but the kilt may consist of coloured cotton print—or, in fact, anything the wearer can lay hold of, and I have just seen a gentleman come on board arrayed in a brand-new clean toilet-table cover, honeycomb pattern with a red border. Very few wear anything below the knees—except bangles, six inches of them sometimes—the limbs thus shown being, as a rule, slender and well formed, unexpectedly so for the tall and sturdy figures they sometimes support, though the shape of the foot is often spoilt by sand, stones, and rough usage. The girls seem to have clumsier feet and ankles than the men, perhaps because they have more walking to do, and heavier loads to carry; but their costume is less dilapidated and more picturesque than that of the men, consisting usually of a short cotton skirt and a long loose cloth, thrown gracefully over them from neck to knees. The favourite colour for this is a dark blue, which harmonises very well with the rich dark brown of their skins. Some wear blue or crimson handkerchiefs twisted round their heads, others have their wool stuck full of whatever ornaments come to hand, or dressed in one of the many fantastic ways dear to the Ethiopian heart—though the choice of fashions here (especially among the men who have learnt to wear hats) is comparatively limited.

The Banians keep stores, where one can buy all manner of Indian and European goods—likewise the Chinamen, to whom, apparently, one goes if one wants a single tin of milk, or any minute quantity of

anything. But the principal function of these sons of Shem is to grow vegetables, which they do in little allotments about three yards square, irrigating them by means of little trenches, and sitting up all night with their plants, I suppose, when necessary. At any rate, they succeed in growing lettuce, watercress, and other wholesome things which Lourenço Marques is very glad to buy and unable, or unwilling, to take the trouble to produce for itself. I passed a very flourishing banana-garden which some of them had been laying out. In spite of the sand, the ground here seems fertile: "Put a bit of stick into the ground, and you'll find it grow," is the usual experience of the settler. The only difficulty is the water-supply. People store water during the rainy season (the European winter) when they have tanks for the purpose; but, otherwise, the supply comes, so far as I can gather, from a "swamp behind the hill," and from a *succursale* of the said swamp, formed at the end of the rains on the seaward slope, by the surplus water filtering through the hill. A hole dug in the middle of this latter swamp, and guarded by a construction of boards, is the reservoir, whence Kafirs fetch the water in buckets. Naturally, washing comes expensive when you have to bring your water, or else employ your house-boy for a whole day in fetching it; and one has, at times, to think twice about taking a bath. Moreover the water, even after filtering, has a decidedly milky appearance, and a taste which makes one willing to defer the quenching of one's thirst till tea is attainable. What its particular vices may be, I have not inquired, but that it could under any circumstances be a desirable drink, nothing would convince me, and I have no doubt that it is a potent factor in the unhealthiness of the place. Even now, at the healthy season, one cannot spend even a few hours ashore without hearing sad tales of sudden death. All English and other European residents are just now mourning the loss of Mr. W. B. Giles—one of the residents, by all accounts, who could least be spared—which occurred about a fortnight ago. Yet it seems perfectly possible to live here for a term of years, work hard, and yet retain one's health.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE HOME RULE BILL: A SUGGESTION.

SIR.—In view of the scrupulous examination of the details of the Irish Government Bill, is there any real objection to bringing in later distinct Bills on the separate subjects of criminal and property law, police, and administration of justice; meantime to introduce a short Bill in three clauses establishing a local legislature in Ireland for municipal and Private Bill matters? This would be so much clear and enormous gain, would leave the whole question of Imperial representation unprejudiced, and could be supplemented to any necessary extent by further grants of local legislative faculties by the Imperial Parliament.

Mr. Gladstone's great measure has the advantage of showing the whole subject, but as the whole subject in such a case almost deals *de omnibus rebus, et aliis*, a scrupulous opposition makes sub-division and successive treatment a matter of almost inevitable necessity.

No wise Irish patriot should oppose such gradual and judicious legislation under existing circumstances. Besides, constitutions *octroyées toute d'une pièce* have not been often associated with success.—I have the honour to remain, your obedient servant,

Lausanne, June 19.

F. HUGH O'DONNELL (ex-M.P.).

THE BASIS OF SOCIALISM.

SIR.—May I point out how Mr. Olivier's answer illustrates the distinction on which I insisted?

The distinction is between a narrower and a larger idea of the "self" which is to be satisfied or realised in action. It is not usual to apply the term "individualism" in philosophy to the larger idea of the "self," according to which its individuality lies chiefly in the social relations of which it is the focus. It is not individualism merely to say that the "self" has to be satisfied; the heart of the problem, as to which my curiosity was stirred by Mr. Olivier's first letter, is how we conceive the "self" that is to be satisfied.